Mar. 5, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Artichoke—A farm in Saskatchewan is the setting for this stylish, original comedy, by Joanna McClelland Glass, about sexual scandal and about the visit of an eccentric professor, whose specialty is Alexander Pope, to the farmer and his wife. The acting, under Lynne Meadow's direction, is all that it should be, and more. Patricia Elliott is the farmer's wife, Nicholas Hormann is the professor, Rex Robbins is the farmer, Amanda Michael Plummer is the farmer's daughter, Michael Higgins is his father-in-law, and Daniel Keyes and James Greene are a pair of scandalmongers. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Ballroom—The burden of this commonplace musical is that middle-aged people can be happy, though not easily. With Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/1/79.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A revival of Jean Erdman's adaptation of Joyce's "Finnegans Wake," with music by Teiji Ito—and one song by Joyce. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Sherlock Holmes again, in a melodrama that pretends to be by A. Conan Doyle and is really by Paul Giovanni. Paxton Whitehead makes a superb Sherlock, and the scenery by John Wulp is sensationally clever. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—The revival of the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett is disappointing, to say the least, in spite of a good performance by Eli Wallach as Otto Frank and a fine one by Robert Joy as young Peter Van Daan. (1/15/79) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1920 musical MARY, with a book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel, and music by Lou Hirsch, is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 1, and will run through Sunday, March 25. (Equity Library Thearte, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30, preceded by a film, "The Naked Civil Servant," that starts at 7:30. Sundays at 4 and 7:30.)

Flamingo, Flamongo—A Latin operetta by Lucky Cienfuegos, with music by Steve Tarshis. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

The Grand Tour—One more failed attempt to produce a Jewish musical à la "Milk and Honey," etc., etc. Admirers of Joel Grey will want to see him in spite of the show, not because of it. (1/22/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and

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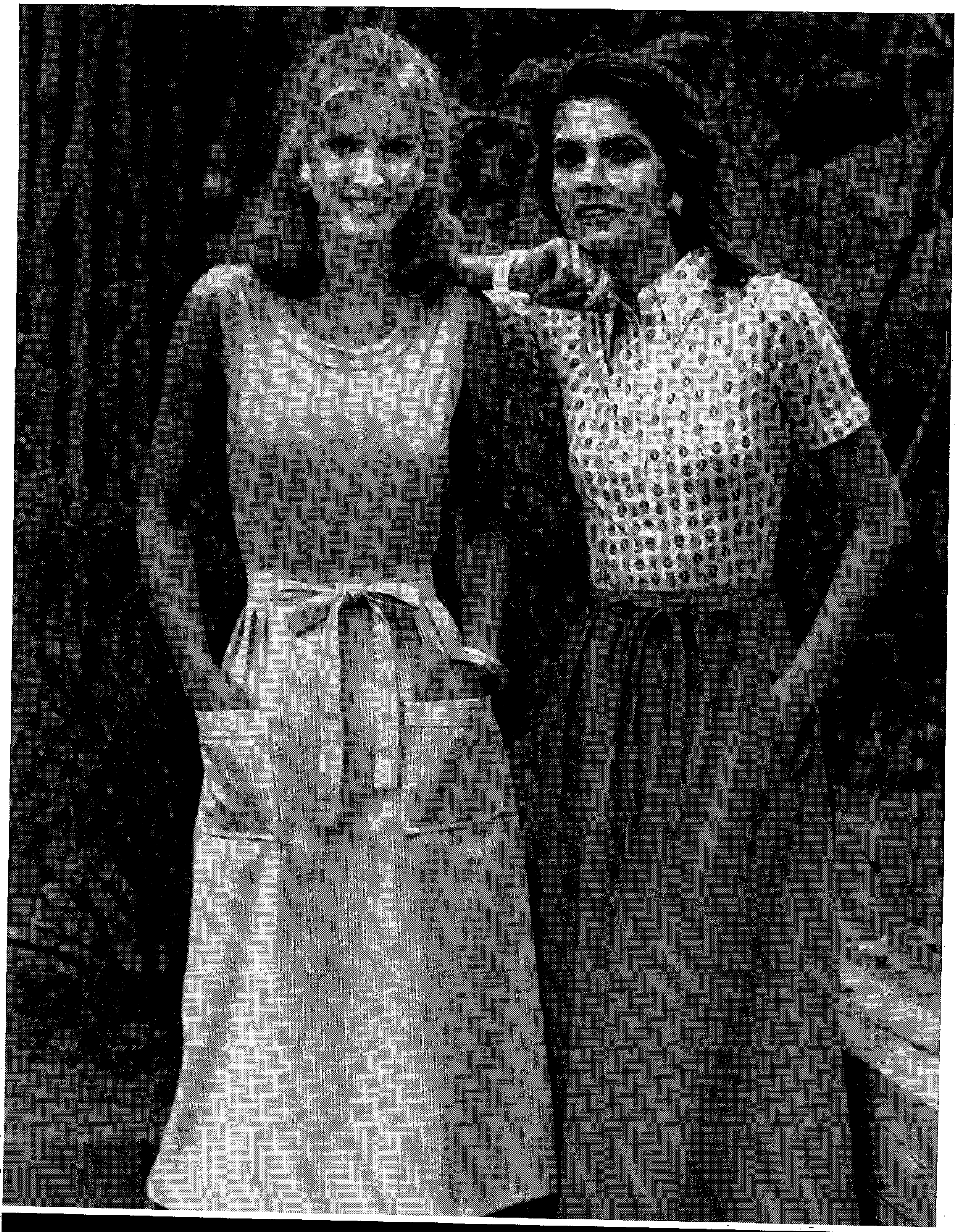

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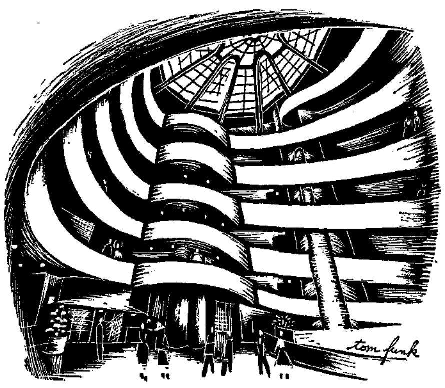

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self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Julius Caesar and **Coriolanus**—The first two productions of a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe composed of experienced, highly proficient black and Hispanic actors, under the excellent direction of Michael Langham. JULIUS CAESAR, with Roscoe Orman, Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Morgan Freeman, and Jaime Sanchez, among others, is always bold and clear and dramatic. (2/5/79) (Fridays and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.) . . . ¶ Previews of CORIOLANUS start Wednesday, Feb. 28, and will follow a schedule of Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; matinées Sundays at 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

The Kingfisher—An amusing trifle by William Douglas Home about an elderly couple contemplating matrimony. Splendidly acted by Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, March 4: IOLANTHE. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, March 7-11: PRINCESS IDA. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Monteith and Rand—Two very bright young people perform skits, some of them well-rehearsed set pieces and the rest improvisations of enormous wit and acuity. (1/15/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Mondays through Thursdays, except Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nevis Mountain Dew—Steve Carter's powerful, tragic, and often very funny play about a man in an iron lung and his West Indian family in their house in Queens. The acting, under Horacena J. Taylor's direction, is in every way a match for the script. Graham Brown gives a splendid performance in the leading role, and Arthur French, Frances Foster, Ethel Ayler, Barbara Montgomery, Samm-Art Williams, and Charles Brown are very good, too. The title refers to a brand of Caribbean rum. (12/18/78) (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles, and by a number of other good actors in supporting ones. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (9/25/78) Opens Wednesday, Feb. 28. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, March 1.)

Saravá—Sex and death in far-off Brazil, or perhaps in far-off Belascoland. Tovah Feldshuh is the hardworking star. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. No performances Wednesday, Feb. 28.)

Says I, Says He—A rambunctious, bitter comedy, by Ron Hutchinson, about the agony of Northern Ireland at war. Its form is a collage of songs, dances, jokes, and searing lines, and it is given a strong, vivid performance under the direction of Steven Robman. Joe Grifasi and Brian Dennehy are superior in the leading roles, and they are well supported by Jeanne Ruskin, Andrew Davis, Christine Baranski, and Sylvia Short, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Stevie—Roberta Maxwell gives a rich and fascinating performance as the English poet Stevie Smith in Hugh Whitemore's affecting play about her life. Many of the lines and scenes (with Margaret Hilton and James Higgins) are skillful arrangements of her own funny, clear, black poetry and prose. Brian Murray was the highly estimable director. (2/26/79) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Strangers—Lois Nettleton will play Dorothy Thompson opposite Bruce Dern's Sinclair Lewis in a drama by Sherman Yellen. Directed by Arvin Brown. Previews through Saturday, March 3. Opens officially on Sunday, March 4. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald as singer in an enchanting one-woman show. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sweeney Todd—A musical thriller starring Angela Lansbury and Len Cariou. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and book by Hugh Wheeler. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 1. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Taken in Marriage—Thomas Babe's play stars Dixie Carter, Colleen Dewhurst, Kathleen Quinlan, Meryl Streep, and Elizabeth Wilson. Directed by Robert Allan Ackerman. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—Under the inspired direction of Andrei Serban, this bittersweet musical confection, based on an only so-so French movie, has become a complete delight. Melodic score by Michel Legrand, and captivating scenery and lighting by Michael Yeargan and Ian Calderon, respectively. The good actors, who are also good singers, include Dean Pitchford, as the boy who is drafted and sent to Algiers; Stefanianne Christopherson, as the girl he leaves behind; Judith Roberts, as her mother; Laurence Guittard, as the rich man she marries; and Maureen Silliman, as the nurse-companion the boy marries. Everybody lives happily ever after. (2/12/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

The Wait—A play by Barry Anbinder. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 869-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Whoopee!—A woebegone disinterment of a musical that cannot have been all that wonderful back in the nineteen-twenties. Charles Repole stars. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wings—Worth seeing for an awesome performance by Constance Cummings as an old lady suffering from, and learning to survive, aphasia. The author is Arthur Kopit. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . ANNIE: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . CHAPTER TWO: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DA: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DANCIN': Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . DEATHTRAP: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Stacy Keach, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DRACULA: Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . FAMILY BUSINESS: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: 7,832

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performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, by Tom and Dick Smothers, among others. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3).

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays, except Feb. 28, through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 28, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

COQUELICO—A program of theatre, film, music, and dance, created and performed by the National Theatre of Prague. (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, at 8; Saturday, March 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 4, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

MASK & WIG SHOW—A musical revue, "You Bet Your Assets!," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, March 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call 244-4660.)

DANCE

NUREYEV AND THE JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of "Homage to Diaghilev," a four-week engagement that starts Wednesday, March 7 (with a preview on Tuesday, March 6), and will run through Sunday, April 1. The program: "Petrouchka," "Parade," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MAURICE BÉJART'S BALLET OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 25—Tuesday and Wednesday, March 6-7, at 7, and Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Gaité Parisienne," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Bolero."... ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Duo," and "Gaîté Parisienne."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, at 8: "Amor di Poeta." (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 28-March 1, and Saturday, March 3, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 2: "Serenade," "Manifestations," "Mirage," and "Troy Game."... ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 7: "Bugaku," "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Introducing . . . ," "Biosfera," "Adagietto No. 5," "Sensemaya," "Secret Silence," and "Rhythmetron." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, at 8: "Madrigalesco," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Poems of Love and the Seasons" (New York première), and "Under the Sun."... ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Pas de Dix," "Eakins' View," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Under the Sun." ... ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 2: "Serenade," "L'Ardeur," "Eakins' View," and "Pas de Dix." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

ELIZABETH KEEN DANCE COMPANY—"Slash" (première), "Garlic and Sapphires," "The Forget-Me-Not," and "A Fair Greeting." (Theatre 46, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 28-March 4, at 8.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER DANCE GROUP:** Wednesday, March 7, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 2 and 8.... **PEPSI BETHEL AUTHENTIC JAZZ DANCE THEATRE:** Thursday and Friday, March 8-9, and Saturday, March 10, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

BAT-DOR—An Israeli company of twenty-six dancers making its first appearance here in two different programs. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 10, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. Bebop-vocal pathfinder **EDDIE JEFFERSON** sings with his backing crew through Saturday, March 3; on Tuesday, March 6, bassist Hakim Jami will arrive with his quartet. On Mondays, pianist **JAKI BYARD** leads the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

BACK PORCH, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—This tri-level corner restaurant has managed to lure in **DARDANELLE**, a singer and pianist who has no faults. She appears Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight. Dining.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Peggy Hewett, Norman Rollings, and Miss Faun probably have the greatest appeal to those who love old movie musicals enough to sit up past 3 A.M. to watch one. Norman Rollings plays the piano and sings, Peggy Hewett is a cheerful Gilbert-and-Sullivan/Jeanette MacDonald soprano, and also plays droopy alto sax, and Miss Faun (Stacy) is a deadpan, décolleté cellist. They go on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Sally-Jane Heit, a singer and actress who is in the Broadway show "Ballroom," is here through Saturday, March 3, for the late show—Wednesday and Thursday at ten-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at midnight. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Saxophonist Zbiginiew Namyslowski leads his quartet through Saturday, March 3; Wednesday through Saturday, March 7-10, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK**, vocalist **URSZULA DUDZIAK**, and their band will be present. Sets begin at nine and eleven Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but admirable collection of popular music in a setting considerably more intimate than the Palladium, Avery Fisher Hall, or Madison Square Garden. Composer **PHILIP GLASS**, who writes ethereal harmonies for electric keyboards, is here on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 28-March 1; on Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, the Dire Straits, a Lou Reed-inspired British rock group, will trade sets with comedian Richard Belzer; Sunday, March 4, will belong to folkie Don McLean; on Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8, reggae singer and songwriter **PETER TOSH** will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, **DOC WATSON** and his son, **MERLE**, will sing and play their guitars. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—One of the few places where one can find tunes by Bud Powell, Barry Manilow, David Amram, Billy Joel, and Dave Frishberg all on the same jukebox. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, one of the best bop sidemen and composers, and Ella's accompanist for years, is here through Saturday, March 3; on Monday, March 5, another fine pianist, **JOANNE BRACKEEN**, will take over. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The Carnaval in Rio may be over, but one can hear jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist here every night but Monday. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** in the Café Carlyle through Saturday, March 3. On Tuesday, March 6, the Monty Alexander trio will move in. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Located in the back of the Carnegie Hall Building, this room—a chic, dark-brown setting with hanging trellises and hanging plants—offers knockwurst and fried potatoes on the menu, and the considerably lighter **ELLIS LARKINS** on the bandstand. Quiet and elegant, Larkins slips onto the piano bench at about eight and fanfarelessly plays in his delicate, understated way. Sometimes, at the end of a set, he'll join the applause, for a brief self-conscious moment, grin, and throw both

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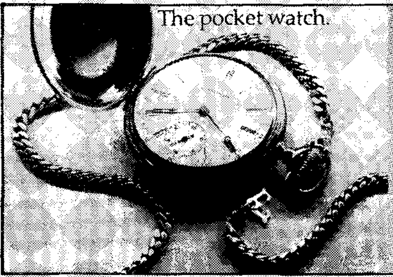
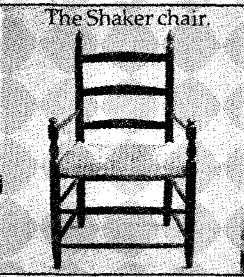
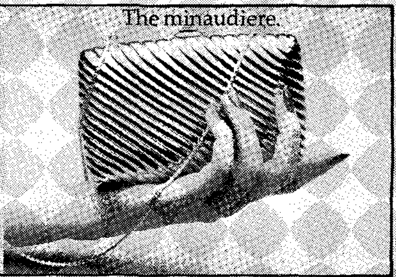


The pocket watch.



The Shaker chair.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hands down suddenly, as if to say, "Aw, go on." Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This street is still not ready for the Easter parade, but CBGB's (as it is affectionately called by punk-rock admirers), the Tin Palace (see below), and a few other restaurants and punk-rock outposts have given new life to the area at night. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present Tuesdays *through* Saturdays—*with* pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis—singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. Miss Hunter and company share the facilities and trade sets Tuesdays through Fridays with blues and boogie-woogie pianist **LLOYD GLENN**, who also performs on Sundays and Mondays. The music begins with Mr. Glenn at eight every *night but Saturday (his night off), when it* begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A bustling taste-of-New Orleans restaurant, where the musicians seem to be expected to provide background Bourbon Street tourist music. Trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** sneaks in a few swing licks and sings a little bit, too, in a nicely offhand manner. He performs with a trio Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds court in the carpeted lounge of this restaurant Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand weeknights from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 4, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**; and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **MARTY NAPOLEON'S** trio plays for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DILL JONES** alternates with them after nine-thirty.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various and assorted jazz players—some of them are competent unknowns, some are established veterans, and others are downright famous—turn up to jam in this (for the most part) mainstream jazz loft. If one doesn't like the living-room atmosphere—couches and pillow furniture and a fireplace—there are tables in the back, and even a bar, where one can order snacks and soft drinks. The established visiting performers will be saxophonist Frank Strozier on Friday and Saturday, March 2-3; and guitarist John Scofield on Friday and Saturday, March 9-10. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixie*land journeymen* Tuesdays *through* Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** works with bassist **SAM JONES** in this pleasant corner Village restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

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LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—For those hankering to escape a current local phenomenon known as "Texas chic." This place is *not* Texas chic, but it does have a genuine Texas feel to it. Pianist **DR. JOHN** (Mac Rebennack to his mother), who came out of New Orleans several years ago, will perform swamp-rock, Cajun jungle music here on Wednesday, Feb. 28, and again on Thursday, March 8, when he'll work with **DOUG SAHM**, a Texas rock-and-roll recluse who knows more than enough Cajun music to keep up. Thursday, March 1, is the day that Texas Independence Day will be celebrated (although the correct date is March 2). The celebration will take the form of a benefit concert that will feature Dr. John, Doug Sahm, *Kinky Friedman, Robert Gordon,* Elliott Murphy and others. And Monday through Wednesday, March 5-7, bluesman **ALBERT KING** will bend some guitar strings. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** and her trio, and singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK**, pay tribute to composer Alec Wilder Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a *bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and* Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, takes over. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. Morgana King is singing through Saturday, March 3; on Wednesday, March 7, tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** will bring in his quartet for five nights. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Music for dancing Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Weeden, Finkle, and Fay—Bill Weeden, Dave Finkle, and Sally Fay—sing satirical songs at the eight-thirty show; singer Barbara Cook does the eleven-thirty show. They're all here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays belong to actor Michael Moriarty; he does two shows—eight-thirty and eleven—on Sunday and Monday, and the eleven-o'clock show on Tuesday. Dining.

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SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Guitarist **JIM HALL** and valve trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER**, who are performing here as a duo Thursday through Sunday, March 1-4, often take their solos at the same time, and, when they do, they sound as if they're making lush figure-eight glides around each other. Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, will be given over to drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** and his quartet. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A large, comfortable room. Singer **ANITA O'DAY** will move in with a backup trio on Wednesday, March 7. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Super bassist **RON CARTER** leads his quintet through Saturday, March 3; on Sunday, March 4, drummer Pete La Roca's quartet will perform; Monday, March 5, will belong to saxophonist **NOEL SMITH**, pianist **MIKE ABENE**, and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**; and beginning Tuesday, March 6, pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS** *and flutist* **JAMES NEWTON** *will co-pilot a* quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Drummer **JEROME COOPER** performs on Wednesday, Feb. 28; Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, have been reserved for flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL**; and on Thursday, March 8, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will begin a three-night stint. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Singer **NINA SIMONE**, who hasn't appeared in a club for some time, will be in this one (in the upstairs Top of the Gate) Thursday through Saturday, March 1-3, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Clarinettist Bob January leads a dance combo on Sundays from seven. On the Terrace jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—What has thirty-four feet and flies? The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band. Through Saturday, March 3, and most Mondays. On Sunday, March 4, there will be a *screening of old jazz movies; and on Tuesday,* March 6, tenor saxophonist **ARNETT COBB**, who was billed as "The Wildest Tenorman in the World" in the forties, will come in with his quartet. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

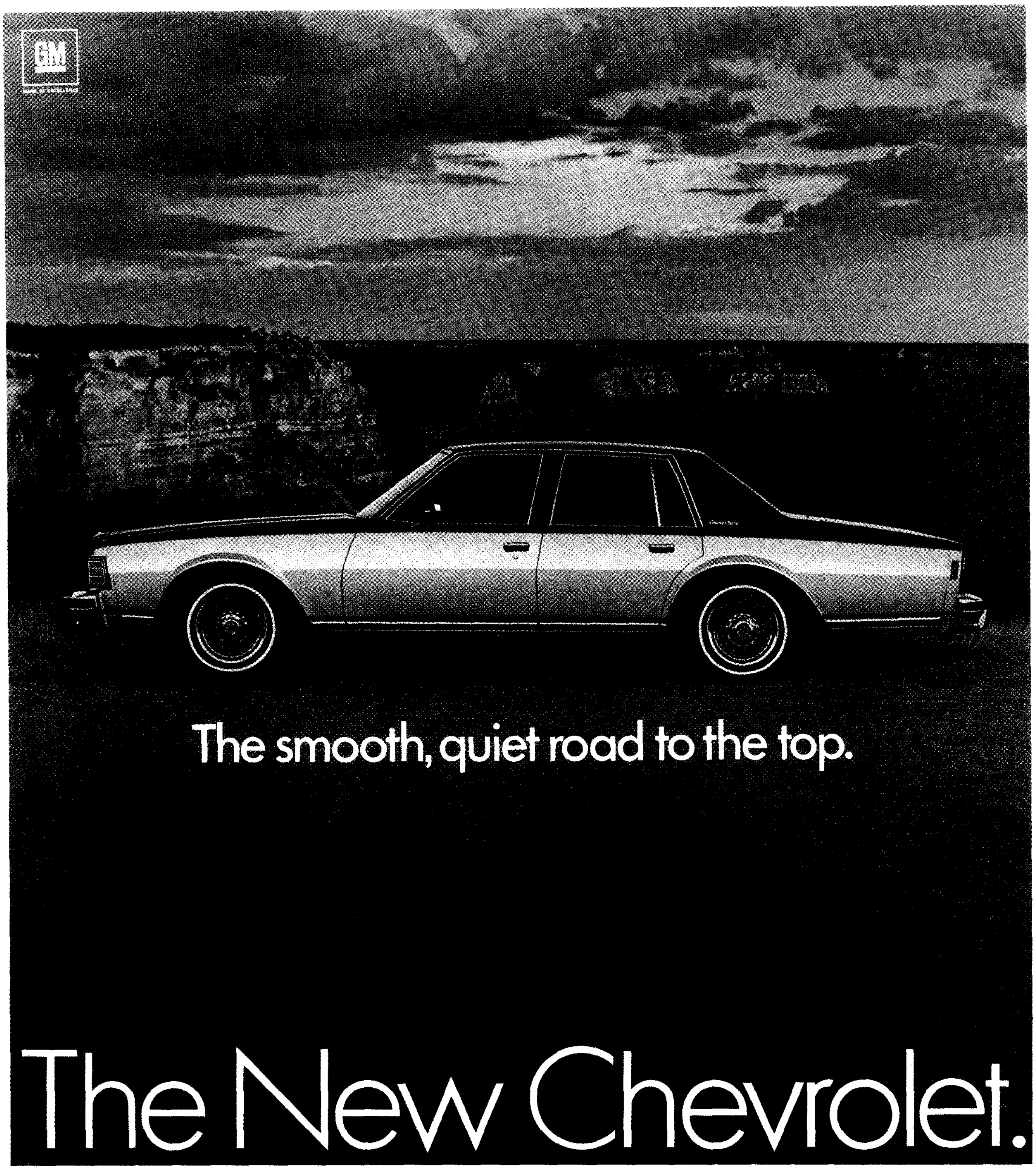
WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who sat in the Ellington reed section for over thirty years, directs a pro Ellingtonia ensemble every night but Monday. On Mondays, pianist **BROOKS KERR**—he's only in his twenties but he can swing anyway—works with drummer **SONNY GREER**. Music every night from nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC and **THE MOTOR BOOTY AFFAIR**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 8.

BEACH BOYS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, March 1, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, at 7:30.

JAZZ AT ENTERMEDIA—Thursday, March 1, at 9: Jeanne Lee and Don Cherry. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 9: Anthony Braxton and the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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David Eyges quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 9: Dave Burrell and Archie Shepp's quartet. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191.)

David Murray Quintet—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, March 2, at 8:30.

Anthony Davis, the James Newton Quartet, and **the String Trio of New York**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, March 2, at 11.

Bob James (with the Brecker Brothers and Dave Sanborn) and **Herbie Mann & the New Family of Mann**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, March 3, at 8.

Jeanne Lee, Gunter Hampel, and **Steve McCall**—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.

Jimmy Lyons Quartet—Public Theatre. Saturday, March 3, at 11.

Good Rats and **Jimmie Mack**—A benefit concert. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, March 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Ramones and the Fabulous Poodles—Palladium. Friday, March 9, at 8.

Old Time Country Music Festival—Friday, March 9, at 8:30: Bill Grant and Delia Bell, plus the Red Clay Ramblers. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8:30: Hazel Dickens and the Balfa Brothers and Friends. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Eleanor Antin—In her incarnation as the Ballets Russes dancer Eleanora Antinova, the artist is exhibiting stage and costume designs and other documents from a "lost" ballet. Through March 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Nineteen sculptures by an Englishwoman who was born in India and specializes in writhing, serpentine works. This group is cut out of laminated aluminum and painted, and seems to be a happy amalgam of elephant trunks, cobras, and Balinese dancers' fingers. Through March 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Stuart Diamond—Three-dimensional wall pieces in painted wood and found objects. Through Saturday, March 3. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Simon Dinnerstein—A large painting of a young Italian woman seated in the middle of a lavishly stocked open-air flower market dominates this show of detailed realist works, some with Roman subjects, others family portraits and still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Recent decorative abstract paintings whose surfaces are made up of rich encrustations of Rhoplex mixed with jewel-like colors. Through Saturday, March 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Large and sometimes rather spooky representational paintings by this Spanish-born artist, whose subjects include the mid-Manhattan rush hour and a mysterious seascape entitled "Return of the Marie Celeste." Through Saturday, March 10. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays.)

Nancy Graves—Large canvases filled with riotous flowery abstractions done in watercolor on paper or in oil and encaustics on canvas. Through Thursday, March 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Recent sculptures, including representations of waterfalls (in bronze) and of airships (in silk, foil, and wood). Also drawings. Through March 24. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twenty-four portraits by a Russian modernist who turned to abstractions late in life. Through March 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Kieff / Bob Paige—Sinuous bronzes, mostly. Through Saturday, March 3. / Paintings of outsize Concord grapes, and other still-lifes. Through March 17. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Rafael Mahdavi—Works in mixed mediums, chiefly photographs of interiors printed on linen and touched up with acrylics. Through March 16. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jan Matulka (1890-1972)—Paintings and drawings. The figures are Synchromist, the still-lifes Cubist, and the drawings Precisionist. Through March 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Nickle—Fragments of paper, stray envelopes, shipping labels, tarpaper—the grimier and more weathered the better—assembled into collages that are low-key in color and solid in composition. Through March 17. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Oils by this Danish artist, a member of the Cobra group. Through March 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Karl Schrag—New oils of Maine and Jamaica. Through March 17. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Donald Sultan—Landscapes and urban scenes done in linoleum tile and oil on Masonite. Also cutouts and tar-on-paper drawings. Through March 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Anne Tabachnick—New paintings and drawings, mostly sketchily outlined interiors brightened up by a glimpse of trees outside or a bunch of flowers inside. Through Wednesday, March 7. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Fantastic bronze-and-stainless-steel heads that are meant to represent visitors from another planet. Through Saturday, March 3. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

William Allan—This watercolorist specializes in fresh-water fish—speckled trout, sockeye salmon in its fiery spawning colors—but he has lately encountered, and painted, such salt-water creatures as an iridescent albacore and the curious dolphin fish, which is not to be confused with the dolphin mammal. Through March 31. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jon Carsman—Large paintings of Bucks County streams, plus summery interiors and terraces, in this country and in Bermuda. Through Saturday, March 3. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

John Chandler—Drawings on a grid pattern. Through Saturday, March 10. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—New abstract wood sculptures, and ink and graphite drawings. Through Saturday, March 10. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier—The boulder-strewn coves of Maine and the sandy beaches of Nassau provide this veteran realist with endless subject matter. Through Saturday, March 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elisabeth Frink—Bronzes, many of horses or active male figures, plus drawings and a series of outsize stylized heads by this leading British sculptor. Through Friday, March 9. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nick Ghiz / Richard Alden—Tabletop-size sculptures of convoluted forms suggestive of seashells, done in alabaster, marble, and walnut. / Meticulous drawings of the artist's home—kitchen, bedroom, worktable, closet doors, a windowsill. Through Saturday, March 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—After a dozen years of painting exclusively in black-and-white, the artist has added colors to this series of geometric abstractions. Through Wednesday, March 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Diamond shapes within a rectangular canvas are the hallmark of this artist, who paints with an acrylic wash, sometimes filling in the diamond, sometimes the area around it. Occasionally, he reverses his field and paints rectangles within a diamond-shaped canvas. Through Thursday, March 8. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

James Juszczyk—Large abstract paintings based on a grid pattern. Through Saturday, March 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Thirty or so painted aluminum cutouts of the artist's friends and relatives, many of them life-size, others doll-size, and still others in between, but all freestanding. It was intended that one's sense of perspective be thrown out of kilter in a gallery full of these disproportionate figures, and it is. Through March 17. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lee Krasner—Large-scale paintings, dated 1959-62, many of which tantalize the viewer with the feeling that a few brushstrokes added here or there would transform the violent abstractions into realistic figures and objects. Through Saturday, March 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne—Functional sculpture, so to speak. For instance, a huge cast-stone gorilla has a safe in his stomach; a giant fibre-glass frog has a recess in his back that serves as a seat. Through March 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Miriam Laufer—Abstract paintings, collages, and prints. Through March 15. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Robert Morris—Small silverpoint-and-gesso paintings, heightened with acrylic, exploring various irrelevancies, inconsistencies, anachronisms. Through Saturday, March 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Harry Nadler—New abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin—Calculated kaleidoscopic effects achieved by painting layers of colorful and transparent grid patterns one on top of another, and each at a slightly different angle to the focal plane. Through Thursday, March 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—An exhibition of drawings never shown before, all of them done in the nervous, wire-edged brush line that worked in counterpoint with the stark simplicity of his draftsmanship. Through March 17. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Athena Tacha—Models, drawings, and photographs of site sculptures. Through Saturday, March 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Susanna Tanger / Joyce Timpanelli—Paintings in which an open rectangle of one color is placed, like a window frame, in the middle of a color field done in another. / Victorian mantelpieces set against the wall and covered with an assortment of curios rivalling those in a Cornell box; also among the decorations are a number of small paintings (portraits and landscapes) done directly on the wall. Through Saturday, March 3. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—A two-gallery showing of his Minimalist works on paper. At Truman, 38 E. 57th St., are ten watercolors—each little more than the flick of a brush—on glassine paper, done for a 1977 exhibition at Yale. . . . ¶ Alexander, 20 W. 57th St., is exhibiting, in the basement of that building, two hundred and fifty drawings, most of them a brief inked line, assembled into books by the artist. Both shows through Saturday, March 10.

Neil Welliver—Huge landscapes of Maine. Through April 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Yasuda / Ruth Vollmer—Ten-foot slats of aluminum plate painted in pastel colors and set against the wall. / Geometric shapes drawn freehand with a soft lead pencil in grid formations. Through Saturday, March 3. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: "The Big Still-Life" is a show of exactly that by such realists as Alfred Leslie, Paul Georges, and Sondra Freckelton. Through Friday, March 9. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **hamilton**, 20 W. 57th St.: A three-person show here consists of drawings (mostly of rocks) and a few collages by David Hare; a number of large and powerful abstract paintings by Cheryl Bowers, a California artist; and bright pastel works on paper by Jenny Snider. Through Saturday, March

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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3. . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: Works by more than forty artists, among them Robert Henri, Grandma Moses, Henry F. Farny, and Rockwell Kent. Through Saturday, March 3. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Traditional African art from the Cameroon grasslands, looking a little hostile to the plate-glass and stainless-steel world it is being exhibited in. Through Saturday, March 10. . . . **PROTETCH**, 37 W. 57th St.: Five New York artists are represented in a group show here, among them Louisa Chase, whose depiction of falling autumn leaves is deadpan sentimental, and Howard Smith, whose horizontal stripes do Op Art tricks. Through Saturday, March 3. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by eleven artists who concentrate on decorative patterns of one kind or another. Joyce Kozloff, Tony Robbin, and Kendall Shaw are among the group. Through Saturday, March 3.

SENSUOUS SCULPTURE—Fairly erotic pieces by Mary Frank, Larry Rivers, and George Segal. Miss Frank's sculptural works are in ceramics; Segal's, which concentrate on a woman's advancing pregnancy, are in painted plaster; and Rivers', the most explicit of all, are freestanding cutout photographs of life-size Go-Go girls. Rivers also offers some outright pornographic paintings copied from the Japanese. Through Saturday, March 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

DAVID BUDD—Thirteen monochromatic paintings in various shades of blue. The group is called the Bisbee Series, after the blue skies of Bisbee, Arizona. Through March 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

GRETCHEN CARACAS / MARVIN FULLER—Watercolors and oils depicting fast-food counters and stretches of highway as seen through a windshield. / Strange, placid landscapes and figure paintings, one of them showing a hog standing dimly in the middle of a small stream. Through Thursday, March 8. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

BOB FELDGUS—By the use of mirrors and unusual angles of approach, this artist converts the everyday sights around his studio into abstract designs, rendered neatly and in bright colors. Through Thursday, March 8. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

JEREMY GILBERT-ROLFE—Large abstract paintings done in strong, pure colors. Through Saturday, March 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

BERNARD KIRSCHENBAUM / ED McGOWIN—Three sculptures, one of them a vast curtain, made up of strips of blued spring steel an inch and a quarter wide, which hangs in an eighty-five-foot crescent across this big gallery. Through April 7. / Two large maquettes for much larger outdoor pieces. One is a pyramid with an exterior mural tracing the life of a metalworker, and an interior room—a sort of shrine seen through windows—showing some of his tools and things he made. The other piece is a sort of kiosk, fifteen feet tall, with an interior tableau commenting on the aging process. Through March 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

PAT LASCH—Wood constructions, abstract paintings and drawings. The paint on the constructions, several of which resemble tiered and decorated wedding cakes, was applied with a pastry tube, a technique the artist learned from her *könditor* father. Through Wednesday, March 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

JEAN LE GAC—Selected works from the past ten years, illustrating, with color photographs and text, dreamlike little dramas. Through Wednesday, March 7. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

JOE NICASTRI—Paintings and pencil drawings of figures and flowers, done on a gesso surface that is built up in repeated layers. The edges of these works are left raw, giving them the look of details chipped out of an ancient mural. First one-man show in New York. Through March 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

GLADYS NILSSON—Watercolors depicting a multitude of amorphous figures. Through March 15. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

ARLENE SLAVIN—The viewer is surrounded here by ninety feet of murals with a sun-drenched tropical background, against which all sorts of water birds are seen—flamingos, herons, pelicans, geese, ducks, sandpipers, roseate spoonbills. The artist was known previously for abstract geometrical paintings. Through Thursday, March 8, after which the wall will be repainted. (Milliken, third floor, 141 Prince St.)

URSULA VON RYDINGSVARD / MIMI SMITH—Cedar sculptures whose surfaces have been modelled with a hand grinding wheel and a chisel. / Words written across black rag paper in colored ink and pencil, together with a taped reading of the words, make up a series called "Color Television Drawings." Through March 17. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

ANDY WARHOL—Wall-to-wall Warhols—sixty-seven paintings lined shoulder to shoulder around the sides of this large exhibition room, plus sixteen more in the rear gallery. Through Saturday, March 10. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches (one is over twenty feet long) done in bright pastels to illustrate a series of Columbia lectures on urban planning. Through March 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GENERATION SHOW—Recent paintings by twenty leading American abstractionists born in the United States between 1929 and 1946. Through Saturday, March 3. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

SCULPTURE—George Sugarman, Abram Schlemowitz, Sidney Geist, Reuben Kadish, and Charles DuBack showing two works apiece. . . . ¶ In an adjacent room, relief collages by Judith Rothschild. Through Thursday, March 8. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

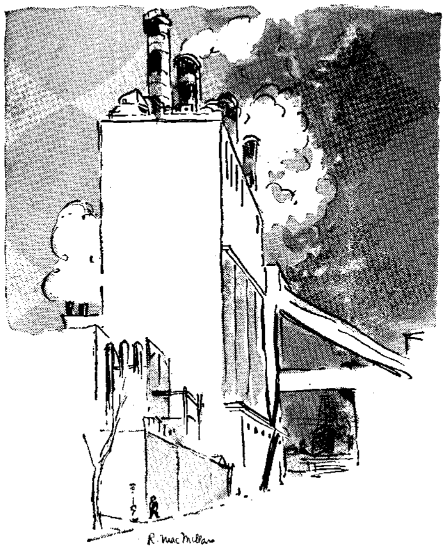
OTHER GALLERIES

STEPHEN CSOKA—A retrospective of his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 17. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

MARGARET ISRAEL—Painted earthenware containers. Through March 24. (Greenwich House, 16 Jones St., between Bleecker and West 4th Sts. Opens at 1.)

CLAUDE MARKS—A retrospective of drawings and paintings by an artist who has sketched numerous theatre personalities, among them Laurence Olivier, Maureen Stapleton, and James Earl Jones. Through March 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JODY PINTO / FRANK YOUNG—Project drawings by an artist who finds similarities between landscapes and the human organism. / Large drawings, one of them ten feet tall, each of which offers an elongated, vaguely conical form outlined in black and filled in with countless multicolored pastel strokes. Through Saturday, March 3. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)



WALT WHITMAN—An exhibit of manuscripts, first editions, letters, and other memorabilia from the collection of Charles E. Feinberg. Among the items is an 1872 linen broadside designed by Whitman and listing in no fewer than eight typefaces the books he had written by then. Through Friday, March 9. (Barnard College Library, Broadway at 117th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ROBERT ADAMS—The Museum of Modern Art is showing his early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

DAVID A. HANSON—This photographer-filmmaker-bookbinder chooses a subject (ornithological specimens, travels to the Rio Grande), takes the necessary pictures, and then mounts them in handbound books. Twenty-three books and thirty-five wall-mounted prints make up his show. Through March 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CARL TOTH / ROBERT HEINECKEN—Color photographs in which small mechanical objects are seen alongside Polaroid pictures of them. / Erotic prints with text, plus a four-by-five-foot mosaic of two hundred and fifty-five Polaroid prints—of arms, legs, torsos, genitals, everything. Through Saturday, March 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BURK UZZLE / LUCIEN CLERGUE—Urban street scenes. / Surrealist studies of nudes. Through Saturday, March 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

KELLY WISE—Surreal photographs. Through Saturday, March 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FIFTY YEARS OF NEW YORK—More than three hundred photographs from the *News* archives have been mounted by the New York Public Library. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings by students of Hans Hofmann, including Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Krasner, and Giorgio Cavallon. The works date from the twenties to the fifties. Through Sunday, March 4. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Sunday, March 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Transformations in Modern Architecture," a show of primarily black-and-white photographs of buildings constructed in the past twenty years. Through April 24. . . . ¶ Jackie Winsor's geometric floor sculptures, made of unpainted wood, rope, nails, brick. Through Tuesday, March 6. . . . ¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of thirty collages by Anne Ryan. Through Tuesday, March 6. . . . ¶ Bottle caps, paper clips, rubber bands, and other objects (two thousand of them) transformed by Donald Lipski into tiny sculptures that are pinned in rows on the wall. Through March 18. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian (paintings and works on paper, including two sketchbooks), dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. This exhibit is closed to visitors on Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1979 biennial consists of works in a wide range of styles and mediums by eighty-eight artists of all ages and all levels of fame, more than a third of whom work outside the New York area. Through April 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four British Victorian artists: George Frederic Watts, Frederic Leighton, Albert Moore, and Alfred Gilbert. Through April 8. . . . ¶ Thirty-one works by Wang Ming, including paintings on rice paper and rag board and three accordion-folded books whose opened leaves span twenty feet. Through April 8. . . . ¶ A selection of more than twenty-five handwoven bedspreads, cushion covers, and wall hangings produced in Scandinavian countries between 1650 and 1925. Through March 21. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and graphics of Arik Brauer, an artist associated with the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through April 29. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of more than a hundred handmade bookbindings, representing the full range of the library's collection, in such materials as gold, silver, and ivory. Through April 8. . . . ¶ More than three dozen single leaves from medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, one of them from a Bible illuminated at St. Swithin's Priory, Winchester, England, in the last quarter of the twelfth century. Through April 14. . . . ¶ Presentation copies of W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads," and examples of sequels and elaborations thereof. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection has put together an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and first editions by Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and other authors active in the eighteen-nineties. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Pictures of New York from the last fifty years. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Photographic installations by four artists: Dennis Adams, James Casebere, Barbara Levy, and Donald. All shows through Saturday, March 10.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Ann McMillan & Dieter Jung (performance), Thursday, March 1, at 8:30; works by Ida Applebroog and Angels Ribe that either literally or conceptually follow a book format, through Saturday, March 3; books by Dick Higgins and the Something Else Press; starting Wednesday, March 7.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Richard Teitelbaum (electro-acoustic chamber music), Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; Morton Subotnick (electronic music), Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, at 8:30; Bob & Ingrid Wiegand (videotape projection, with audiotape), through Saturday, March 3; Bill T. Jones (dance), Wednesday through Saturday, March 7-10, at 8:30; a program of seven videotapes from Synapse Video Center in Syracuse, starting Tuesday, March 6; Dennis Oppenheim (metal sculptures incorporating sound tracks), starting Wednesday, March 7.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—At least twenty individual exhibits and several group shows are currently housed in this three-story one-time school building. Through April 1.

MUSIC

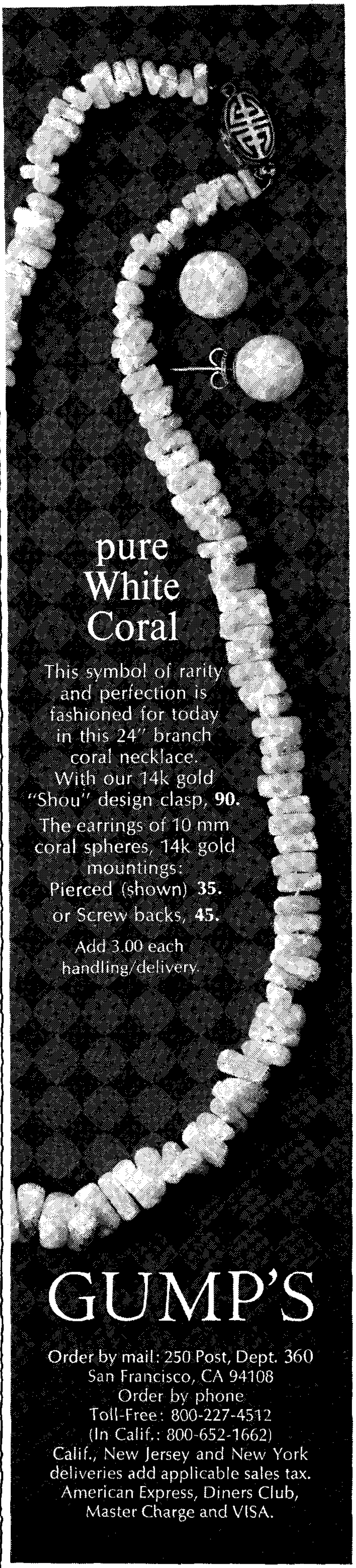
(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, May Sandoz, Alma Jean Smith, Seth McCoy, Christian Boesch, Harald Stamm, James Atherton, and John Shirley-Quirk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, Allan Monk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, March 5, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, May Sandoz, Loretta Di Franco, Stuart Burrows, Dale Duesing, Harald Stamm, James Atherton, and John Shirley-Quirk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, Allan Monk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Dimitri Kavrakos; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: A new production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, José van Dam, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, Rita Shane, Loretta Di Franco, Stuart Burrows, Dale Duesing, Harald Stamm, Nico Castel, and John Shirley-Quirk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2:30: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, Allan Monk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Dimitri Kavrakos; James Levine.

MET MARATHON—A couple of dozen Metropolitan Opera stars singing for their supper—their rent money, actually—in a benefit program to raise cash for the old house. Among the participants will be Marilyn Horne, Teresa Kubiak, Leona Mitchell, Betsy Norden, Elena Obraztsova, Jerome Hines, René Kollo, Sherrill Milnes, James Morris, Paul Plishka, and Neil Shicoff. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, March 4, from 5 to 11.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Awilda Verdejo, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Adib Fazah; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Faye Robinson, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; Elyakum Shapirra. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Ermanno Mauro, Frederick Burchinal, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "La Bohème," with Glenys Fowles, Sharon Daniels, Luis Lima, Dominic Cossa, Marc Embree, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Ruth Falcon, Gwenlynn Little, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, Robert Hale, Vernon Hartman, and Ralph Bassett; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 4, at 1: "La Traviata," with Ashley Putnam, Kathleen Hegierski, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Frederick Burchinal; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 4, at 7: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Eunice Hill, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, and Irwin Densen; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 8: "Lucia Di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Ermanno Mauro, Frederick Burchinal, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ashley Putnam, Kathleen Hegierski, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Frederick Burchinal;



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Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Faust," with Mariana Niculescu, Faith Esham, Luis Lima, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Glenys Fowles, Eunice Hill, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Eugene Holmes, and Irwin Densen; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Sharon Daniels, Ermanno Mauro, and David Holloway; Elyakum Shapirra. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—The New York première of Hindemith's "News of the Day," in English. Conducted by Bruce Ferden and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 1, and Saturday, March 3, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting—Thursday, March 1, at 8:30; Friday, March 2, at 2; and Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, March 8, at 8:30; Friday, March 9, at 2; Saturday, March 10, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 13, at 7:30 (all with Viktoria Postnikova, piano).

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Friday, March 2, at 8, an all-Gershwin program, with Norman Krieger, piano; and Saturday, March 3, at 8, a varied program, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 3, a varied program, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano.)

Symphonicum Europae—A benefit concert, performed by the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Piero Gamba; Jorge Bolet, piano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; José Greco, dancer; Yehudi Menuhin and Ruggiero Ricci, violin; Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Andres Segovia, classical guitarist; actors José Ferrer and Peter Ustinov; Gary Graffman and Byron Janis, piano; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting an all-Bach program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and John Solum, flute. The final concerts of the season. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 4, at 5:30. All seats have been sold for both concerts, and only standing room is left.)

Mannes Orchestra—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one with Julius Eastman, voice and synthesizer, and others. Larry Rivers and John Cage will be present and participate in a forum with Mr. Foss during the intermission. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting "Three Water Musics" (by Telemann, Rorem, and Handel), with Anahid Ajemian, violin, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, March 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 3, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 2.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 2:30.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

Winchester Cathedral Choir—Martin Neary directing, with James Lancelot, organ, and the Opus I Chamber Orchestra of Cleveland. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8.)

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RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—The third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave, at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the second of two recitals, this one an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Denis Brott—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Tartini Trio—A trio from Yugoslavia. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Thursday, March 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet in a program entitled "The Unknown Schubert." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Stephanie Brown, piano; Pina Carmirelli, violin; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 1, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Ida Kavafian, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Emanuel Ax, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 5. . . . ¶ Same artists at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, March 3, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Hear America First—A program of music by Bartók, Messiaen, and others, entitled "Forty-Year-Olds." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

Kuyken Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano, with a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 3.)

Chamber Music—Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 3, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 2.)

Lee Luvisi—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 3, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Beethoven Society—Claude Frank, piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, March 4, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Stephen Kates, cello, with Bert Lucarelli, flute. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, March 4, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Baroque Festival—The third in a series of four concerts will be performed by Virginia Brewer and Marsha Heller, oboe; James Miller, trumpet; William Scribner, bassoon; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 4, at 4. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

Leopold Teraspulsky—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 5:45.)

Vivian Taylor—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 8.)

Baroque Music Masters—Judith Norell, harpsichord, and others, in the last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 4, at 8.)

Grace Bumbry—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8.)

Boris Bloch—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 6, at 8.)

Melos Quartet—The first two in a series of four all-Schubert concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 6, at 8, no soloists; and Friday, March 9, at 8, with Leonard Rose, cello.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The final concert of the season will be performed by Kathleen Battle, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; Dominic Cossa, baritone; Elizabeth Brown, flute; Ida Kavafian, violin; Ronald Thomas, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 6, at 8.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The second in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Wolfgang Rubsam. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 5:30.)

Wanda Wilkomirska—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 7, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Zaidee Parkinson and Rose Taylor—Piano and mezzo-soprano, in a program of Slavic music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century European music, this one an Austro-German program, with Merja Sargon, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music of Spain. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 8, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.)

Concert-Party—The fifth in a series of seven concerts, this one performed by Ransom Wilson, flute, and Nancy Allen, harp, with a string trio. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, March 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by William Valente, Nicolas Roussakis, and Arnold Schoenberg, performed by the Columbia String Quartet. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 9, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Joseph Karpienia—Classical guitarist, with Andrew Bolotowsky, flute, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Aston Magna—A baroque ensemble, in the last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Arthur Fennimore—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 10, at 2:30.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Béla Bartók—The Later Years—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Pina Carmirelli, violin; Judith Raskin, soprano; the Sine Nomine Singers, directed by Harry Saltzman; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and Gordon Gottlieb and Daniel Druckman, percussion. The final concert of the series. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden**: Knicks vs. San Diego, Saturday, March

3, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Saturday, March 10, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, March 2. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Tuesday, March 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Seattle, Friday, March 9. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Gymnastics—The Dial American Cup. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 10, at 1, and Sunday, March 11, at noon.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, March 3, at 1:15. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, March 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Wednesday, March 7, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, March 3. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, March 6. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 10. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Next Move Handicap, Sunday, March 4, and the Swift, Saturday, March 10. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 10. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Barbara Howes and Ann Stanford reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ Harvey Shapiro and Alberta T. Turner reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 8, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday through Sunday, March 9-11, from noon to 6.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 3, at 2: French and Italian furniture, decorations, paintings, and porcelains; the property of Mrs. Archibald Brown. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 3. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 2: European porcelains, belonging to Fritz Katz and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 3.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, April 5, 7, and 8 (all day games). . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, April 9-11 (all day games).

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 13 (New Orleans), March 17 (Philadelphia), March 20 (Milwaukee), March 24 (Chicago), April 3 (Houston), and April 5 (Denver). . . . ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: March 11 (Philadelphia), March 20 (Detroit), March 25 (Chicago), March 28 (Washington), March 30 (Atlanta), April 3 (Denver), and April 7 (Boston).

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 16.)

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 11 (Chicago), March 14 (Atlanta), March 18 (Pittsburgh), March 25 (Montreal), March 27 (Philadelphia), April 2 (Los Angeles), April 4 (Atlanta), and April 8 (Islanders). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: March 13 (Boston), March 15 (Toronto), March 17 (Rangers), March 24 (Pittsburgh), March 31 (Buffalo), April 3 (Atlanta), and April 7 (Philadelphia).

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. March 24.)

Racing—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 31.

Tennis—Avon Women's Championships. (Madison Square Garden. March 21-25.)

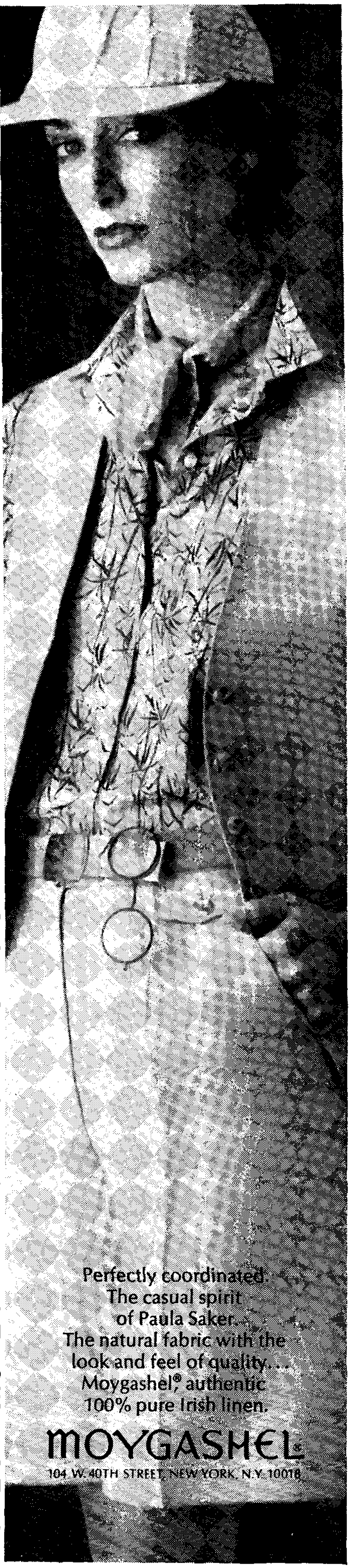
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: March 12-April 21.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 14. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 5. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, March 14 and April 9. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, March 18. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, March 21, 23, and 25. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, March 23. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 6. . . . ¶ Lazar Berman, piano, April 8. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, April 8. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Lazar Berman, piano, March 11. . . . ¶ Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale, March 11. . . . ¶ Orpheus, March 12. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola, March 14. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 18. . . . ¶ Fifty members of the New York Philharmonic, in a benefit concert, March 18. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, March 19. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, March 20. . . . ¶ Gidon Kremer, violin, March 26. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 27. . . . ¶ Sacred Music Society of America, March 28. . . . ¶ Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, March 29. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, April 2. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 4-5. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus, April 7. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, April 8. . . . ¶ Nicolai Gedda, tenor, April 9. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, March 11. . . . ¶ Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York, March 11. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 12. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, March 14. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, March 17. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 18 and 20 and April 6 and 8. . . . ¶ Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, March 18 and April 8. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, March 23. . . . ¶ Beverly Somach, violin, March 24. . . . ¶ Lynn Harrell, cello, March 25. . . . ¶ Netherlands Wind Ensemble, March 25. . . . ¶ Municipal Concerts Orchestra, March 31. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, April 4. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Anton Kuerti, piano, March 13 and 27 and April 10. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, March 14 and April 4. . . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, March 20. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 24-25. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, March 15. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, March 22 and April 5. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, March 29. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 6.

Dance—Louis Falco Dance Company, at the City Center, March 27-April 1.

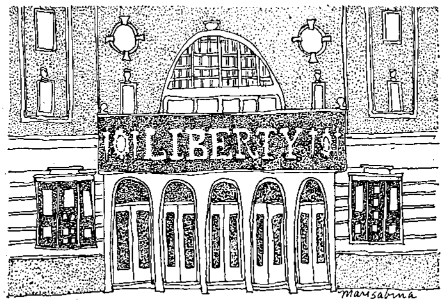
Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Spokesong," an Irish play by Stewart Parker, with music by Jimmy Kennedy. The cast includes Josef Sommer, John Lithgow, and Maria Tucci. . . . ¶ Luis Valdez' play, "Zoot Suit," with Edward James Olmos, Daniel Valdez, and Charles Aidman. . . . ¶ Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy are the authors of a play, "A Meeting by the River," based on Mr. Isherwood's 1967 novel of the same name. In the cast are Simon Ward, Keith Baxter, Sam Jaffe, Siobhan McKenna, Meg Wynn Owen, and Keith McDermott. . . . ¶ A London import, Alan Ayckbourn's "Bedroom Farce," with Michael Gough, Joan Hickson, and other members of the National Theatre Company of Great Britain. . . . ¶ A play entitled "G. R. Point," by David Berry, will have Michael Moriarty in the leading role. First seen here in a Phoenix Theatre showcase two years ago. . . . ¶ Georgia Brown and Cesare Siepi in a musical, "Carmelina" (suggested by the film "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell"). Burton Lane composed the score, Alan Jay Lerner wrote the lyrics, and the book was co-authored by Mr. Lerner and Joseph Stein. . . . ¶ "Faith Healer," a play by Brian Friel, starring James Mason, Clarissa Kaye, and Ed Flanders.

Other Dates—Cartier Vintage Aircraft Exhibit, at the 7th Regiment Armory, March 15-20. . . . ¶ St. Patrick's Day is Saturday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 21. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 28-June 3. . . . ¶ Auto Expo New York, at the Coliseum, April 7-15. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 15. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1978 and estimates for 1979 are due Monday, April 16.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 4: "Tent of Miracles."
March 5: Theatre closed.
March 6: "Five Guns West" and "Von Richthofen and Brown."
March 7: "The Premature Burial" and "The Haunted Palace."
March 8: "Machine Gun Kelly" and "The Wild Angels."
March 9: "The Trip" and "Bloody Mama."
March 10: "The Masque of the Red Death."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"California Suite."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 1: "The Wiz" and "FM."
March 2-8: "Movie Movie" and "The Ritz."
From March 9: "The Lord of the Rings" and another feature, to be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Midnight Express."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 1: "The Warriors."
From March 2: "Heaven Can Wait."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 1: "Heaven Can Wait."
From March 2: "Norma Rae."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 8: "In Praise of Older Women."
From March 9: "The Passage."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Great Train Robbery."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hardcore."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Deer Hunter."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"An Unmarried Woman."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Agatha."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through March 1: "On the Yard."
From March 2: "Real Life."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Despair."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
To be announced.

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
From March 2: "Fast Break."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
From March 2: "Norma Rae."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ice Castles."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 1: "The Last Wave."
March 2-8: "Movie Movie."
From March 9: "The Lord of the Rings."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Great Train Robbery."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 1: "The Warriors."
From March 2: "Fast Break."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Hardcore."
Theatre 2: "In Praise of Older Women."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through March 1: "Movie Movie."
From March 2: To be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 8: "In Praise of Older Women."
From March 9: To be announced.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "Bread and Chocolate."
Theatre 3: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Theatre 4: Through March 1: "Tracks." From March 2: "The Last Wave."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 8: "The Lord of the Rings."
From March 9: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Murder by Decree."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Wifemistress."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Picnic at Hanging Rock."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through March 1: "The Great Train Robbery."
From March 2: "The Innocent."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
To be announced.

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Your Turn, My Turn."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "California Suite."
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "An Unmarried Woman." From March 2: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Theatre 3: Through March 8: "The Brink's Job." From March 9: "Same Time, Next Year."
Theatre 4: "The Lord of the Rings."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through March 8: "Bread and Chocolate."
From March 9: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 1: "The Wiz" and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."
March 2-8: "Movie Movie" and "The Ritz."
From March 9: "The Lord of the Rings" and "Coma."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Great Train Robbery." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Midnight Express." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "California Suite." (†)
Theatre 3: "An Unmarried Woman." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coming Home."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through March 1: "The Warriors." (†)
From March 2: "Norma Rae." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Hardcore." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through March 8: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)
From March 9: "Passage." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through March 1: "In Praise of Older Women." (†)
From March 2: "Fast Break." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Ice Castles." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Last Wave." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 28: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.
March 1: "Bonaparte" (1927, 1971), in French, directed by Abel Gance, with Antonin Artaud and Gance.
March 2-3: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron; and "Stolen Kisses" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade.
March 4-5: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Silence" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.
March 6: "High and Low" (†); and "Two in the Shadows" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Mikio Naruse.
March 7: "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
March 8: "Kanal" (†) and "Ashes and Diamonds." (†)
March 9-10: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 28: "Elmer Gantry" (1960), directed by Richard Brooks, with Burt Lancaster, Jean Simmons, Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, Edward Andrews, and Shirley Jones; and "The Miracle Women" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and David Manners.
March 1: "The Wages of Fear" (1953), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, Peter Van Eyck, and Vera Clouzot; and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.
March 2: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey.
March 3: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), directed by Alexander Hall, with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, and James Gleason; and "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary

Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

March 4: "Martin et Lea" (1978), in French, directed by Alain Cavalier (who will be present at the 7:35 showing); and "Passe Montagne" (1978), in French, directed by Jean-François Stevenin (who will be present at the 9:35 showing).

March 5: "La Chanson de Roland" (1978), in French, directed by Frank Cassenti; and "Zoo Zero" (1978), in French, directed by Alain Fleischer.

March 6: "On Efface Tout" (1978), in French, directed by Pascal Vidal (who will be present at the 7:50 showing); and "Mais Où Est Donc Ornicar" (1978), in French, directed by Bertrand van Effenterre.

March 7: "Judith Therpauve" (1978), in French, directed by Patrick Chereau; and "Le Paradis des Riches" (1978), in French, directed by Paul Barge.

March 8: "Un Balcon en Forêt" (1978), in French, directed by Michel Mitrani; and "Utopia" (1978), in French, directed by Iradj Azimi.

March 9: "Twentieth Century" (†); and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

March 10: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin, and Mary Murphy.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 1: "Go Tell the Spartans" (1978), directed by Ted Post, with Burt Lancaster and Craig Wasson; and "The Boys in Company C" (1978), directed by Sidney J. Furie, with Stan Shaw, Michael Lembeck, James Canning, Craig Wasson, and Andrew Stevens.

March 2-3: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

March 4-5: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller; and "Which Way Is Up?" (1977), directed by Michael Schultz, with Richard Pryor.

March 6: "Eyes of Laura Mars" (1978), directed by Irvin Kershner, with Faye Dunaway and Tommy Lee Jones; and "Joanna." (†)

March 7-8: "Néa" (1978), in French, directed by Nelly Kaplan, with Sami Frey and Ann Zacharias; and "Candy." (†)

March 9-10: "Handle with Care" (1977; "Citizens Band"), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Paul La Mat, Marcia Rodd, and Ann Wedgeworth; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Feb. 28: "The Freshman" (1925), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Brooks Benedict; and "Chaplin Revue," three short silent films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923).

March 1: "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "Battling Butler" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Sally O'Neil, and Snitz Edwards.

March 2: "The Gold Rush" (1925), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and "Our Hospitality" (1923), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Jack G. Blystone, with Keaton, Natalie Talmadge, and Joe Keaton.

March 3: "Seven Chances" (1925), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton and Ruth Dwyer; and "Why Worry?" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.

March 4: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Anna Townsend; and "The General." (†)

March 5: "The Navigator" (1924), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp, with Keaton, Kathryn McGuire, and Frederick Vroom; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (1926), a silent film, directed by Harry Edwards, with Harry Langdon and Joan Crawford.

March 6: "The Circus" (†) and "Sherlock Jr." (†)

March 7: "For Heaven's Sake" (1926), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Noah Young; "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Carl Miller, and Edna Purviance; and "Three's a Crowd" (1927), a silent film, directed by, and with, Harry Langdon.

March 8: "Grandma's Boy;" and "The General." (†)

March 9: "City Lights" (†) and "The Strongman." (†)

March 10: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927), a silent film, directed by Charles Riesner, with Buster Keaton, Marion Byron, and Tom Lewis; and "Girl Shy" (1924), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Richard Daniels.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through March 3: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dames" (1934), directed by Ray Enright, with Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell.

March 4-6: "The Thin Man" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Cesar Romero; and "Arsène Lupin." (†)

March 7-10: "Laura" (†) and "Niagara." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 1: "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

March 2-3: "Rififi" (1956), in French, directed by Jules Dassin, with Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, Peter Van Eyck, and Vera Clouzot.

March 4: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

March 5: "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles; and "The Stranger." (†)

March 6: "Libeled Lady" (1936), directed by Jack Conway, with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy; and "Bombshell." (†)

March 7-8: "Side Street" (1950), directed by Anthony Mann, with Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, James Craig, and Jean Hagen; and "They Live by Night." (†)

March 9-10: "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "Cria!" (1977), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent.

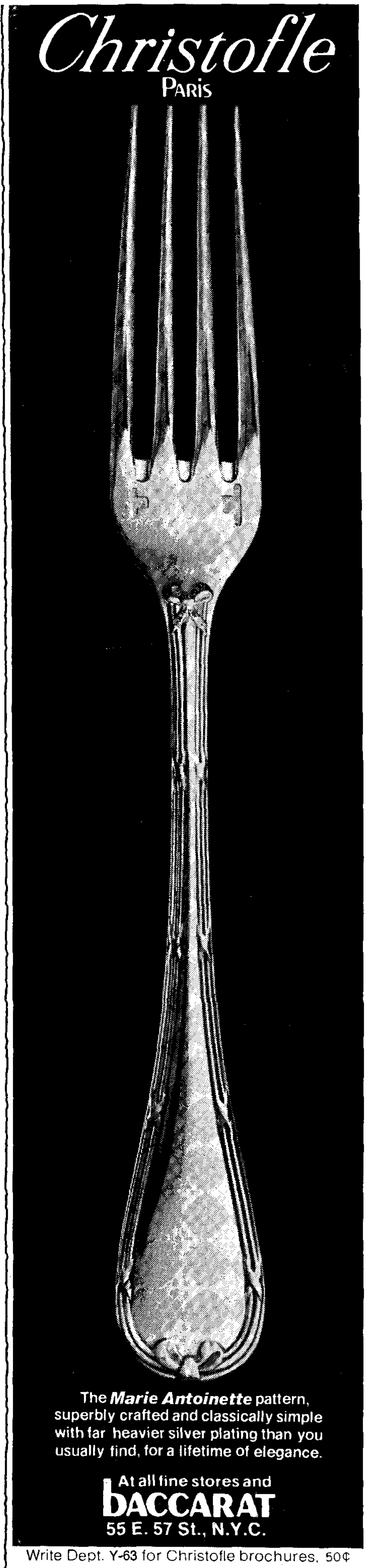
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 28: "Brief Moment" (1933), directed by David Burton, with Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond, and Donald Cook; and "If You Could Only Cook" (1935), directed by William Seiter, with Jean Arthur, Herbert Marshall, and Leo Carrillo.

March 1: "Woman of the Year" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix; and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

March 2-3: "War of the Worlds" (1953), directed by Byron Haskin, with Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, and Les Tremayne; and "Crack in the World" (1965), directed by Andrew Marton, with Dana Andrews, Janette Scott, Kieron Moore, and Alexander Knox.

March 4: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with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Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and “Call Me Madam.” (†)
March 5: “To Be or Not to Be” (†) and “We’re Not Dressing.” (†)
March 6: “Strange Interlude” (1932), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable; and “Escape.” (†)
March 7: “Boston Blackie’s Rendezvous” (1945), directed by Arthur Dreifuss, with Chester Morris, Nina Foch, Steve Cochran, and Richard Lane; and “Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion” (1945), directed by Arthur Dreifuss, with Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick, Richard Lane, and Frank Sully.
March 8-9: “Sullivan’s Travels” (†) and “The Great McGinty.” (†)
March 10: “Kennel Murder Case” (†); and “Bulldog Drummond’s Peril” (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Barrymore, John Howard, and Louise Campbell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 1 at 2:30: “The Great Man Votes” (1939), directed by Garson Kanin, with John Barrymore. . . . ¶ March 1 at 6: “The Master Race” (1944), directed by Herbert Biberman, with Lloyd Bridges, Osa Massen, and George Coulouris. . . . ¶ March 1 at 8:30: “Boy Slaves” (1939), directed by P. J. Wolfson, with Anne Shirley. . . . ¶ March 2 at 2:30: “The Master Race.” . . . ¶ March 2 at 6: “Behind That Curtain” (1929), directed by Irving Cummings, with Warner Baxter, Lois Moran, and Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ March 3 at noon: “The Saint Takes Over” (1940), directed by Jack Hively, with George Sanders, Wendy Barrie, and Jonathan Hale. . . . ¶ March 3 at 2:30: “The Great Man Votes.” . . . ¶ March 3 at 5: “They Knew What They Wanted” (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Charles Laughton, Carole Lombard, and William Gargan. . . . ¶ March 4 at noon: “The Falcon Takes Over” (1942), directed by Irving Reis, with George Sanders, Lynn Bari, and Hans Conreid. . . . ¶ March 4 at 2:30: “Hitler’s Children” (1943), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Bonita Granville, Tim Holt, and Kent Smith. . . . ¶ March 4 at 5: A program of avant-garde films by Paul Sharits, Michael Snow, Ernie Gehr, Hollis Frampton, and Ken Jacobs. . . . ¶ March 5 at noon: “The Jazz Age” (1956), produced by H. Salomon for Project 20. . . . ¶ March 5 at 2:30: “Lucky Partners” (1940), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Ronald Colman, Ginger Rogers, and Jack Carson. . . . ¶ March 5 at 6: “This Land Is Mine” (1943), directed by Jean Renoir, with Charles Laughton, Maureen O’Hara, George Sanders, and Walter Slezak. . . . ¶ March 6 at noon: “The Jazz Age.” . . . ¶ March 6 at 2:30: “The Wildcat” (1921), a German silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Pola Negri; German inter-titles only. . . . ¶ March 6 at 6: “Homeboys” (1978), directed by Randy Johnson. . . . ¶ March 8 at 2:30: “Hitler’s Children.” . . . ¶ March 8 at 6: “None But the Lonely Heart” (1944), directed by Clifford Odets, with Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. . . . ¶ March 8 at 8:30: “Angel Face” (1953), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jean Simmons and Robert Mitchum. . . . ¶ March 9 at 2:30: “Wise Girl” (1937), directed by Leigh Jason, with Miriam Hopkins and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ March 9 at 6: “The Wildcat.” . . . ¶ March 10 at noon: “Music for Madame” (1937), directed by John Blystone, with Nino Martini, Joan Fontaine, and Erik Rhodes. . . . ¶ March 10 at 2:30: “Wise Girl.” . . . ¶ March 10 at 5: “Step Lively” (1944), directed by Tim Whelan, with Frank Sinatra, Gloria De Haven, and Walter Slezak. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—In conjunction with the 1979 biennial exhibition, film and video works made during the past two years are being shown in both the second-floor film-video exhibition space (through March 11) and the first-floor lobby gallery (through April 1). The programs change daily and/or weekly; our best advice is to phone the museum for exact film and video titles and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 1-4: “Cinema Dead or Alive?” (1978), in French, made by the Zurich Filmcollective; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting March 8: A program of four short films by Peter Hutton. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery, which purports to be about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress’s name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. The movie has a general air of knowingness, and some of the incidental dialogue is clever, but it seems to be missing the scenes that would explain why it was made. It doesn’t have a story—it’s from a musing. The talent of the director, Michael Apted, is for the tactile, the plangent, the indefinite; when the action dawdles, he lets the cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, take over. The rooms look smoked, and everything is in soft movement; this is the rare movie that is too fluid. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband exhausted by his wife’s high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as the friendly woman Agatha meets at the spa. The script is credited to Kathleen Tynan and Arthur Hopcraft. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Cinema I.)

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog’s fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (4/11/77) (Cinema Studio 2.)

All Things Bright and Beautiful—With John Alderton and Colin Blakely, directed by Eric Till. (Guild; starting March 9.)

Arsène Lupin (1932)—John Barrymore as a suave jewel thief who poses as a duke in Paris in order to fleece the rich; his techniques are unconvincingly easy—at one point he saunters out of the Louvre with the Mona Lisa tucked under his arm. Lionel Barrymore plays an agonized, limping detective on the thief’s trail. The contrast should be more entertaining than it is; the movie isn’t much fun. Directed by Jack Conway. (Regency; March 4-6.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda’s wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 8.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It’s a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Baronet.)

Bloody Mama (1970)—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous moronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (Little Theatre; March 9.)

Bombshell (1933; also known as “Blonde Bombshell”)—A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted, dumb-blond movie star. Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style, made at M-G-M before fear of church pressure groups turned the studio respectable and pompous. Lee Tracy is the star’s finger-wagging, fast-talking press agent, and Franchot Tone is slickly funny as the man who woos her with such lines as “Your hair is like a field of daisies—I should like to run barefoot through your hair.” With Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, Pat O’Brien, Louise Beavers, and C. Aubrey Smith. Victor Fleming directed rather stridently and unimaginatively, but from an enjoyably snappy, rude script by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman, adapted from a play by Caroline Francke and Mack Crane. (Thalia; March 6.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through March 8.)

The Brink’s Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Loews 83rd Quad; through March 8.)

California Suite—Neil Simon’s four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Art, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Call Me Madam (1953)—Ethel Merman gets more elbowroom than usual in Howard Lindsay’s and Russel Crouse’s topical satire on the activities of a wealthy Washington hostess whom Harry Truman appoints ambassador to the sort of country where people are poor but love to yodel, and where the chorus hops around in what are alleged to be peasant dances. Merman has tedious telephone conversations with Truman about his daughter’s troubles in her singing career, but the Irving Berlin score has a few songs good enough to make the whole apparatus tolerable. Chief among them is the duet “You’re Just in Love,” sung by Merman with Donald O’Connor, who works surprisingly well with her—he’s so ingratiating he lightens her a bit. (He also gets in some dancing.) George Sanders, in one of his rare singing roles, has a voice and personality weighty enough to make him a fit romantic partner for the lady. With Vera-Ellen (dubbed) as a princess who’s anxious to marry O’Connor, quite obviously a commoner; and Walter Slezak, Billy De Wolfe, and Helmut Dantine. Walter Lang directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4.)

Candy (1968)—Terry Southern’s and Mason Hoffenberg’s sex burlesque was turned into a shambles by the director, Christian Marquand, but there are funny pieces: Marlon Brando as Grindl the Guru, Richard Burton in a parody of Dylan Thomas, and James Coburn as Dr. Krankeit. As the teen-age American-girl Candide, Ewa Aulin lacks the necessary dewy freshness and isn’t American; she sounds rather like Peter Lorre in his pussycat roles. (Cinema Village; March 7-8.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With

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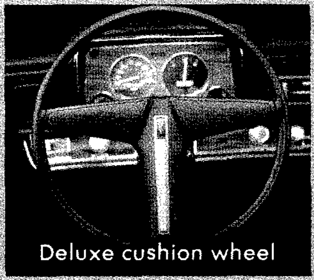
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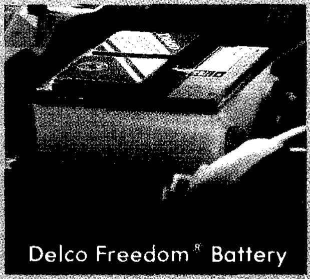
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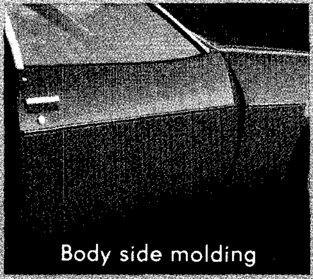
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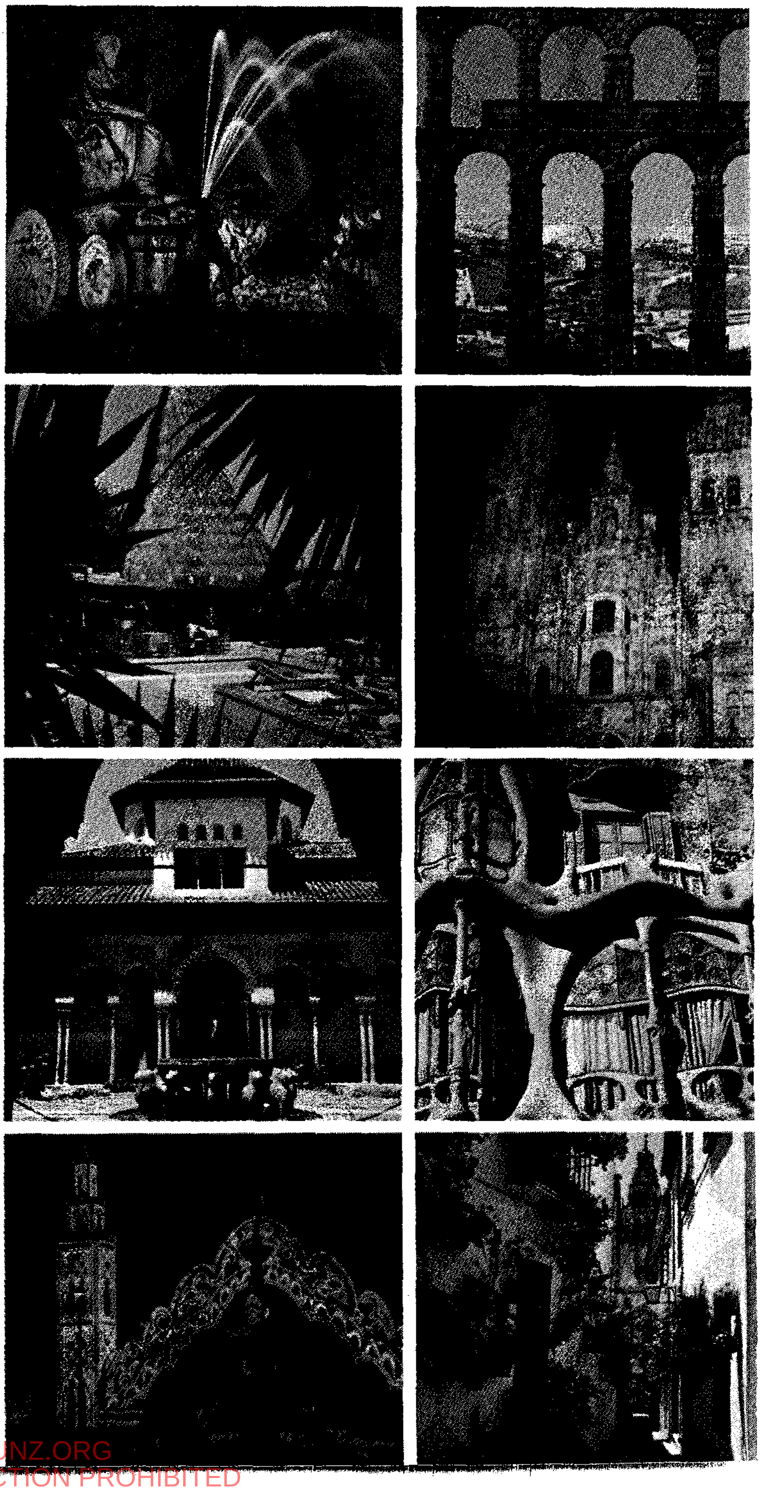

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Merna Kennedy. (*8th St. Playhouse*; March 6.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (8th St. Playhouse; March 9.)

Coma (1978)—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. And single-handed, she begins to investigate. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet this thriller shies away from sleazy jokes. It glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, and it holds you. But it doesn't give you a lift—all you get is a knot in the gut. Michael Crichton directed and did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Olympia; starting March 9.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americaness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Coronet.)

Despair—With Dirk Bogarde and Andrea Ferréol, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. (Gemini 2.)

Escape (1940)—Not to be mistaken for a good film of the same title that came out in 1948, starring Rex Harrison and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. This one, directed by Mervyn LeRoy, is an utterly unconvincing anti-Nazi picture that stars Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor. He plays the American-born son of an imprisoned German woman (Alla Nazimova, totally implausible as a German but a pleasure to see in any role). The villain, Conrad Veidt, is so much more attractive than the hero that the whole thing turns into a feeble, overproduced joke. With Philip Dorn, Albert Basserman, and Felix Bressart. For the script, Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts are the culprits; Ethel Vance wrote the novel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 6.)

Fast Break—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (Loews New York 1, Loews Ciné, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting March 2.)

Five Guns West (1955)—Roger Corman's Western should not be confused with better movies with similar titles. (Little Theatre; March 6.)

FM—With Michael Brandon, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras, and Cleavon Little; directed by John A. Alonzo. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 1.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (8th St. Playhouse; March 4 and 8.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—In this satire of American political corruption, the low-life hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local boss (Akim Tamiroff) by voting thirty-seven times in one day. He rises to be alderman, then mayor and, finally, governor, but having fallen in love, he tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed. There are wonderful patches, though, with the slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Allyn Joslyn, William Demarest, Libby Taylor, Thurston Hall, Arthur Hoyt, Steffi Duna, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Harry Rosenthal, Robert Warwick, Frank C. Moran, and Dewey Robinson; many of them were to become members of the Sturges stock company. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8-9.)

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The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. Michael Crichton directed, and adapted from his own novel. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." (2/12/79) (Sutton, U. A. East, and Criterion. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through March 1.)

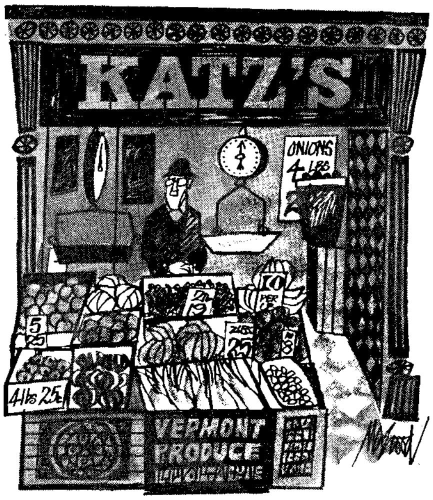
Hardcore—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The father feels no temptation, so there's no contest; he's above sex, and he hates porno the way John Wayne hates rustlers and Commies. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. It's a detached, opaque, affectionless movie; since it doesn't regard the young whores as human, there's no horror in their dehumanization—only frigid sensationalism. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2.)

The Haunted Palace (1964)—Vincent Price as a happy-go-lucky warlock in a Roger Corman cheapie featuring mutants and eerie sacrificial rites. With Debra Paget and Elisha Cook. (Little Theatre; March 7.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Forum. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through March 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; starting March 2.)

High and Low (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 6.)

Ice Castles—With Robby Benson, Colleen Dewhurst, Tom Skerritt, Jennifer Warren, David Huffman, and Lynn-Holly Johnson; directed by Donald Wrye. (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)



The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners, but in the second half the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giancarlo Giannini is far from ideally cast in a role that suggests a male Anna Karenina; Laura Antonelli gives the picture some amusing sexual suspense. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting March 2.)

In Praise of Older Women—With Karen Black, Susan Strasberg, and Tom Berenger; directed by George Kaczender. (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through March 1. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Greenwich; through March 8.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. (12/25/78) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through March 8. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 2.)

I Wanna Hold Your Hand—Directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Olympia; through March 1.)

Joanna (1968)—Joanna (Genevieve Waite) gets pregnant by a beautiful black, and though he goes to prison for ten years, she decides to have the baby. Moronic. (Cinema Village; March 6.)

Kanal (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their loved capital as it was razed to the ground, with Sheybal, as a young composer, playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 8.)

Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure, the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art; in the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together. Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, tedious Ralph Morgan, and Paul Cavanaugh, Etienne Girardot, Robert Barrat, Eugene Pallette, Frank Conroy, Arthur Hohl, Henry O'Neill, and Robert McWade. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Victoria. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through March 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 2.)

Laura (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors. Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective, and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Regency; March 7-10.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Guild; through March 8. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting March 9.)

Machine Gun Kelly (1958)—As Kelly the bank robber and kidnapper, Charles Bronson, with his stolid, brooding, Indian-looking face, gives this Roger Corman picture some substance. With Morey Amsterdam and Connie Gilchrist. (Little Theatre; March 8.)

The Masque of the Red Death (1964)—Roger

Corman's ornate, ambitious adaptation of Poe (combining "Hop-Frog" with the title story). The sepulchral atmosphere is, happily, redeemed by a bit of humor. With Vincent Price, Hazel Court, Jane Asher, and Patrick Magee. (Little Theatre; March 10.)

Midnight Express—The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned, but its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. (11/27/78) (Gramercy, Gemini 1, and Embassy 1.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Waverly; through March 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; March 2-8.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. Directed by Bob Clark, this handsome Anglo-Canadian production features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. The mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer makes a good-looking Holmes, but, as usual, Plummer, though accomplished, is totally unconvincing. And, as the role is written, Holmes seems less a master of deduction than a wet-eyed saintly firebrand trying (ineffectively) to save mankind from the corruption of those in power. This Holmes also patronizes the common man, in the form of Dr. Watson, with whom he lives in an "odd couple" relationship that is the film's best comic resource. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Geneviève Bujold, who does one of her finest child-woman numbers, and Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Frank Finlay, and the tedious-as-usual Anthony Quayle—luckily reddish foliage hides most of his bland face. The dialogue is fairly lively, though the plot is impenetrable. (Ziegfeld.)

Niagara (1953)—This isn't a good movie but it's fascinatingly tawdry and nasty—the only movie that explored the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity. There's no affection for her here. This picture was made just before she won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and her amoral, destructive tramp—carnal as hell—must represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of her. Monroe's wet-lipped lasciviousness is enough to keep the first half of this murder melodrama going, but by the second half there's nothing but plot twists, centering on Niagara Falls. Joseph Cotten plays the husband whom she plans to kill; Richard Allan is her lover. With Jean Peters and Denis O'Dea. The script is by Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen; Henry Hathaway directed. (Regency; March 7-10.)

Norma Rae—With Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges; directed by Martin Ritt. (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1; starting March 2.)

Once in Paris—A tepid, moderately engaging brief-encounter movie about a married American screenwriter (Wayne Rogers) who arrives alone in Paris to doctor the script of a film that is going into production and falls in love with an Englishwoman (Gayle Hunnicutt) who's staying at his hotel. He also makes a friend of his chauffeur (Jack Lenoir), who has a shady past, and they're all three terribly kind and considerate of one another. The writer-director, Frank D. Gilroy, thinks small and in fifties terms, but Rogers has a gift for pantomime (each time he sees a sexy woman he looks surprised and hurt—almost stricken), and Lenoir has a slight sullenness and complication under his charm, which saves

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him when he's given French wisdom to spout. (2/19/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

On the Yard—With Thomas Waites and John Heard, directed by Raphael D. Silver. (Cinema II; through March 1.)

The Passage—With Anthony Quinn, James Mason, and Malcolm McDowell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Eastside Cinema, and Rivoli; starting March 9.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Little Carnegie.)

The Premature Burial (1962)—A predictable and inane version of the Poe story, directed by Roger Corman; the only distinction is in the ornate, cavernous settings. With Ray Milland, Heather Angel, Hazel Court, and Alan Napier. (Little Theatre; March 7.)

Real Life—With Albert Brooks and Charles Grodin, directed by Brooks. (Cinema II; starting March 2.)

The Ritz (1976)—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns. Lester's work is always to be seen, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; March 2-8.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 9.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (8th St. Playhouse; March 6.)

The Stranger (1946)—The only conventionally made narrative film that Orson Welles ever directed. It's a smooth, proficient, somewhat languorous thriller, handsomely shot (by Russell Metty), with some showy long takes. It's quite watchable, but the script (by Anthony Veiller and John Huston, from a story by Victor Trivas) is clever in a shallow way: the people need more dimensions. Edward G. Robinson plays an F.B.I. war-crimes investigator on the trail of a Nazi big shot (Welles) who has taken a false identity and is living in a small town in Connecticut, teaching in a prep school; his wife (Loretta Young) knows nothing of his past. With Konstantin Shayne, Philip Merivale, and Richard Long. (Thalia; March 5.)

The Strong Man (1926)—At the time this picture (his best) came out, Harry Langdon—innocent, moronic, infantile, saintly, cunning—was widely held to be in the class of Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd. It was his second long comedy and his last box-office success. Langdon plays a Belgian soldier in the First World War who has become a pen pal of an American girl and comes to find her after the war; he eventually has to clean out the corrupt town she lives in. At one point he falls into the grip of a tough broad who is trying to steal some money from the lining of his coat; he misinterprets her action and gives a glorious rendition of outraged virtue. Written and directed by Frank Capra. (8th St. Playhouse; March 9.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve") than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8-9.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

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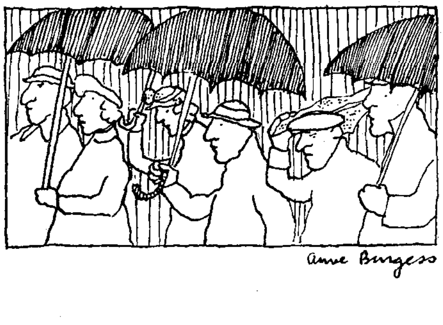
Tent of Miracles—A Brazilian film, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre; through March 4.)

They Live by Night (1948)—Nicholas Ray made his début as a director with this near-hallucinatory, hard-boiled, expressionist version of Edward Anderson's too little known 1937 novel "Thieves Like Us." The film—designed as a social tragedy—was ready for release in 1948 (under the title "The Twisted Road"), but R.K.O. apparently thought it lacking in entertainment values and shelved it; released in England, it became a critical and box-office success, which caused the studio to relent and open it here. A variation of such earlier Bonnie-and-Clyde, on-the-road movies as "You Only Live Once," it presents the girl, Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell), and her young escaped-convict lover, Bowie (Farley Granger), as doomed innocents, trying to evade the forces pursuing them, looking for a refuge where their baby can be born. Ray's tense choreographic staging and tightly framed compositions give the film a sensuous, nervous feeling of imminent betrayal. Yet this *film-noir* stylization, elegant in design terms and emotionally powerful, is also very simplistic; the movie suffers from metaphysical liberalism—social injustice treated as cosmic fatalism. With Jay C. Flippen and Howard Da Silva, as Bowie's bank-robber friends, Helen Craig, Ian Wolfe, and Marie Bryant. Script by Charles Schnee; produced by John Houseman, under the aegis of Dore Schary. (Robert Altman made another version of "Thieves Like Us," released in 1974.) (Thalia; March 7-8.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves the actors' disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who starts off on the wrong foot and never gets his balance; the performers yowl their lines, and the burlesque of the Nazis, who cower before their superior officers, is so crudely gleeful it isn't funny. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Felix Bressart, Tom Dugan (as Hitler), Sig Rumann, Maude Eburne, Halliwell Hobbes, and Miles Mander. The script was written by Edwin Justice Mayer, from a story conceived by Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel. Photographed by Rudolph Maté. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 5.)

Tracks—With Dennis Hopper, Taryn Power, Dean Stockwell, and Topo Swope; directed by Henry Jaglom. (Quad Cinema; through March 1.)

The Trip (1967)—Roger Corman takes his hero, Peter Fonda (playing a TV-commercials director who lives in Los Angeles), on an extended LSD trip, during which he is reborn. Fonda's hallucinations provide Corman with opportunities to imitate a great many styles of film, and to introduce what appear to be bits of his own earlier horror movies. With Dennis Hopper, Susan Strasberg, and Bruce Dern. (Little Theatre; March 9.)



Twentieth Century (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protégée, Lily Garland (née Mildred Plotka), who has become a movie star, that established her as a comedienne. Lombard's talents here are not of the highest, but her spirits are, and in her skintight satins she incarnates the giddied glamour of thirties comedy. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. The script, by Hecht and MacArthur from their play (which was a reworking of Bruce Milholland's play "Napoleon on Broadway"), is freely, carelessly irreverent, with affectionate, corny ethnic humor and wisecracks about religion. Howard Hawks directed in a fast, entertaining style—punching up the lines. With Ralph Forbes, and a batch of character actors whose faces were once as familiar to audiences as the faces with great names: Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levison, Etienne Girardot, Edgar Kennedy, Edward Gargan, and Herman Bing. (The material serves as the basis of the current Broadway musical "On the Twentieth Century.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 9.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Alan Bates, Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, and Mazursky himself, as Hal. (3/6/78) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 1.)

Von Richthofen and Brown (1971)—With John Phillip Law and Don Stroud, directed by Roger Corman. (Little Theatre; March 6.)

The Warriors—With Michael Beck, James Remar, and Thomas Waites; directed by Walter Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1; through March 1.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; he doesn't bat the spoiled heiress, Carole Lombard, around the way the hero of Lina Wertmüller's shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 5.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Festival.)

The Wild Angels (1966)—With Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, and Bruce Dern; directed by Roger Corman. (Little Theatre; March 8.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through March 1.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Léotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

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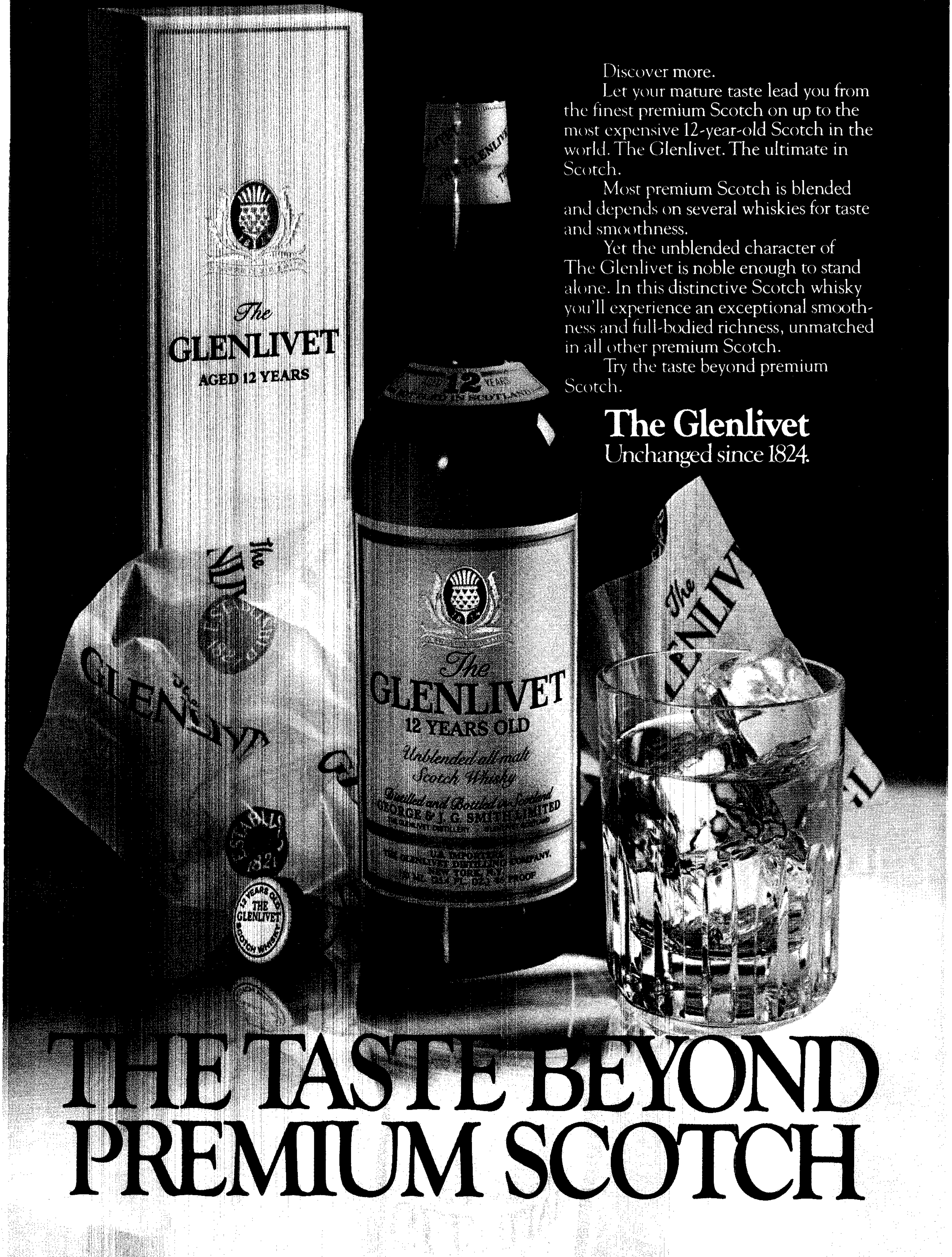
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Does the man who drives the snowplow own a Rabbit to help him do his job?

Or does he do his job to help him own a Rabbit?

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVERY once in a while, a panicky feeling of helplessness seems to sweep through the American political establishment, and the President suddenly finds himself pressured on all sides to shore up everyone's confidence in the country's strength by making a display of "toughness" of one sort or another. Last week was such a time. Senator Howard Baker, apparently a Republican aspirant for the Presidency, reported "a growing view that America is a patsy and we never retaliate." David Broder, of the Washington *Post*, counselled the President to take a word of advice from Machiavelli and adopt measures to avoid being "rendered despicable by being thought changeable, frivolous, effeminate, timid, and irresolute." And he advised the President to "show the flag" somewhere. *Time* observed, "The basic trouble seems to be that Jimmy Carter, after two years in office, is still unable to project a sense that he is in control of events." And the columnist George Will stated, "The elements of a nation's strength are its tools for influencing events . . . and the will and skill to use the tools. The Administration lacks the last two." Mel Elfin, of *Newsweek*, harking back to the famous phrase used by President Nixon when he ordered the invasion of Cambodia, in 1970, mused about whether the United States might not be becoming a "pitiful, helpless giant." In the past, when critics urged tough behavior on Presidents, they had a pretty clear idea of where it should take place (some obvious crisis—in Berlin, Korea, Cuba, or Vietnam, for example—was usually in progress), but this time the advice lacked any definite geographical orientation. With almost a single voice, elected officials and political commentators were recommending that the President do something to somebody, somewhere, but weren't saying what, or to whom. To be sure, the instances of alleged "softness" were almost always the same. First and foremost was the Administration's failure to take any strong measures to save the Shah of Iran or somehow to retaliate against the new regime in response to the attack by leftist guerrillas on our embassy there. Second was our subdued response to the kidnapping and killing of Ambassador Adolph Dubs, our representative in Afghanistan, by unidentified terrorists. Third was President Carter's failure to respond in kind to some harsh words addressed to him by Mexico's President López Portillo about American feelings toward his country. But specific measures that President Carter might have taken in any of these situations were rarely mentioned. Against whom should we "retaliate," and with what means? In what seas should we "show the flag"? Could the United States actually have saved the Shah? At what cost? And if we had tried and failed, what would the cost of failure have been? How would our access to Iran's oil have been affected? Did the failure of the Afghanistan government to save an American Ambassador from terrorists really signal a decline in American power? If so, what action on our part could have helped to save his life? Should President Carter have visited verbal "retaliation" on President López Portillo, and if he had done so how would that affect our access to Mexican oil? And if we got tough with both Mexico and Iran, how would this affect our oil supply as a whole? And how is this sort of toughness related to the toughness on ourselves that a serious program to conserve energy would call for? These questions and others like them went largely unasked by the advocates of belligerence. The curious impression was left that for many of them toughness had become an abstraction. Force, once thought of as a means of last resort to be employed regretfully for the attainment of definite ends, seemed to emerge as an end in itself—a sort of platonic ideal that had floated free from the messy circumstances of the actual world.

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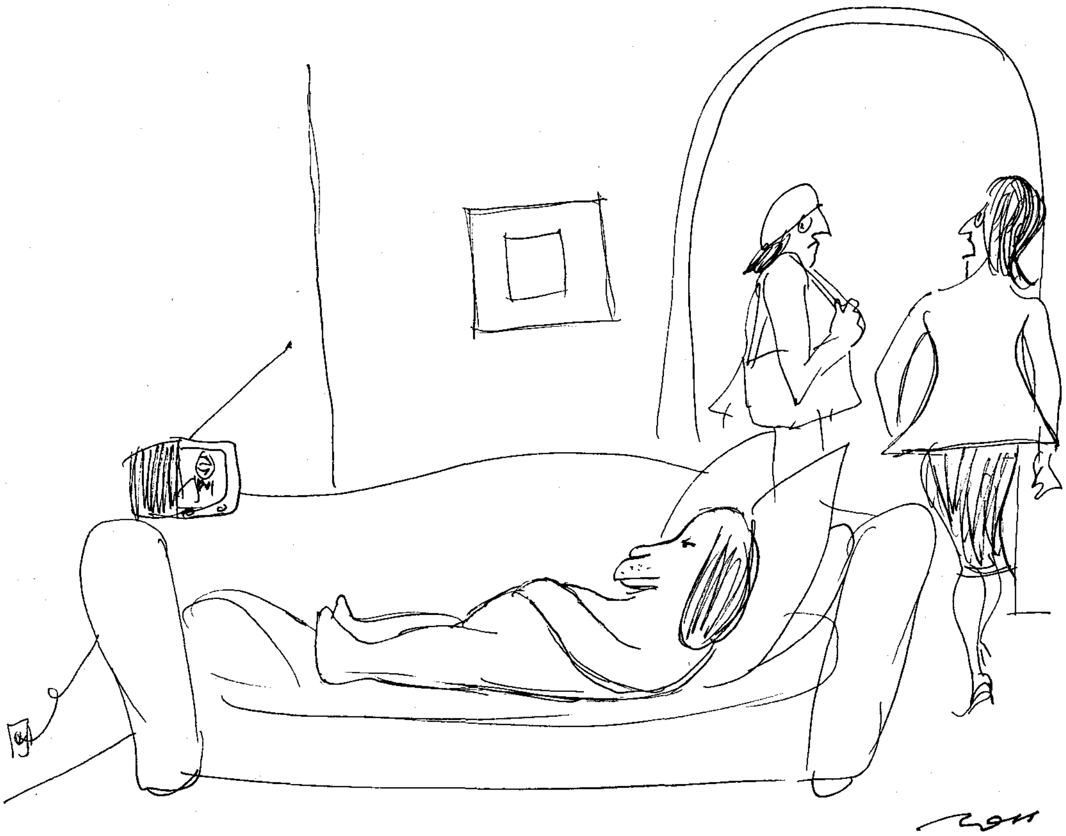
JOHN ARCHIBALD WHEELER was a professor of physics at Princeton during most of the period when Albert Einstein was at the Institute for Advanced Study. Recently, in honor of Einstein's hundredth birthday, he wrote a brief memoir to be included in "Einstein: A Centenary Volume," shortly to be published by the Harvard University Press, which reads in part:

"In 1938, I moved to Princeton and at frequent intervals called on Einstein at his house at 112 Mercer Street, climbing the stairs to his second floor study that looked out on the Graduate College. Especially vivid in my mind is a call I made in 1941 to explain the 'sum over histories' approach to quantum mechanics then being developed by Richard Feynman, whom I was fortunate to have as a graduate student. [Feynman is now a professor of physics at the California Institute of Technology and was a co-winner of the Nobel Prize for physics in 1965.] I had gone to see Einstein with the hope to persuade him of the naturalness of quantum theory when seen in this new light. . . . He listened to me patiently for twenty minutes until I finished. At the end he repeated that familiar remark of his. 'I still cannot believe that the good Lord plays dice.' And then he went on to add again in his beautifully slow, clear, well-modulated, and humorous way, 'Of course I may be wrong; but perhaps I have earned the right to make my mistakes.' "

Professor Wheeler continues, "I had to be away from Princeton for national reasons from 1942 to 1945 and again from 1950 to 1953; but on my return in the fall of 1953 I gave for the first time the course in general relativity [Einstein's great theory of gravitation, published in 1916] in which I was to learn so much from my students over the years. That fall, about a year and a half before he died, Einstein was kind enough to invite me to bring the eight to ten students in the course around to his house for tea." Einstein, while he never had a "school" of physics, or even many students, was always receptive to the ideas of young scientists. Soon after he met Niels Bohr, at a time when Bohr was not well known, Einstein wrote to him: "I am studying your great works and—when I get stuck anywhere—now have the pleasure of seeing your friendly young face before me smiling and explaining." Professor Wheeler goes on, "Margot Einstein [his stepdaughter] and Helen Dukas [his secretary from 1928 to his death, in 1955] served . . . as we sat around the dining room table. The students asked questions about everything from the nature of electricity and unified field theory to the expanding universe and his position on quantum theory and Einstein responded at length and fascinatingly. Finally, one student outdid the others in the boldness of his question: 'Professor Einstein, what will become of this house when you are no longer living?' Einstein's face took on that humorous smile and again he spoke in that beautiful, slow, slightly accented English that could have been converted immediately into printer's type: 'This house will never become a place of pilgrimage where the pilgrims come to look at the bones of the saint.' And so it is today. The tourist buses drive up. The pilgrims climb out to photograph the house—but they don't go in."

The real "place of pilgrimage" that Einstein left for us is his work. Einstein was the last and greatest of the classical physicists. But although his general theory of relativity replaced Newton's theory of gravitation, and although he took the steps that made the modern quantum theory possible, his intuitions were deeply rooted in classical geometry. He had a very visual mind. He thought in terms of images—*gedankenexperiments*, or experiments carried out in the mind. This mode of thinking went back to his childhood. In his autobiographical notes, which were written at the age of sixty-seven and were published by the Library of Living Philosophers as an introduction to a collection of essays about him called "Albert Einstein: Philosopher-Scientist," and which he called his "obituary," he wrote, "At the age of 12, I experienced a second wonder [the first being his encounter with a magnetic compass when he was five] of a totally different nature: in a little book dealing with Euclidean plane geometry, which came into my hands at the beginning of a school year. Here were assertions, as for example the intersections of the three altitudes of a triangle in one point, which—though by no means evident—could nevertheless be proved with such certainty that any doubt appeared to be out of the question. This lucidity and certainty made an indescribable impression upon me. That the axiom had to be accepted unproved did not disturb me. In any case it was quite sufficient for me if I could peg proofs upon propositions the validity of which did not seem to me to be dubious. . . . Also, the objects with which geometry deals seemed to be of no different type than the objects of sensory perception, 'which can be seen and touched.' "

To a modern physicist, the world that Einstein theorized about seems vastly oversimplified. Modern physics deals with objects—quarks, gluons, and the rest—that cannot "be seen and touched." After laying the foundation upon which these modern theories have been built, Einstein abandoned the enterprise. He could not make himself believe that the quantum theory, with its probabilities, its remoteness from the visual, was the final answer—"the true Jacob." His colleagues and successors went on without him. Many people find something tragic in this. He never did, and he went about his work serenely. Indeed, one might say that since *he* failed to do what he set out to do in terms of classical physics, it very likely cannot be done. He was acutely and painfully aware of the fragility of the human species, and more especially so after the Second World War, when it became clear that we now had the technology for self-annihilation. This fragility has clouded our times with a kind of uneasy melancholy. But Einstein's example—his warm and generous nature, his absolute honesty, and his courage—shows us what we are capable of at our very best.



"Don't ask me. That's either Edgar or the dog."

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Opera Début

WE'D like to tell you about Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Frank, of Oil City, Pennsylvania, who have found out the hard way that opera is one of the world's more unpredictable professions. Mr. Frank is a short, cheerful gray-haired optician. Mrs. Frank is a thin, attractive brown-haired housewife. They are both of Italian descent—his name was originally Fran-

"*And who, pray tell, is more aware of the religious climate in our community than our dear Reverend Fosberg?*"

• •

chella, and his father came from Torrebruna, in the Abruzzi; her maiden name was Gammello, and her father came from Naples—and they are enormously proud of their only son, Joseph, who was scheduled to make his début at the Metropolitan Opera on Tuesday, February 13th. The opera was Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," and Joseph Frank, who calls himself a character tenor (rather than a comprimario) had been assigned the minor but pivotal role of the Dancing Master, in the Prologue. On Monday, February 12th, Mr. and Mrs. Frank drove through a blinding snowstorm to the Pittsburgh airport ("We passed seven accidents on the way," said Mr. Frank), where they joined forces with twelve other relatives and friends, who were all flying to New York for Joseph's début. After a five-hour trip ("My daughter Barbara and her husband, Terry Peterson, almost didn't get on the plane," said Mrs. Frank, "because the airline decided to take on extra fuel and limit the passengers to twenty-four. Then they de-iced the wings and let everybody on"), the Franks arrived in New York, only to find that the rooms they had booked at the Mayflower Hotel were still occupied. "Joe screamed a lot at the desk people, and they finally gave us a suite," said Mrs. Frank. Other relatives arrived the following day, and when everybody assembled at Mamma Leone's for lunch the Franks passed out fourteen tickets for the evening's performance. When the Franks returned to their hotel, shortly after four o'clock, a friend called and asked Mrs. Frank if she'd heard the news. "Heard what?" said Mrs. Frank. "The opera's been cancelled, because Leontyne Price is sick," replied the friend. (In point of fact, it was not only Miss Price—the Ariadne—who was down with a virus. Teresa Kubiak, the cover Ariadne, was also ill, and Leonie Rysanek, another soprano who could sing the part, had returned unexpectedly to Germany, pleading fatigue. As a result of these misfortunes, the evening's opera was changed to "Don Carlos.")

"I checked with Joe a few minutes later to confirm the cancellation," said Mrs. Frank, "and from then on it was bedlam. The boys ran around town collecting the tickets, and Joe managed to turn them in at the box office. My niece, Marita, a nurse from Youngstown, Ohio, got hysterical, and her mother, my sister Marie, who is also very emotional, was so upset that she went downstairs and sat in the lobby of her hotel and wouldn't talk to anybody for two hours. At 7 P.M., we sent Barbara and my other daughter's husband, Mark Hertwick, over to the Met to find a group of cousins who were driving down from New Rochelle. Well, we rounded up twenty-two people, and then we all came back to the Mayflower and had a party. We served wine and a small buffet, and Joe opened eighteen telegrams, including one from Sister Antoinette, his music teacher at St. Joseph's School and then at Venango Christian High School, in Oil City. Then he sang some Neapolitan folk songs a cappella, without even a pitch pipe. For the relatives who had never heard him, it was like having their own little opera." Most of the relatives departed the following day, but Mr. and Mrs. Frank, Barbara and Terry, and Mrs. Frank's sister Josephine Czekalski decided to stay on for the second performance of "Ariadne," which was scheduled for Saturday. Barbara and Terry went ice-skating and toured museums; their elders walked around New York and saw "A Chorus Line." On Saturday morning, several relatives flew back for Joseph's delayed début, which, to everyone's relief, went on as scheduled.

We dropped by Joseph Frank's dressing room an hour before curtain time on Saturday evening and found him seated in front of a lighted mirror, being made up for his role as the Dancing Master. (The opera, which takes place in an eighteenth-century mansion, concerns a wealthy patron's sudden decision to combine an opera seria—"Ariadne"—with the antics of a group of commedia-dell'arte players. Mr. Frank, as the Dancing Master, is responsible for getting this rather odd show on the road.) Mr. Frank is a short, slight man of thirty, who has large brown eyes, aquiline features, curly black hair, and a no-nonsense approach to his career. As Victor Callegari, the Met's head makeup artist, painted two black arches on his forehead about an inch above his real eyebrows, Mr. Frank surveyed himself critically in the mirror and told us that he'd been singing professionally for six years. "I made my professional début in San Francisco, as the Dancing Master in 'Manon Lescaut,' " he said, "and I've made a speciality of character roles—short parts that require a singer who can move well and act convincingly. My voice is basically a lyric tenor, but I can color it according to the demands of a part, which makes me a useful commodity in the theatre."

We asked Mr. Frank to tell us about Strauss's Dancing Master.

"It's the perfect début role," he replied, "because it demonstrates both the voice—I have to sing to a top B—and the ability to move onstage. The character is that of a practical man. When the decision is made to combine classical opera and light entertainment, it's the Dancing Master who insists on making the musical cuts and who takes the trouble to explain the plot to the commedia-dell'arte players. He's the kind of person who would do well on Broadway."

With the makeup completed, Mr. Callegari produced an elaborately curled wig and glued it around Mr. Frank's hairline. Then, as the thirty-minute warning sounded on the intercom, Mr. Frank slipped into a magnificent lilac brocade coat trimmed with silver lace, picked up a slender ebony stick, and tried out a Baroque bow. "The first performance in any house is always unnerving," he said, "and this one is particularly so, because Dale Duesing, a baritone who was supposed to make *his* Metropolitan début tonight, as Harlequin, is sick, and I haven't rehearsed with his replacement. There's a lot of stage movement in the Prologue, and we've got to make sure we don't run into each other. This is going to make for a nice *spontaneous* performance."

As things turned out, the opera proceeded smoothly and the audience was enthusiastic. Mr. Frank, who appeared only in the Prologue, romped around the enormous Met stage with the authority of a seasoned trouper and sang his brief arietta in a clear, sweet, medium-sized tenor voice. We went backstage to congratulate him at the end of the evening and found his dressing room crowded with assorted Franks and Gammellos, who were drinking champagne and showing each other their signed programs.

"Did you see me lose my shoe right after my entrance?" said Mr. Frank, kissing his mother as flashbulbs popped and cameras clicked. "I had a new pair of tights, which were thinner than the ones I'd been wearing, and when I first came out and did a little jeté I looked down and saw that one shoe had fallen off. So I turned around and found it."

Mrs. Frank, who looked slightly dazed, said she hadn't really noticed. "It's like a long, long dream," she said. "I don't think I'll wake up until we get back to Oil City."

Dominick Frank, who was sipping champagne quietly in a corner, told us that he had come to like "Ariadne" quite a bit. "I don't understand German, of course," he said, "but since Joe has done this role in several productions, I've studied the plot pretty carefully. You've got to know what they're saying up there onstage, and then, if you're lucky, you suddenly get the feeling that all of those characters are real people. We used to listen to Mario Lanza a lot when Joe was growing up. But I think this career of his is going to expand our horizons quite a bit."

The Malibu Rock

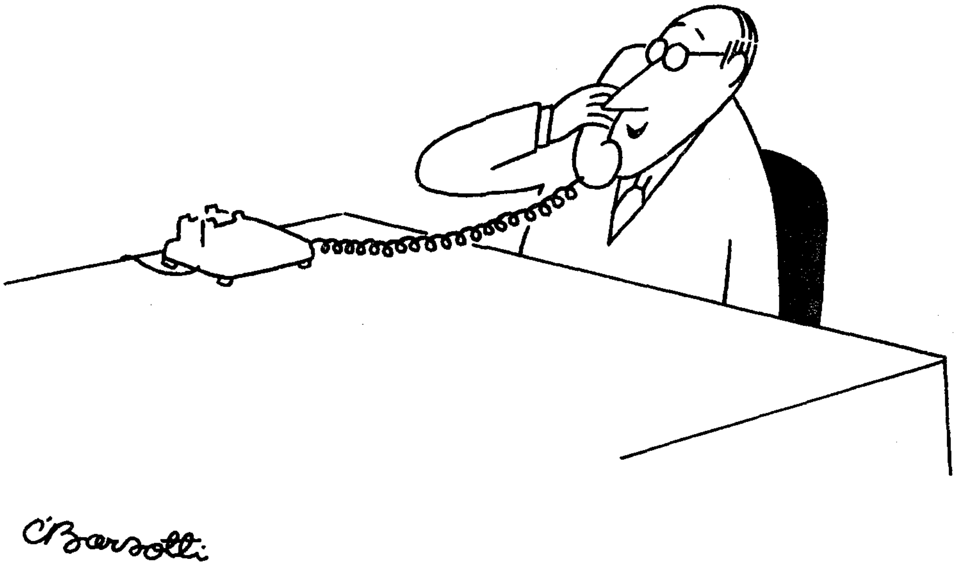
WE'VE received a report from Malibu on the dislodging of that hundred-and-sixteen-ton rock from its perch above the Pacific Coast Highway:

Last year, the star of the Malibu winter carnival was Burgess Meredith, whose teahouse fell into the ocean during the torrential rains. This year, it was Robert Radnitz, the film producer, whose beachfront house was directly across the highway from the rock's perch, a hundred and eighty-six feet up a cliff. Dressed in tennis shorts, sneakers, warmup jacket, and neckerchief, Radnitz, whose movies include "My Side of the Mountain," functioned as host and populist hero. He had sounded the first alarm early in February, after noticing a twenty-foot slippage in the rock's position, then goaded an unwilling bureaucracy into action with a two-week campaign of phone calls, telegrams, and appeals to the media. He gave interviews in front of his house while walking his dog, Clem, who also wore a neckerchief. Two other neighborhood dogs wore neckerchiefs.

The road was closed, for what turned out to be a two-day block party. On the morning of the first day, arriving guests were greeted by a young man on roller skates, in Renaissance hat and flowing robe. He said he was an actor, looking for an agent. "I've been doing some Shakespeare, and I had the costume in the closet, so I thought, Why not skate on down here? There's no rock. It's just papier-mâché. That producer, Rifkin, put it up there." The highway was cluttered with bulldozers, emergency vehicles, and camera vans from almost every television station in town. Media helicopters played airborne chicken as they jockeyed for closeups of the rock. A catering truck arrived with skinny sandwiches and fifty-cents-a-cup coffee. An NBC technician marched up and down with a sign that said "SAVE THE ROCK." Radnitz said he'd spent the previous night in his house, even though the county had posted it as unsafe, largely at his behest. Reporters asked if he'd had any anxiety dreams. He said he couldn't recall any.

Most of the talk centered on the best plan of attack. The hawks were led by Jim Decker, a local demolition man of high reputation who'd blown the big rock over the nude beach at Pirate's Cove a few years back. Decker, whose family has been in the area since the eighteen-sixties, thought a pound of dynamite would take care of this rock, too, but he couldn't obtain enough insurance to get the job. The contract had gone to the Guy F. Atkinson Company, a large firm that leaned dovishly toward a negotiated settlement with the rock. The Atkinson plan was for three bulldozers on top of the cliff to lower the rock gently to an earthen pad on the highway by means of cables and a huge steel net. In the first step, a helicopter would lay the net over the rock. But the helicopter was three hours late getting there, because someone had forgotten to file a landing plan with the Federal Aviation Administration. With nothing to report, reporters turned their attention to a young sculptor who offered to buy the rock for a hundred dollars and carve it into a bust of Governor Jerry Brown. The reporters loved this. The sculptor embellished on the theme. He would put the words "For President" across the base. He would auction the bust off. He would give a third of the proceeds to a Los Angeles cancer clinic. Someone asked him when he thought he might actually get his hands on the sandstone treasure. "I don't know," he said giddily, "but the tension is building up by the minute."

Once the helicopter arrived, shortly before noon, it lifted the thirty-by-thirty-foot net into place without a hitch. Cheers from below, muffled by engine noise from above. The moment the bulldozers started tightening their cables, however, one strand of the net snapped apart with a resounding thwack. The helicopter thundered off to fetch a replacement strand from Wilmington, which is near Long Beach, thirty miles away. A pall of dust from the helicopter rotors settled on the festivities, followed by a pall of bore-



"Thank you for calling Extension 356."

dom. During the four hours it took for the helicopter to return, the only reportable event was the rescue by a sheriff's-department helicopter of a local newspaper photographer who'd climbed down to the rock from the top of the cliff, and then couldn't get back up. It was rumored that the photographer was middle-aged, that he was overweight, that he was exhausted, that he'd given blood that very morning. A cop in contact with the rescue helicopter scotched the last rumor: the photographer had given blood the day before. About five o'clock, the helicopter returned with the replacement strand, but it was too late to do anything with it. Darkness fell. The rock did not.

Early the next morning, the sky was thicker than ever with media helicopters, and the sea was thick with spectators in kayaks, canoes, rowboats, outboards, and yachts. As the boat people stared up at the rock, a dozen or more whales cruised northward behind them, arcing high in the bright sun. Photographers ran toward the beach to get pictures of the whales. The boat people, thinking they were on television, waved and yelled. On a breakwater near Radnitz's house, one of Jim Decker's demolition men, Ken Joyce, caught a halibut. He threw it back, partly because it was under twenty-two inches and partly because he felt that the eyes and ears of the world were on him. Joyce, whose business card reads "My Business Is a Blast," denounced the lack of progress. "The trouble is all those movie people up there have seen too many movies. They think dynamite blows everything sky high. They don't realize how controllable it is," he said. Far from conceding the need for dynamite, the Atkinson men on the cliff were just beginning to put their plan into action. They had rewoven their net. Now they would jiggle the rock loose, then lower it to the ground. Bulldozer engines roared. Cables tightened. The net swayed. The rock held fast. For several hours, the bulldozers tugged at the net, twisting and turning it, but the rock still held fast. It was clearly a time for rethinking the problem.

Late that morning, the Atkinson supervisor, a friendly man named Pete Boli, acknowledged that the jiggling had failed. He revealed a new tactic. The rock would be dislodged with a fire hose. Boli said he'd got the idea from his father-in-law. Was his father-in-law a hydraulic engineer? No, an accountant. For the next three hours, water squirted, pebbles fell, and mud oozed, but the rock *still* held fast. Boli expressed amazement. Radnitz betrayed surprise. The producer, who'd slept in his house once again, talked to reporters and said what he'd said before—that any rock that had moved twenty feet was a rock that could fall at any moment. A young man in a hard hat urged Radnitz to read a novel he had written. "It's called 'Fortune Favors the Brave,'" the young man said. "It's the underground classic of Aspen." An afternoon paper came out with the blood donor's photo of the rock on the front page: it was captioned "The Culprit." A supervisor for Caltrans, the California Department of Transportation, insisted that Radnitz was the culprit. "This whole thing is a waste," he said. "Hundreds of thousands of dollars for a rock that could've stayed up there a hundred years." Just when the guests were getting grumpy and the party was giving out, a mild-mannered reporter stepped forward, took off his glasses, unbuttoned his suit and shirt, and revealed a Superman costume underneath. Camera crews surrounded the man, who was actually a disco disc jockey. They photographed him, recorded him, then rushed into their vans to see him on their monitors. He was a great success. Finally, Pete Boli acknowledged that the fire hose, like the jiggling, was a failure. The rock seemed incapable of falling down. The fire department turned the hose off. Radnitz defended his insistence that the danger was imminent. "It's very easy to be a Monday-morning quarterback," he said. "Any aftershock or heavy rain, I still feel, would bring that rock down. And I'm concerned about human life."

"So you'd rather be safe than sorry," an interviewer said, "even though it wasn't quite as precarious as you thought."

"I think it was as precarious as I thought," Radnitz said.

Shortly before sundown, when all the helicopters had flown home for the night and most of the bystanders had gone off to watch themselves on TV, Pete Boli and his crew decided to give it one last try. No more jiggling. No more hosing. This time, they would yank the thing down from below. Cables were fed through pulleys on the ground, then attached to a huge wheel loader some four hundred feet down the highway. By now, it was dark. The wheel loader's engine strained. The pulleys groaned. Little pieces of sandstone tumbled down, then bigger and bigger ones. Suddenly, the whole rock—all hundred and sixteen tons of it—began to slide. For a few seconds, the steel net slowed its fall. Then the rock tore the net to shreds, caromed down the cliff, crashed to the highway with the sound of an exploding mortar shell, and came to rest about twenty-five feet from Radnitz's front door. "I'm glad to see it down," Radnitz said. "I hope that all the second-guessers who saw it come down realize what it could have done to a busload of schoolchildren."

Later that evening, Jim Decker and his demolition men finally got their turn. They used exactly one pound of dynamite, with surgical precision. The rock broke into four pieces. One of the largest pieces was sold on the spot to the young sculptor for a hundred dollars. Workers trucked it to the side of the road and wrapped it in a white tarpaulin. Somewhere deep inside was a bust of Jerry Brown.

DO YOU KNOW ME?

I WAS well known. I was so well known everyone knew me. I was the best-known person in the world. I put on my plaid shirt and my thick boots and the thin-wale corduroy pants and I was the best-known person in the world. And then I went slowly. I looked in the mirror. I wore the thin-wale corduroy pants because I think the thick-wale is effeminate. I went out my door. I went down the stairs. I lived on the second floor—no indoor entrance; I had to walk up and down outside stairs to get in and out. Outside stairs. My outside stairs. My weather-stained porch. Not a very pretty porch. No room for a nice chair. Paint peeling off, just like loneliness sloughing off the skin. Onto the sidewalk. I walked onto the sidewalk, watched the sidewalk, focussed on the sidewalk. I saw my thick boots only as a blur. So cracked, that sidewalk. The little shoots of grass, the roots of trees working the cement into dust. I was so well known that that sidewalk was well known.

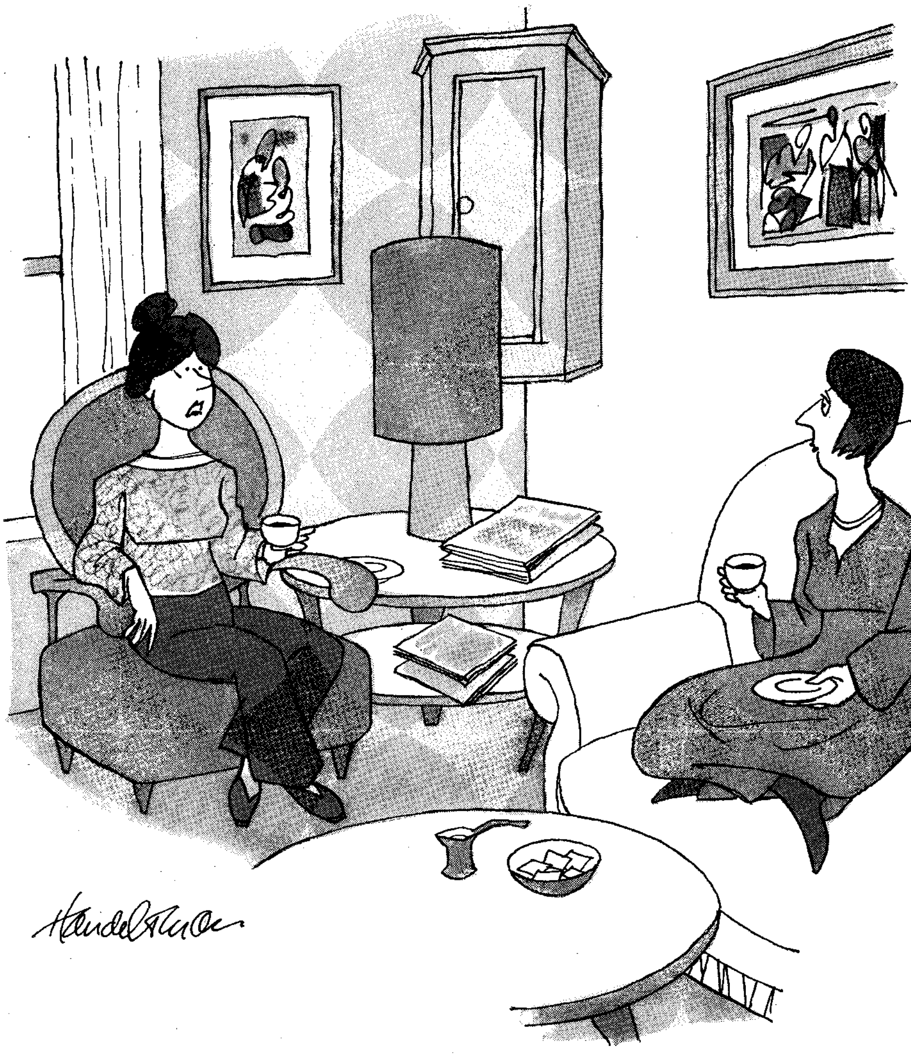
I was quite well known when I was still quite young. I had many friends. Bobbi and Sammi and Tadi and Ronee and Bilye. I had so many friends. I liked friends who were girls but had boys' names, but ending in a different letter than a boy's name would. That was the kind of friend I wanted, and that was the kind of friend I had. That was my preference. My preference was for people just like that. I wanted to be specific. I wanted to be so specific that no one would have any doubts. That was the only reason I was that well known. Because it was so specific. Because there wasn't any doubt. People with a name like Sammi or Ronee or Jami or Tonee knew that kind of name was my preference. That made me well known.

Would you know me if I showed you my papers? Would you know me if I showed you my Bulldog Editions? Would you know me if I showed you my Special Home Editions? Would you let me show you the Blue Final and the Final Blue? Will you glance at my papers? Will you have a look? Do you know me when you have a look? Do you know me when I call you on the phone? Do you know me when I walk on the sidewalk, when I watch the cracks? Do you lie there and think, "It's him. He's on the sidewalk"?

Do you remember the texture of my nose? The slightly grainy texture, as though it had been rubbed and rubbed and rubbed? Do you have a general impression of my face—just that, a *general* impression? Nothing more than that? Just a vague feeling that the face is a type of face, a face of a type that a certain kind of person would have? Is it *abstract*, the way you feel, when I tried so hard to supply detail? I wanted everything so clear, so specific. I went to so much trouble. I dressed in a certain way. I dressed three times. I put on my clothes and then I took them off, and then I put them on and then I took them off, and then I put them on in a final way that was very specific. Then I walked slowly. Keeping my eye on the pavement. I made the pavement so specific. I made my friends so specific. Sometimes it happened that they thought they were general, but they were wrong. I made them specific, down to the details. I knew all the details and went over them three times. That was my preference.

Do you remember my preference? Do you remember the way I made them nervous? That was part of the preference. Do you remember the way I made them reluctant to wear their uniforms in public? That was part of my preference. So specific, my preference. So specific, the way the little uniforms looked under a big bulky coat. Would you know me if I wore a uniform? Would you know me if I wore a bulky coat? Would you know me if I moved a step closer? Would you know me if I took off my hat? Would you know me if I showed you a clipping? Would you know me if I took a clipping and circled my name so it would stand out, and then attached a small piece of white paper (with gum or mucilage) with my name typed out just like my name typed out on the Linotypes and on the wire services and on the special identification cards they require in so many places, typed out on plastic? Would you know me if I typed my name out? Would you know me if I asked you for a dime? Would you know me if I asked to walk you home?

—George W. S. Trow



"I'd still be married to Jim if we hadn't foolishly agreed to stop lying to each other."

ESPERANZA

The bony black face
of Esperanza

archaic face
of blood work, chicken
slaughter, pinfeathers, salted carcasses,
of hands condemned to glow
in cold dreamless water,
cold cement
stopping the feet dead,

the look of work
and strike, one more
picket with a slag-foot rhythm
that says, we won't kill ourselves,
we can walk this line forever,
or what amounts to forever. . . .

Esperanza is sick of forever.

On the strict iron
of the fire escape, she bristles
like chilblains in sunlight,
resting her bones against the warm brick wall.

Against the world, which is
legal and Anglo, she yanks
a lavender vinyl collar across her face.
Not like an ostrich, but an old opera.
They want her soul, her bread,
her food stamps, welfare
check, slave pay,
her 30-dollar-a-week
union dole.
Her man, her coat.
Even at night
she pulls the night over her head.
Even her cunning
gets carried away
on the wings of her innocence.

The cold damp air
is killing her.
She's picking up what she can,
flying back
to Puerto Rico,
wherever it is—

a thin black bird
good morning'd and fed,
have a pleasant trip
as never before, never again,
in the belly lap
of a huge silver bird . . .

coming down into
factory clouds of sunset chemicals,
flecks of ash,
the queasy
blue wrinkled bay water,
skimming and overshooting
rows of stunted
pineapples withering in the field
a few shreds
of fading color,
the same earth
she had come from, gone to, and left.

A swollen superport
rose from the sea, draining the sea.
A third of the women had been sterilized.

Limousines
sped past vacant lots. Gardenias.

A mountain of nickel,

gouged face . . .

Esperanza
shivered to bone
in the throat of restaurants,
in plump bodega hearts,
and in the labyrinth of refineries
—high-flying
        torches
                burning off the night—
in the sublime
filaments of computers
that could not swallow her,
and cannot spit her out.

Now all the hand-slapped guitars
put on
smiles of glass.
They have a mouthful
of sharp dark bird, petty
thievery, acrid
envy;
Esperanza
fills their mouths with blood.

. . . Unborn skies
come to stare: at broken
palm fronds, broken words,
at what seem to be
hands
wrung like flags of shame.

To stare, and wonder how so much
wealth made so much poverty
so much alone,
how so much misery
made Esperanza,

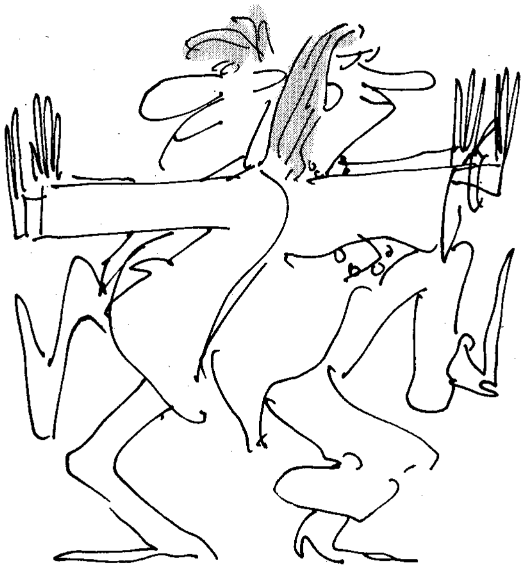
who expected
nothing,

scavenge in the cracks
of her own hands.
This
thing that existed only

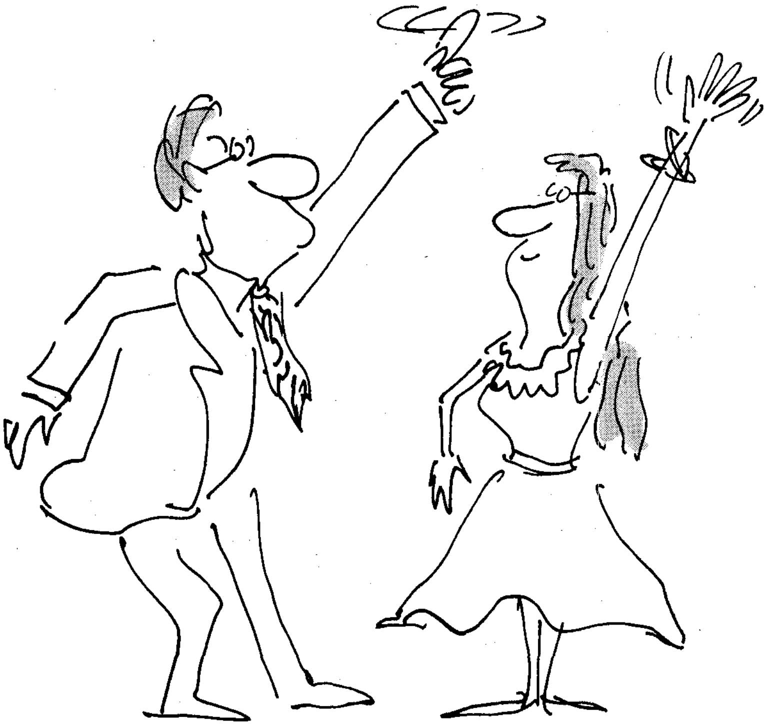
to bury her face in the dust of Puerto Pobre.

—James Scully

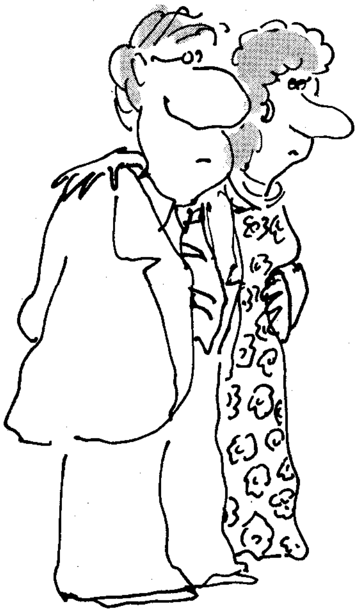
DANCIN'



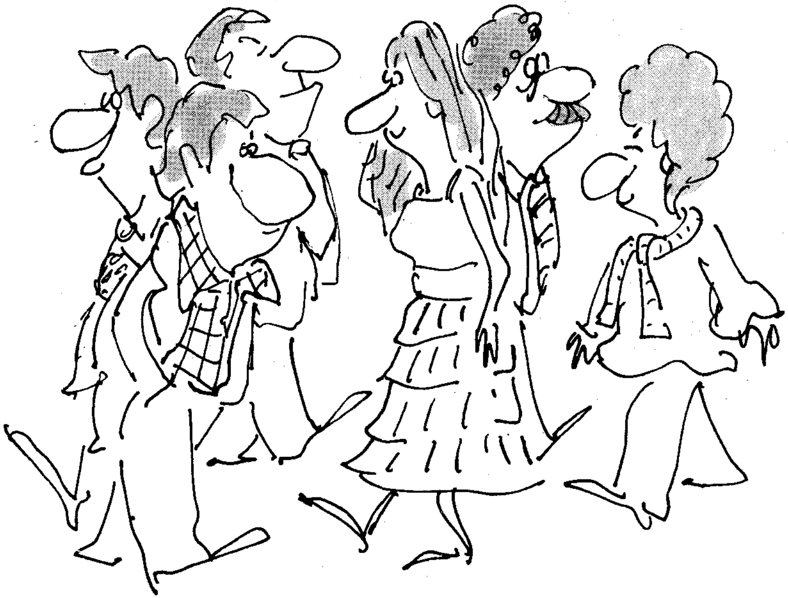
Wall to Wall



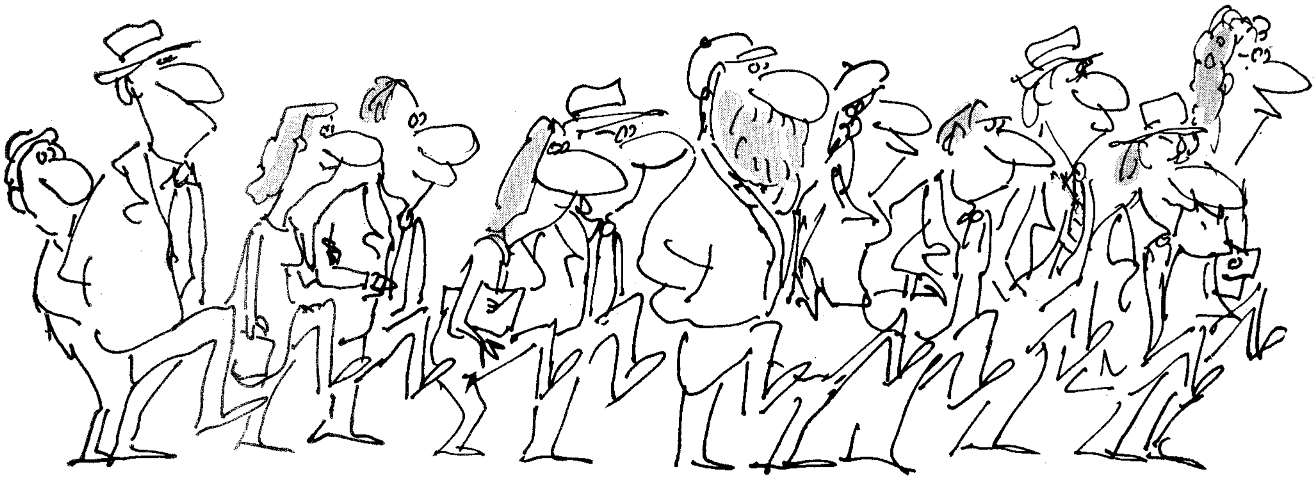
The Taxi



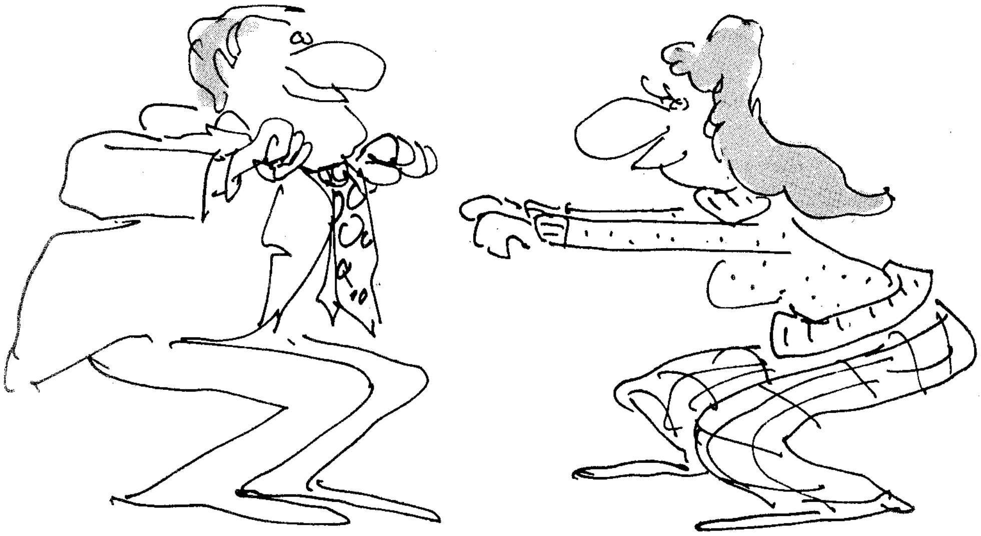
The Mope



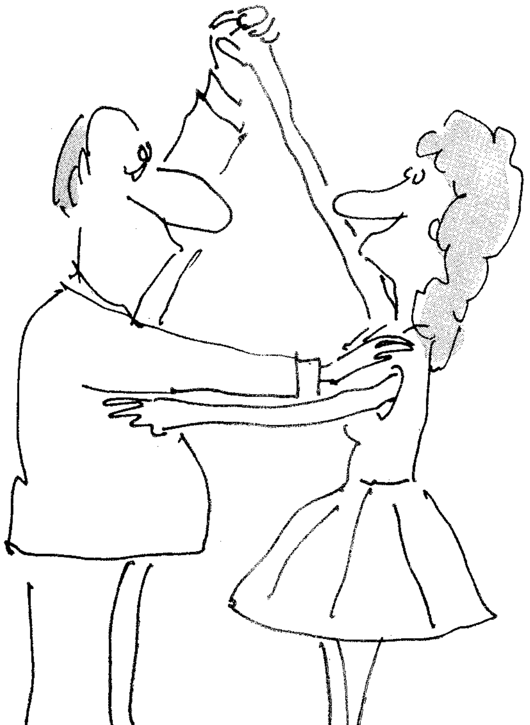
Minglin'



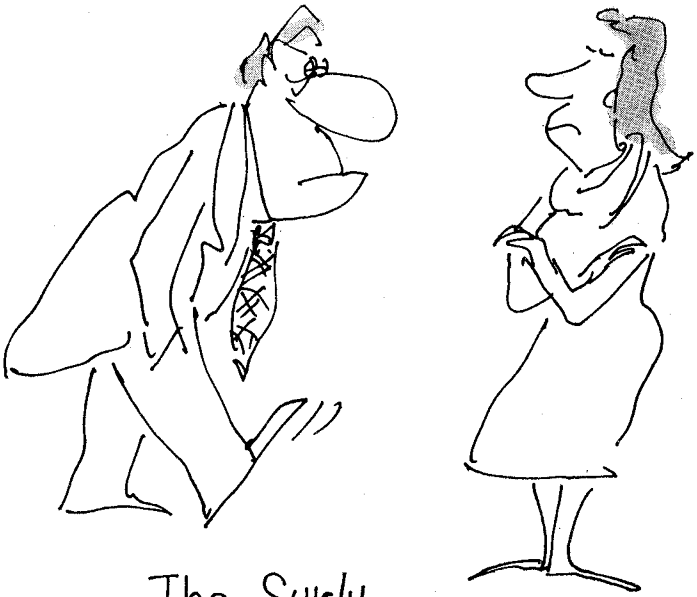
The Queue



Row Your Boat



No Step



The Surly

INDEPENDENCE DAY

HELEN hadn't done anything all June. Nothing was required of her. Her estranged husband was in Detroit somewhere. Her father, Art Kenning, was putting her up in his big stone summer house in Port Brent, a lakeside resort town in northern Ohio. The house was above a cove, and the back yard led to a private pier where her father moored his boats—an old wooden Chris-Craft with enormous twin Evinrudes, and a Lido sloop.

It wasn't good for Helen having nothing to do. If you didn't do things to your life, she decided, it would begin doing things to you. She decided this while lying in bed at four-thirty one morning. She was looking at her knees, and, as if to confirm her thought, she heard a clunk that she recognized as her air-conditioner breaking down again. She turned onto her side.

She woke up sweating at one o'clock the next afternoon. She got up and stepped into a sundress with patch pockets and slipped on some beach thongs. It must have been almost a hundred degrees in her third-story room. Down in the kitchen, her sister, Darla, was sitting with her elbows splayed on the open morning newspaper, reading "Blondie."

Helen peeled an orange over the kitchen counter and considered her sister, who was sweating, too, in an immodest calico bikini. Darla, who was twenty-five, had a cottage on the other side of the lake, but she was an in-and-out visitor at her father's house. Since May, she had been mostly an "in" visitor, because she was low on money and boyfriends.

"Where's Father?" Helen said.

Darla nodded toward an engine noise, out the window.

Helen stood up on tiptoe and looked out the double windows over the sink. She saw her father seated on his mower, in the west stretch of the enormous lawn. As she watched, he and the mower bounded over the crest of a slope and disappeared.

"Why is he mowing the lawn?" Helen said. "Why isn't he fixing the damned air-conditioner?"

Darla shrugged.

"I'm getting sick of this," Helen said. "I'm going to make myself heard around here."

"Terry called," Darla said. She moved a butter plate and some juice glasses around on the table so she could turn the newspaper pages over.

Terry, Helen's husband, had been calling from Detroit four or five times a day. Helen refused to talk to him, because he usually had only one point to make and that was that she should clear out of her father's place and get her own apartment.

She walked around the counter to the aluminum screen door that opened onto the patio and yard. Art Kenning had U-turned his mower and was charging for the house. He eased the machine onto the gravel apron of the patio. A pebble flew from the grass-blower and ricocheted off the side of a wooden toolbox on the ground. He cut the engine. "I thought that was a bullet," he said, staring at the chip of stone. Helen thought he looked coffeed-up.

"Your husband called this morning," he said.

"What's wrong with my air-conditioner?" Helen said. "Can't you fix it?"

"Nope," Mr. Kenning said and sighed. "You'll have to live without it."

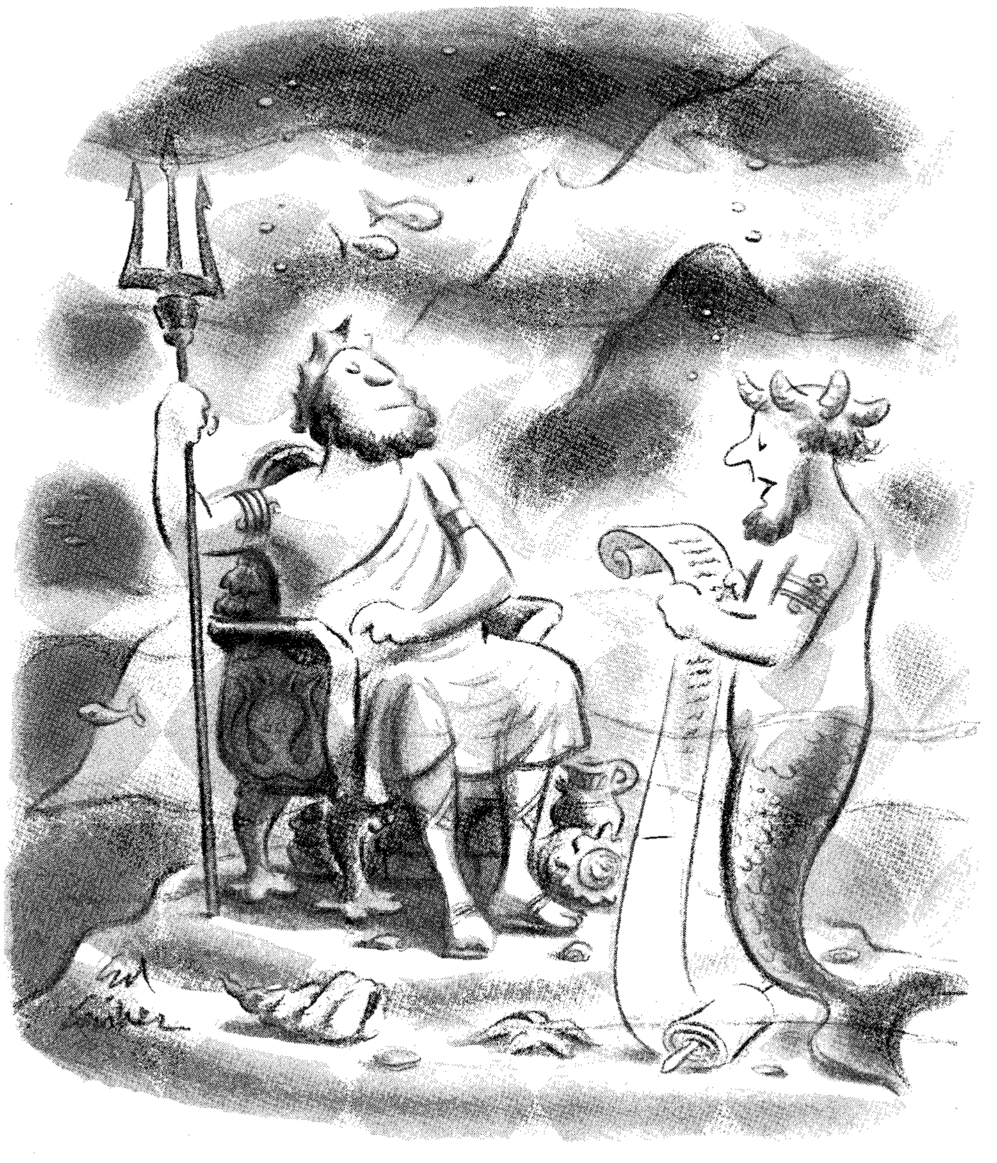
"I can't live without it. My part of the attic is a damned sauna."

"I'll look at it," he said. "But I'm leaving in fifteen minutes for the Bar Association meeting. Where's your sister?"

"Inside," Helen said. "Distracted with heat."

Her father leaned back on the saddle of the mower. He brought his feet up and, one by one, removed his work shoes and yellow socks. He stuffed the socks into the shoes and climbed down and picked his way over the gravel barefoot.

Helen followed him back into the kitchen, where Darla had gotten to the editorial page. "Everybody's on strike everywhere," Darla said. "Police, nurses, everybody. Where do I go to go on strike?"



"And on the credit side: Forty-six billion herrings, eight million tuna, and six hundred and fifty-two thousand manganese noodles."

SASHA'S SHOE REPAIRS
While You Wait
OUR EXPERTS REALLY ARE EXPERTS
KOREN

• •

Mr. Kenning said, "Just the same, this is a workday for most people."

"Tomorrow's the Fourth of July," Darla said. "Not a workday. So you'd better get a repairman out here." She wet the tip of her finger and turned a newspaper page. "Helen, get me a Coke while you're over there."

"Watch the handle on the refrigerator," Mr. Kenning said. "It's falling off."

THERE was nothing to do that day but swim. Helen and Darla rode the house bike—a nice old three-speed Schwinn—along the beach road to the cove. Helen pedalled, standing, while Darla sat behind her on the bike's narrow seat, with her pelvis thrust forward, her legs dangling, a cigarette in her hand.

After they swam, they lay side by side in the sun on the dock, with their hair wrapped in colored towels.

"What are you writing?" Darla said, with her eyes closed. "I hear you writing."

"A book of days," Helen said. She had a sheaf of papers in a folder that she had brought along in the bike basket. She was flipping through the papers. She paused and scribbled with a red Flair pen.

"About Terry?" Darla said.

"Why would I write about Terry?"

"I don't know," Darla said. "What else have you got to write about? You don't date. You don't work. A book of days is supposed to be autobiography—about things happening. What's been happening to you?"

"I've got plenty in my life besides Terry," Helen said, but after a while she closed the folder, which contained mostly notes on movies and TV shows she had seen.

Helen swam again in the early evening, alone this time. Then she rode the bike home and brushed her wet blond hair into a ducktail and put on the sundress with patch pockets. She walked a half mile of shadowy road through the modest business section of Port Brent. On the far side of town there was a lounge called the Seafood Liquor—at least, that was what the pink neon sign over the front door said and that was how Helen thought of the place. On this evening, the lights inside the lounge flickered on just as she came in the door. She passed a line of men seated at the bar who were watching a California horse race on a trunk-sized color television set. She passed the little placard on a stand that read "Please wait to be seated," and went to her usual booth in the rear, under a stuffed, varnished lobster on the wall.

"Double White Horse, neat," Helen said when the waitress came. The waitress, a big-boned pretty girl in a gingham uniform, brought the drink right away, on a round tray with a cork mat.

Helen's husband, Terry, came into the bar. He went straight to Helen's booth. He stretched out on the bench seat across from her, with his feet up.

"It's Crayola at the clubhouse turn," said the race announcer. "Crayola by a length." The men along the bar watched in silence.

"I suppose it means something that

you can always find me," Helen said to her husband.

Terry pushed his dark glasses up on his forehead and rubbed his eyes. "No. It just means you always go to the same places."

The pretty waitress brought Terry a menu, and he said, "No, I don't need it. The Bosun's Platter and two of those." He pointed at Helen's drink.

"When did you drive down from Detroit?" Helen said. "It's a horrible drive. I know, I've done it."

"Silly Step. Silly Step. Blinko and Silly Step at the rail," said the TV.

Terry said, "I had to come down because you never answer the phone. You know how many times I've called?"

"I know. I'm sorry," Helen said. "It's just that so many times I pick up the phone and the caller hangs up or asks, 'Who is this?' To me."

"Well, it's your father's house," Terry said. "Anyway, that isn't the real reason. You don't come to the phone because you don't want to talk about what I want to talk about."

"You do kind of play the same violin, Terry."

"Well, I got a different violin now," he said. "I need to talk to you." He settled his dark glasses back on his face. "Something good's happened."

"Yes?" Helen said.

"And it's my birthday," Terry said. "I'm thirty-three."

"Oh, God, it is. I forgot all about it," Helen said. "July third, of course. I'm so sorry. Is that what you've been calling about?"

He looked at Helen, and picked up her drink and finished it. "Something very nice has happened," he said.

"You got a job," Helen said.

"Never mind," Terry said. "Thank you," he told the waitress, who put two full water glasses and some napkins on the table.

"I won the state lottery," he said. "Legally. I won ten thousand dollars on a fifty-cent ticket I bought in Saginaw. You know—the Michigame. Ten thousand, at least."

Helen said, "You really did?" Terry began to nod. "That's incredible," she said. "That's wonderful. That *is* good news. Congratulations! I should say so."

"Yep," he said. "But there's an angle. There's a strong possibility I'll win a lot more, Helen. I'm likely to come out of this a millionaire."

"How?" she said. "This is remarkable. You!"

"Friday, there's another drawing," he said, "between me and some other people, and one of us gets a million dollars."

"Jesus," Helen said.

"Yeah, really," Terry said. "But don't worry. I'll win. I'm sure I'll win."

"You probably will," Helen said. "Whew!"

"Anyway," Terry said, "I'm going to give you some money. Whether I win more or not. I want you to move into your own apartment. Now, while you have a chance. Or you never will."

"Oh, no," Helen said. "Same old violin."

"I want you to move out of your dad's," Terry said.

"I'm fine there," Helen said.

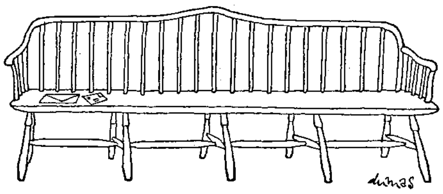
"Helen, you know you've never spent a single night alone in your life," Terry said, getting angry. "You don't know a thing about day to day, about just getting by."

"Do you?" she said.

"Plus I hate visiting you there. I have to sleep all hunched up on the sofa. Darla hogs the newspapers, and then your father gives me some job to do. It's the most . . ."

"What?"

"Frustrating thing," he said. "You and Darla lolling around the yard in your bathing suits, as if you had a hundred years to decide what to do with your lives. And don't say 'I don't *have* to do anything,' because this is the real damned world we're talking about, Helen. So even if somebody else supplies the money and everything for you to exist, you still . . . In order to be loved, you still have to be a person." He stopped and sighed.



"My father loves me, and he wants me to live in his house," Helen said.

"I know, but . . . O.K., when I win the million I'll just buy the place."

"You can't buy the place," Helen said. "It's our home. My father has boats there. It's where I was raised. My mother *died* there, in the laundry room."

"She had a stroke in the laundry room. She died in a hospital," Terry said. "I'll buy it and kick you out. I'll evict you."

The waitress brought him a small porcelain plate with a flour-powdered dinner roll and a tablet of butter between waxed-paper squares. On a larger plate was a bowl of salad.

"I'll need cutlery," Terry said to her.

"Sorry," the waitress said.

"Oh, skip it," Terry said. "I'll eat this junk with my fingers." He picked up some chunks of lettuce and wedged them into his mouth.

THERE was a motor inn—a circle of shingle-roofed, paint-blistered buildings around a blacktop court—where Terry had taken a cabin. Helen woke up there on the morning of the Fourth of July, to a local explosion. The room was queerly lit. One tall ceramic lamp, smoothly sculpted into a sea-horse shape, threw pale light onto a wallboard of imitation-wood panelling. There was a small square window with white drapes. The cool air from the air-conditioner blew a faint aroma of gunpowder across the beds.

Terry had left the TV on, and from

THE CHOIR

Little beings with their hair blooming so
differently on skulls of odd sizes
and their eyes serious and their jaws
very firm from singing in Gilead, and with
their mouths gaping, saying
"Ah!" for God,
"O!" for an alphabet only of "O"s,
they stand in rows: each suspended
from a fishing line
hooked at the breastbone, being hauled up
toward the heavenly gases.

Everybody who sings becomes beautiful!
Even sad music
requires an absolute happiness of the face:
eyes, nostrils, mouth strain together in quintal harmony
to sing Joy and Death well.

—GALWAY KINNELL

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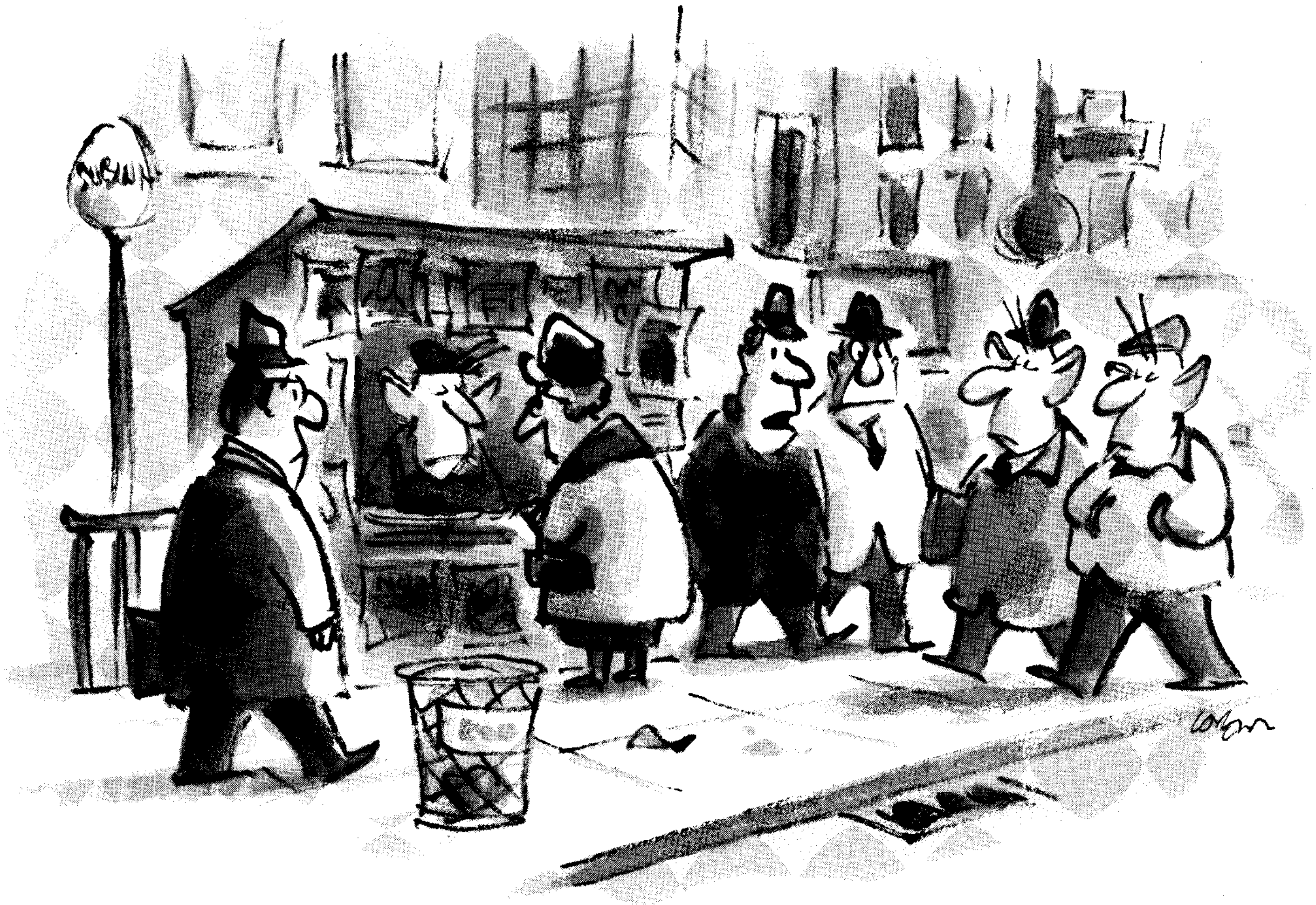


"I guess they've landed, all right, but it appears they come in peace."

• •

her pillow Helen watched about ten minutes of an Abbott and Costello movie. In the movie, Abbott and Costello were in the Navy.

She stretched and got out of bed. She put on her sundress and stepped out the door. The sky was white. There was a yard with some playground equipment behind the circle of cabins. It was hot, and Helen spotted Terry in the playground with four or five young boys. Terry was shirtless, and he was supervising the firing-off of a paper cylinder that foamed and then smoked and boomed.

Some neighborhood dogs were barking. Terry shaded his eyes. "You're up!" he called over to Helen. "Good morning."

"How could I help being up?" she said to herself. She went back inside and tried to fix her hair with a comb from her handbag. The only mirror in the cabin was over the bathroom sink, and it was missing some big chips of silvered surface. Helen bent at the knees to fit her face between two flaked-off, black sections. In the mirror, her left eye was obliterated.

Terry came up behind her, closing the cabin door, and at the same time there was a boom from outside the cabin that shook the window in its mounting.

"Did you give some fireworks to those kids?" Helen said. "They'll blast off their thumbs or their noses, and you'll spend your million bucks on some lawsuit."

"Let 'em," Terry said. "They aren't *my* fireworks. Some kid from California had a box from the Red Devil factory."

"That's a relief," Helen said.

TERRY took Helen to the Port Brent Parade. They parked behind the Stop & Shop, and sat on the courthouse lawn and watched the floats and the high-school band pass by. A man on ten-foot stilts in an Uncle Sam outfit stalked over to them. Helen waved up at him.

"How are you today, honey?" the man said, with a Central European accent. His face, under the tall striped hat, was tiny.

Darla was in the parade, riding on the hood of a shiny beige Ford with blue paper streamers and advertising on the side door. She looked sad and pale. Helen laughed as the car passed.

"She was dreading this," Terry said.

"Who was?" Helen said.

"Darla. She was dreading this. Your father made her do it, I guess," Terry said. "The dealer is some client friend of his."

"How would you know?" Helen said.

"I talk to Darla," Terry said. "Whenever you don't answer. I've talked to her a lot about her life."

"Have you? And what else?" Helen said. She had trouble holding a match still to light a cigarette.

"I came down to see her once. Maybe I shouldn't be telling you this."

"No, it's all right, I guess," Helen said. "Is that why you want to buy my father's house?"

"If he wants me to," Terry said. "I get the impression he does. He doesn't want the responsibility for the place anymore. But I don't mind the responsibility. I'll buy it up and kick you out. For your own good."

"No doubt," Helen said.

"When I'm a millionaire," Terry said. —MARY ROBISON

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

REWRITING AMERICAN HISTORY—II

WHAT is remarkable about the American-history texts of the late sixties and early seventies compared with those of the past is the sense of uncertainty they show. The central questions of American history—Is there such a thing as an American identity? What kind of society does the United States have? What are American values? What position does the United States occupy in the world?—are disputed territory for them, as they were not for their predecessors. Of course, the question of national identity is not the easiest of subjects to deal with, but, since the American Revolution, text writers, unlike most historians and novelists, have always succeeded in painting a fairly simple picture of America. Even while the country was changing radically in shape, in population, and even in looks, they had definite answers to the questions about who and what we were. These answers changed over time, but at any given moment they were remarkably uniform and remarkably simple. The shattering of this single image in current texts thus constitutes an important break with tradition. But the break is not yet complete, and it is that which makes them so confusing. Modern text writers, after all, have to deal not only with current realities but with the very powerful images of America that their predecessors taught generations of Americans.

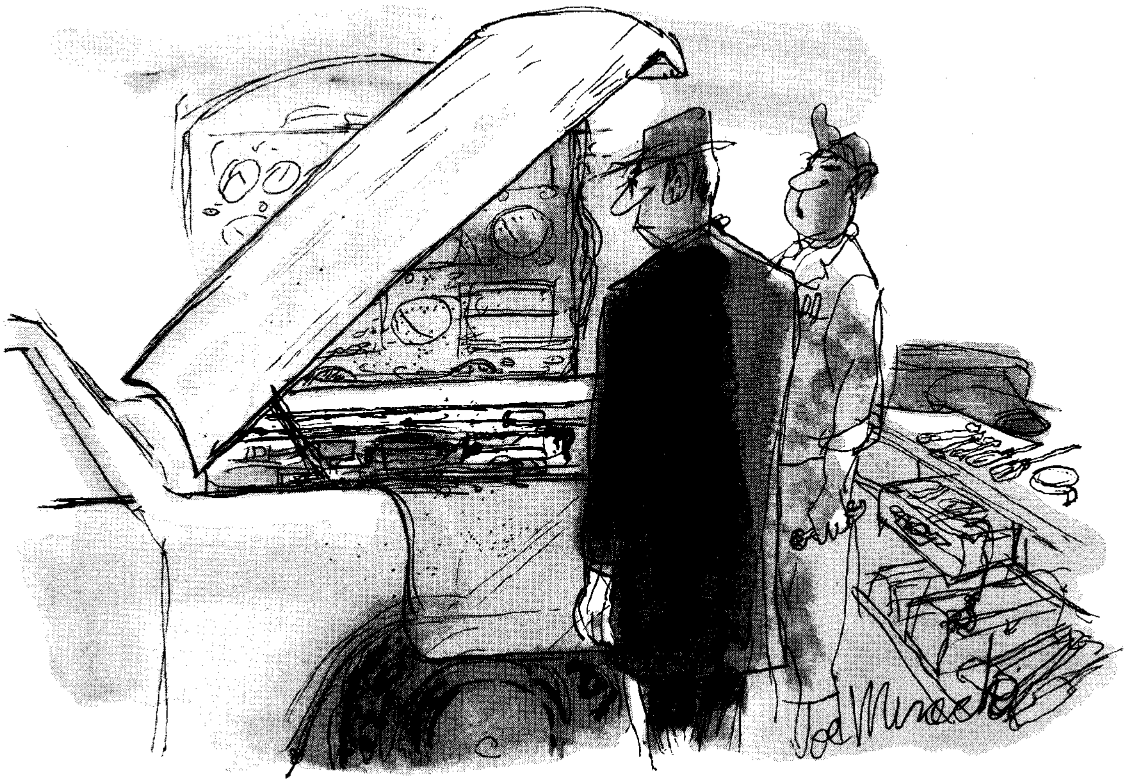
Until the twentieth century, few American educators believed that textbooks—or schooling in general—could or should be an instrument for changing the culture. Those textbook writers who saw their books as something more than a representation of the world believed that they should be a force for conservation. The one powerful exception was Noah Webster. In the wake of the Revolution, Webster took up the enterprise of writing a new dictionary and new spellers and readers for the express purpose of changing the country. His ambition in making replacements for the British texts was to do for American culture what the Revolution had done for American politics. A true radical, he believed that this meant not just separation but liberation. Through his books, he aimed at cutting the American language loose from its moorings in English speech and setting it free to pursue its own development, in the course of which it would eventually grow as different from English as Dutch is from German. But there was a contradictory quality to his whole enterprise. His hopes for the language were never realized, and this was at least in part because of his own success in standardizing it at a point where it was not really very different from English. His ambition had a built-in conflict in the sphere of values as well, for while Webster was a nationalist, he was also intensely, and increasingly, conservative. Like Jefferson, Franklin, and others of the Revolutionary generation, he defined America and Americans by contrasting them with the nations of Europe. Europe was the Old World; America was the New. Europeans were luxury-loving, deceitful, and corrupt, their societies divided by extremes of wealth and poverty; Americans were all honest yeomen farmers dressed in homespun—sober, industrious, and practical. Thus, Americans were anything but experimental or iconoclastic. And it was Webster's conservatism, not his radicalism, that became the dominant force in American education for most of the nineteenth century.

The conservative instincts of American educators—so strange in a new country—resulted in large part from the fact that at the time of the Revolution education remained within the purview of religious schools. Webster's image of Americans was in fact the traditional, Puritan one, and it survived mainly because for the first half of the nineteenth century there was little change in the school system. Most of the early writers of American-history textbooks were preachers or teachers in church schools, and for them American civilization was, essentially, not something new but an arm of Christian civilization extending into the new continent. Emma Willard, a pioneer in the education of women in the United States, wrote in the prefaces of her many texts of the "youthful simplicity" and "maiden purity" of America, but the texts made it clear that Americans were, first and foremost, Christians—by which she meant Protestants. For Willard, who did not engage in homespun-yeomen sociology, the only real difference between Americans and European Protestants was the special relationship that Americans had with Providence. By her account, Providence appeared time after time in the middle of battles to lead Americans on to victory. (Just where Providence went when they suffered defeat she did not say.) From a religious principle, Providence had grown into a force for nationalism. Willard and her contemporaries often spoke of "the New World," but it is clear that they meant only their part of it. For them, the real enemy was not the British or the French but the Papacy and the Catholic Spanish—specifically, those who had colonized the southern part of the American hemisphere. She and the other textbook writers of the period do not

ONE-MARTINI LUNCH
ZIEGLER

dwell on the American Revolution, because the tradition most important to them was established during the religious wars in Europe in the seventeenth century. And it is this imported European tradition that their textbooks make the centerpiece of America's national identity.

The assumption that all Americans were Protestants—and elected ones at that—remained in the textbooks until the eighteen-nineties, or until just about the time the public-high-school system became larger than the collection of church-based private schools. For the new generation of teachers, who were the servants of various bits of the state, the proper subject of American history was politics and the activities of government. The texts of the eighteen-nineties are silent on religious matters—gone is the violent anti-Catholicism, never to return—and highly articulate on the subject of the nation-state. From these texts, one might even imagine that the educators had come to take a completely secular view of society, in which "Americans" had no particular qualities but only their citizenship. This would be a mistake. The eighteen-nineties texts are merely impassive, and their impassivity conceals an important evolution taking place in the minds of the educators. The earlier nineteenth-century texts had defined the American identity by religion; the twentieth-century texts would define it by race and culture.



"A carburetor is a very sensitive object, Mr. Hoskins. Ignore it at your peril."

• •

AFTER 1900, a new distinction appears in American-history textbooks: there are "we Americans," and there are "the immigrants." The textbook discovery of "the immigrants" was actually somewhat belated, since the great wave of European immigration to the United States had been under way for some time. Europeans—and particularly Irish and Germans—had been crossing the Atlantic in large numbers since the eighteen-forties, but between 1881 and 1890 more than five million immigrants came to the United States, and by 1910 the total had risen to more than sixteen million. The newcomers not only increased the American population significantly but altered its ethnic composition. After 1900, immigrants from the southern and eastern countries of Europe vastly outnumbered those from the northern and western ones. The schools were particularly affected, since they were the only public agencies that offered special services for the immigrants. Having been charged with the "Americanization" of the newcomers, they naturally had to take on the task of defining what "an American" was and was not.

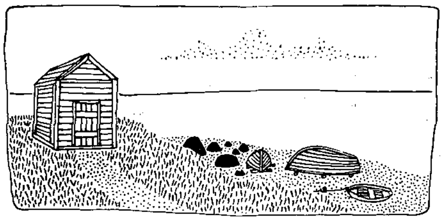
At this point, the texts began to emphasize the English ancestry of Americans. In their discussions of exploration and colonization, they gave far greater space and approval to Sir Francis Drake than to any of the other explorers except Columbus, and they concentrated on the English colonists to the near-exclusion of the French, the Spanish, and the Dutch. In contrast to both earlier and later books, they played down the motives of religious dissent and a desire to escape from a rigid class system and pointed up the purely commercial motive. They viewed the Colonies as extensions of England into the New World, and they looked on the American Revolution as a matter of practical politics more than anything else. The texts of the nineteenth century and those of the nineteen-thirties and after go on at length about the special virtues of Americans and the specialness of American culture and political institutions. The majority of the texts that were published between 1910 and 1930 are far less nationalistic; they emphasize continuity and evolution within a civilization. They also—as the Irish and German communities in Chicago pointed out—acclaim the American entry into the First World War on the side of the British.

That the textbook discovery of English roots coincided with the arrival of the new non-English immigrants may have been purely fortuitous. Nevertheless, these texts had a particular kind of perspective on the newcomers. Reasonably enough, they viewed the arrival of nine million people as a problem for the United States. Reasonably enough, they reported that the task of assimilation, or "Americanization," was one of the greatest strains ever put on American society. These were merely neutral observations. But the texts portrayed the immigrants as nothing more than a problem. Until the nineteen-thirties, they gave no information about how these people lived, what they did, or where they came from, much less why they came. Social history was not the strong point of those texts; still, they performed something of a feat in turning this vast new group of people into a total abstraction. "Can we assimilate and mold into citizenship the millions who are coming to our shores, or will they remain an ever-increasing body of aliens, an undigested and indigestible element in our body politic, and a constant menace to our free institutions?" Such was a typical formulation of the problem for "us." The texts of the twenties expressed a good deal of pessimism about assimilation. Some of their worries were political. Apparently persuaded by the Red scare, the more conservative texts showed concern about "radical agitators" and "Bolsheviki" among the immigrants. According to the most popular of the texts, David Saville Muzzey's "American History," these people were like rotten apples in a barrel—they had to be picked out and thrown back. Other texts found different groups of undesirables. One text, harking back to the theme of the wily Europeans, proposed that, while America had always been hospitable to honest folk, the European governments had on occasion abused this hospitality by using the country as "a dumping ground for convicts, paupers, anarchists and other undesirable citizens."

Most of the twenties texts found virtue in the law establishing immigration quotas on the basis of the national origin of the American population in 1890. Those of a Progressive cast skirted the national-origins issue and justified the quotas on economic grounds. One, for instance, argued that there was no more space left in the country to put people—that any further influx would reduce all Americans to a "common level of misery." Another worried that the "great accumulation of wealth," on the one hand, and "the foreigners," on the other, would prevent the society from achieving its goal of economic security and a relative equality of wealth for all. This text then said cautiously, "Great racial groups, especially such as speak foreign languages, or belong to races with which we do not readily intermarry, do add to the difficulty of solving certain social problems." Most texts were less explicit on the issue of race, but a concern for it flickered through all the discussions of immigrants. For those texts that, like Muzzey, used "race" and "nationality" interchangeably, the immigrants clearly posed an intractable problem: if Americans were defined as belonging to the English race, then it was impossible to Americanize anyone who did not belong to it. The pessimism of these texts is quite understandable.

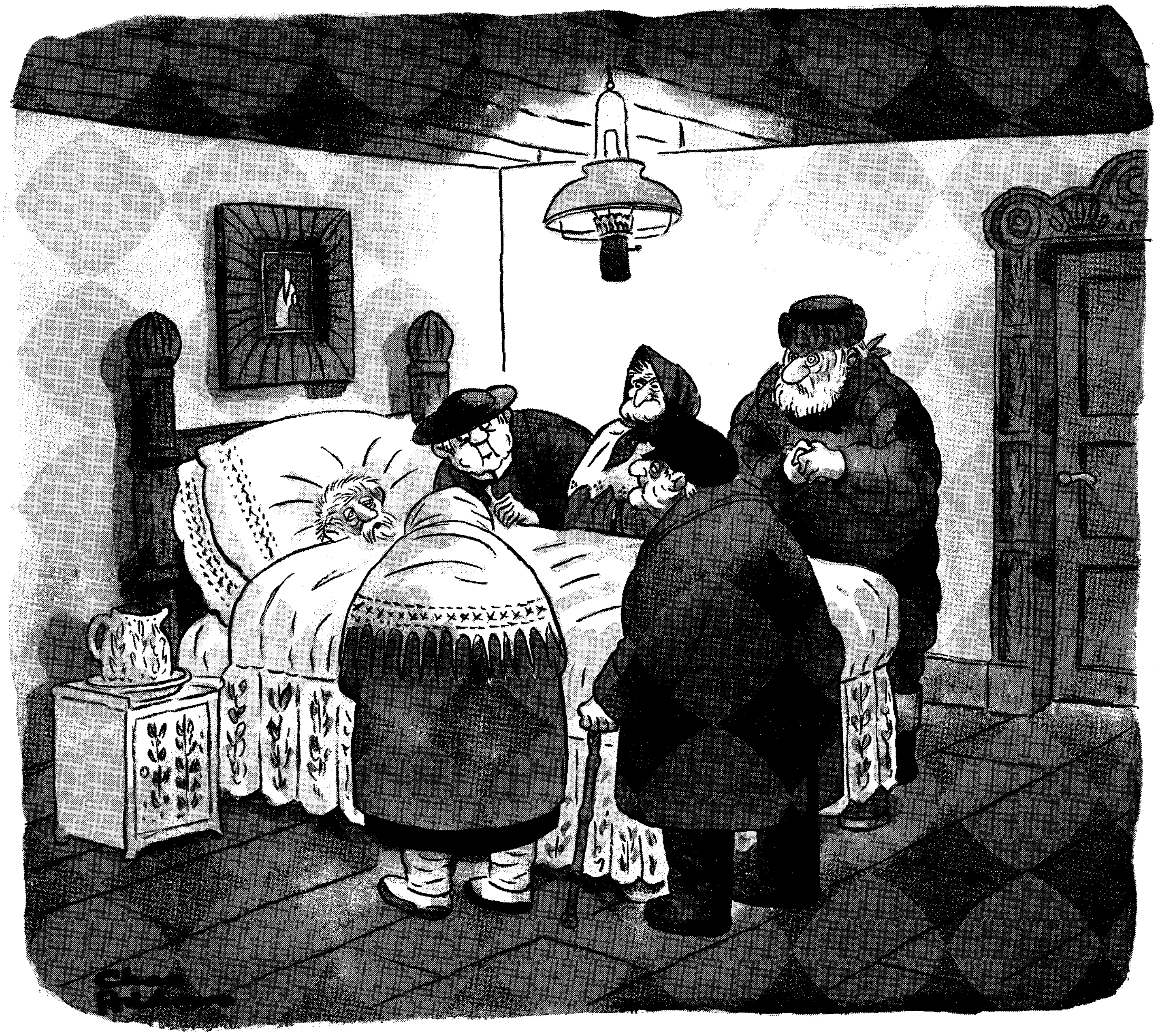
By about 1930, the texts had resolved this race-nationality confusion and become rather more optimistic about the prospects for Americanization. For Eugene C. Barker, William E. Dodd, and Henry Steele Commager, in "Our Nation's Development," the question was: "Would it be possible to absorb the millions of olive-skinned Italians and swarthy black-haired Slavs and dark-eyed Hebrews into the body of the American people? Would they adjust themselves to their New World environment and understand and contribute to American institutions?" Their answer was yes, probably. More liberal texts maintained that the European immigrants were already doing very well. According to Charles Garrett Vannest and Henry Lester Smith's "Socialized History of the United States," the Jews were "conspicuously successful in the various forms of theatrical enterprise, and have been financially successful in most of the work they have undertaken." The Irish were doing well in politics, and the Germans were farming successfully; in fact, no one was causing any trouble except the Japanese and the Chinese, who "have brought a race problem to our Western states." Harold Rugg's "An Introduction to Problems of American Culture," one text in his series on American civilization, called for a new understanding between Americans and immigrants. The immigrants, it said, were contributing their manual labor, their Old World customs, and their fine arts to this country, and "we" ought to appreciate these things. The foreign-born, on the other hand, should learn to appreciate our ideals and should make a responsible effort to help realize them. In the thirties, the Rugg texts were among the few to call the United States "a melting pot."

The notion that America was "a melting pot" entered the majority of the texts during the forties. In the forties and fifties, it was the catch phrase for all discussions of the immigrants, and the Statue of Liberty was the illustration beside them. These two symbols did not have wholly positive connotations in all texts, however. According to the 1955 edition of Muzzey, "America has been called the 'melting pot' because of these millions of people of foreign speech and customs who have been thrown in with our native colonial stock to be fused into a new type of American. Some students of society (sociologists) think that the process has injured our country by introducing a base alloy. Others point to the benefits which the brains and the hands of the immigrants have brought." Instead of resolving this alleged controversy, the book proposes, "There is much to be said for each side of the question." The majority of the forties and fifties texts are much less equivocal; they are also rather more solipsistic. By their account, the immigrants are fine people, because their decision to come to the United States proves that this is a land of liberty; the fact that they were not turned away—by the Statue of Liberty—proves that Americans are uniquely generous. Then, in order to prove that American generosity has not been squandered, the texts list the "contributions" that individual immigrants have made to America.



In the mid-fifties, the texts commonly devoted several pages to pictures and short biographies of "immigrants," the conservative books selecting such figures as Andrew Carnegie, Lily Pons, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the more liberal ones choosing such as Serge Koussevitzky, Leopold Stokowski, Albert Einstein, and Irving Berlin. Just why, apart from Carnegie, the texts emphasized artists and intellectuals is an interesting question. A cynic with the perspective of the seventies might conclude that artists and intellectuals were less threatening than other sorts of successful people. Still, it is a fact that the textbooks had traditionally associated art with immigrants. The Rugg books had pointed to fine arts as a foreign contribution, and back in the twenties another book had urged tolerance for the immigrants on the ground that many of them came from regions where there were ancient Greek and Roman ruins and "they all seemed to love painting, sculpture and music." What lay behind this association was, of course, the Websterian notion that all Americans were homespun yeomen and all Europeans either downtrodden peasants or effete, artistic aristocrats. And these books, being liberal, were trying to make the best of it. (As a consequence, there may be pockets of people in their forties who still believe that all people with complicated names must be artists.)

Interestingly enough, the textbook adoption of the melting-pot theory did not end the we-they distinction or really change the textbook notion of an American. The schoolbooks often spoke of an "amalgam," but besides artists, and people hanging off boats looking at the Statue of Liberty, they showed only people who looked like Anglo-Saxon Protestants. These people were ubiqui-



"To . . . hell . . . with . . . yogurt."

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tous in street scenes and military formations as well as in the President's Cabinet. The dominance of this particular species resulted from a strange reversal: in presuming an amalgam, the texts had once again begun to presume a homogeneous society—and thus to ignore the differences they had once so clearly seen.

Only in the early sixties did most of the texts cease to talk about "the immigrants" as distinct from "us Americans." The coming of a new orthodoxy—"We are a nation of immigrants"—coincided, perhaps accidentally, with the first appearance of American art in the texts. It was not until the late sixties, however, that the texts began to picture Americans with other than Wasp faces and names. And then the shattering of the single image of "an American" occurred not because of pressure from Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, or Jews but because of the black civil-rights movement.

THAT the civil-rights movement should have been responsible for showing us the faces and real histories of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe is doubly ironic, because until the mid-sixties black Americans had hardly entered the textbooks at all. In the nineteen-thirties, the most progressive of social histories, the Rugg books, identified "the Negro" as a "social problem;" Rugg, as one might expect, counselled tolerance and an appreciation of the contributions made by such men as Booker T. Washington and Paul Robeson. The Rugg books were exceptional in this respect; few books published then or earlier noted the existence of blacks in contemporary America, and still fewer recorded the name of an individual. In the vast majority of books, there were only "the slaves"—slaves who had appeared magically in this country at some unspecified time and had disappeared with the end of the Civil War. The books of the thirties were less inclined to racist characterizations than their predecessors, but they were wholly complacent about the welfare and happiness of the slaves. Not until the late forties did the majority of the books follow Rugg's lead and show free black people. The books of the forties and fifties tended to speak condescendingly of the progress that "the Negro" had made in educating "himself," and to include a picture of

"When I was in Berlin in 1976, I saw a nightingale. 'Nightingale' in German is 'Nachtigall.'"

Booker T. Washington or Jackie Robinson. The Muzzey text of the period, however, began its first section on the population of the United States by saying, "Leaving aside the Negro and Indian population," and it proceeded to do just that. The blacks were never treated as a group at all; they were quite literally invisible.

In the mid-sixties came a period, still embarrassing to the publishers, when the texts took a sudden and overwhelming interest in peanuts and the United Nations Secretariat—or so one might conclude, given the multiple appearances of George Washington Carver and Ralph Bunche. These black instant celebrities seemed to have come from another country or another planet, since there was otherwise no mention of blacks in America. Shortly afterward, black faces appeared as if by magic in the same photographs and cartoons that had had only white faces before—the marks of drypointing almost visible. Then sections on the civil-rights movement turned up in the very backs of the books—as it were, in the back of the bus. But this period of tokenism did not last very long, for in addition to outside pressures there was—in the history texts, at least—the problem of internal consistency: either the blacks belonged to American history or they did not, and if they did they belonged to all of it. To include a section on the civil-rights movement meant that the whole of American history had to be rewritten to include blacks and their perspective on events. It was as if Tolstoy had first written "War and Peace" without the character of Pierre.

By the early seventies, most of the books had been rewritten to include the history of blacks in America. All those published for a national audience record the history of the civil-rights movement in its proper place. In the indexes of many of the books of the early seventies, there are entries under "Blacks" for the Colonial period, the American Revolution, the Spanish-American War, the Truman Administration, and so on, as well as for those periods when racial issues dominated white American politics. All at least mention Frederick Douglass and Martin Luther King, Jr., and some have extensive discussions of their work; in these texts, Booker T. Washington never walks without W. E. B. Du Bois. Some of the books are more politically adventurous than others: some discuss Malcolm X, Huey Newton, and Nat Turner, while others huddle around Sojourner Truth and the N.A.A.C.P. But in all the books a certain prescribed percentage of black faces appear in photographs showing assembly lines, military formations, and mayoral conferences. In the main, this rewriting of history involved no profound alteration: it was merely a matter of adding, of putting in what was not there before. But in the history of one period the addition of a black perspective implied, and necessarily brought, a complete change. That period was Reconstruction. Of all the events that were rewritten in the mid-sixties, Reconstruction was revised the most dramatically. To compare the books of the mid-sixties with those of the early seventies on this subject is to see not a change of emphasis but a total inversion: the same material is used, nothing has been added, but the interpretation has altered so that—one might say—what was white is now black and vice versa.

The version of Reconstruction that most Americans who are now adults grew up with included a more or less passionate defense of President Andrew Johnson in his struggle with the Radical Republicans. The texts published from the beginning of the century to the mid-sixties were unanimous in their view that Johnson should never have been impeached. Though the President was temperamentally unsuited to his job, they argued, his program for Reconstruction was good, because, among other things, it offered amnesty to the former Confederates as individuals. The Radical Republicans—including "the harsh, vindictive" Thaddeus Stevens—voted to impeach and convict mainly because they wanted revenge on the South and a permanent electoral majority. According to these books, Radical Reconstruction was an unmitigated disaster. The Reconstruc-

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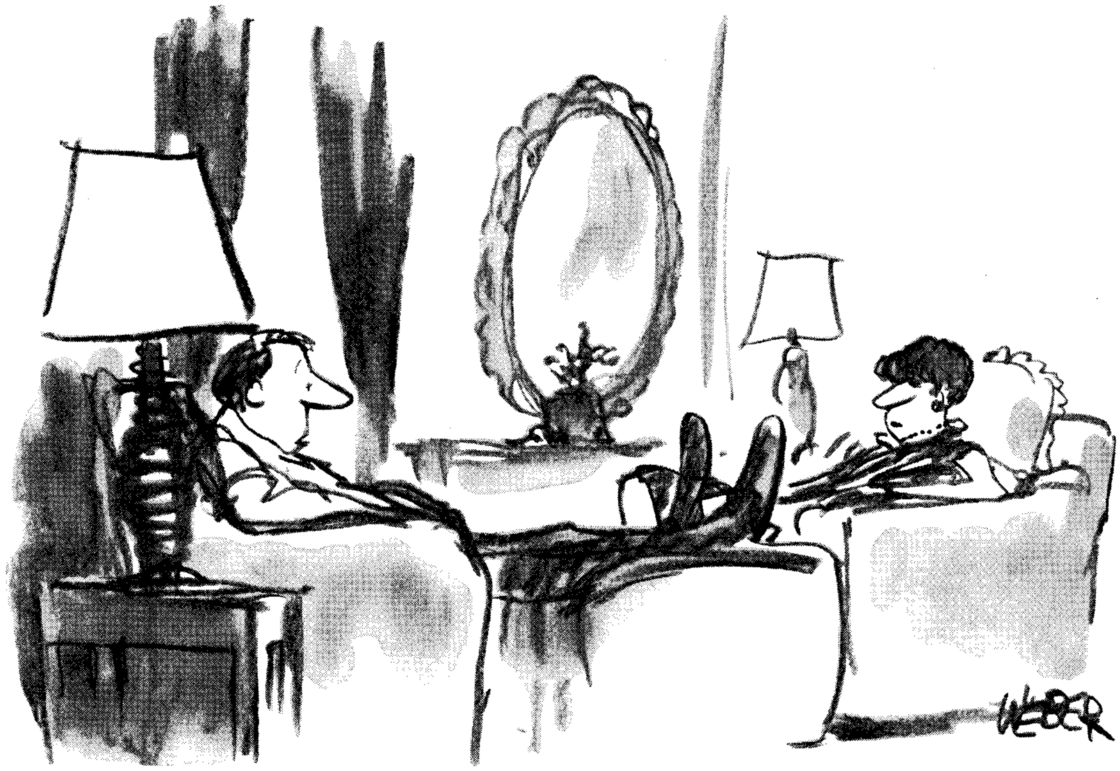
tion governments were imposed on the South with federal bayonets and were run by a lot of unscrupulous "carpetbaggers" and "scalawags." Instead of reconstructing the region, they pillaged it. The legislatures—filled with ignorant Negroes who obeyed the dictates of the carpetbaggers and scalawags—engaged in an "orgy of spending." The legislators embezzled funds and voted themselves huge gold watches, imported perfume, and champagne. The tremendous corruption of these governments, combined with the anarchy caused by bands of Negroes roaming the countryside, finally forced the Southerners to take action. The use of violence by the Southerners was deplorable, but the Northerners could not have expected the Southerners to submit to Negro rule, and the Ku Klux Klan had a worse reputation than it deserved. In the beginning, the Klan was an organization of respectable white Southerners who banded together in their own self-defense. True, it was eventually taken over by lawless men with selfish interests, but shortly afterward it was forced to disband, mainly because the solid citizens of the region disapproved of it. The texts published before the late sixties differed on certain matters of tactics. Not all of them in any given period favored the Black Codes—the laws, passed by the defeated states before the Radical Reconstruction, that, among other things, required blacks to carry evidence of employment. From the thirties on, the texts tended to disagree about whether the Freedmen's Bureau actually helped the former slaves or merely gave them the ridiculous illusion that they were owed forty acres and a mule. Some texts from this period mentioned the existence of the Jim Crow laws. All of them, however, stated firmly that, with or without these laws, the situation in the South improved only when Reconstruction ended and "the Southerners" regained control of their governments.



"I had a lousy day. Actually, it wasn't a lousy day, it was a pretty good day. But it seemed lousy."

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One remarkable thing about this version of events was that it appeared in texts designed for Northern schools; however, these texts did not have the white Southerners' perspective on the Civil War—only on Reconstruction. Another interesting thing was that this version of Reconstruction came into the Northern texts between 1900 and 1910. Until around 1900, the Northern texts had treated the South almost as a foreign country: the Confederacy was "the slave power," and the war "the great rebellion." Johnson was an obnoxious figure to them, and to the extent that they considered the plight of the white Southerners at all they judged that the rebels had got only what was coming to them. But then such staunch New Englanders as David Saville Muzzey and such left-wing Progressives as Willis Mason West had adopted the perspective of the Southern aristocrats. The intellectual heirs of Charles Sumner and Henry Adams gushed sentimentally about the decline of the great plantations and the trials of Southern womanhood. The speed of this change in perspective was astonishing. But it was matched by the one that took place in the nineteen-sixties.

The current version of events—and the truth of the matter for those under twenty-five—is that Reconstruction was not a bad thing at all. According to the seventies texts, Andrew Johnson was the wrong man for the Presidency after the war: he lacked dignity and judgment, and concern for the rights of the freedmen. The Radical Republicans—including "the courageous Thaddeus Stevens"—had two excellent reasons for opposing Johnson's plan to allow the Southern states back into the Union: first, the state governments had passed the Black Codes and thus all but reëstablished slavery; second, by failing to accord blacks the vote they had all but insured that those who lost the war would end up controlling the United States Congress. Whether or not Johnson deserved impeachment, the Radicals brought a necessary reform to the South by permitting blacks to vote and also giving poor whites a chance to participate in their own governments. The Reconstruction state legislatures were dominated not by former slaves (only in South Carolina did the blacks have a majority, and there in the lower house alone) but by people the white Southerners called carpetbaggers and scalawags, some of whom were adventurers but many of whom were sincere reformers. Corruption existed in these governments, but it existed in the South both before and after Reconstruction, and it was just as prevalent in the North during that period. Public spending was enormous mainly because there was so much to be done to help the freedmen and to rebuild the devastated economy of the South. White Southerners formed a number of secret societies to oppose the Reconstruction governments, one of which was the Ku Klux Klan. To prevent the freedmen from voting, the Klan waged a campaign of terror against the blacks which included arson, beatings, and murder. Reconstruction ended, in 1877, as a result of a secret deal between Republican leaders and Southern businessmen. That deal may have saved the Union, but it robbed the blacks of the vote and put them at a serious political and economic disadvantage for nearly a century.

The textbook treatment of Reconstruction offers the most striking example of the gap between the academic world and the secondary schools. The first version of Reconstruction derived from the work of Professor William A. Dunning and the so-called Dunning school of historiography, founded in the eighteen-nineties. In the early thirties, that school was successfully challenged by Francis Simkins and other historians. These Progressive historians argued from the assumption that the fate of the blacks was just as important as the fate of the whites in the South. In analyzing the end of Reconstruction, they looked to the identity of interests between the Northern industrialists and the upper-class white Southerners. In academic circles, their version of Reconstruction became the dominant one by the end of the thirties. But it took thirty years and the civil-rights movement to put it into the high-school texts. In the fifties, Kenneth Stampp and other historians added to this revisionist thesis by arguing the virtues of the Radical Republican position—and their work, too, is reflected in recent texts. In the sixties, Staughton Lynd and certain New Left historians came up with the striking new thesis that the Radical Republicans had not gone far enough, and that their failure to deliver on their promises to give the freed slaves economic independence doomed the blacks to inferior status and the country to racial conflict for generations to come. The current texts do not even suggest this interpretation as a possibility.

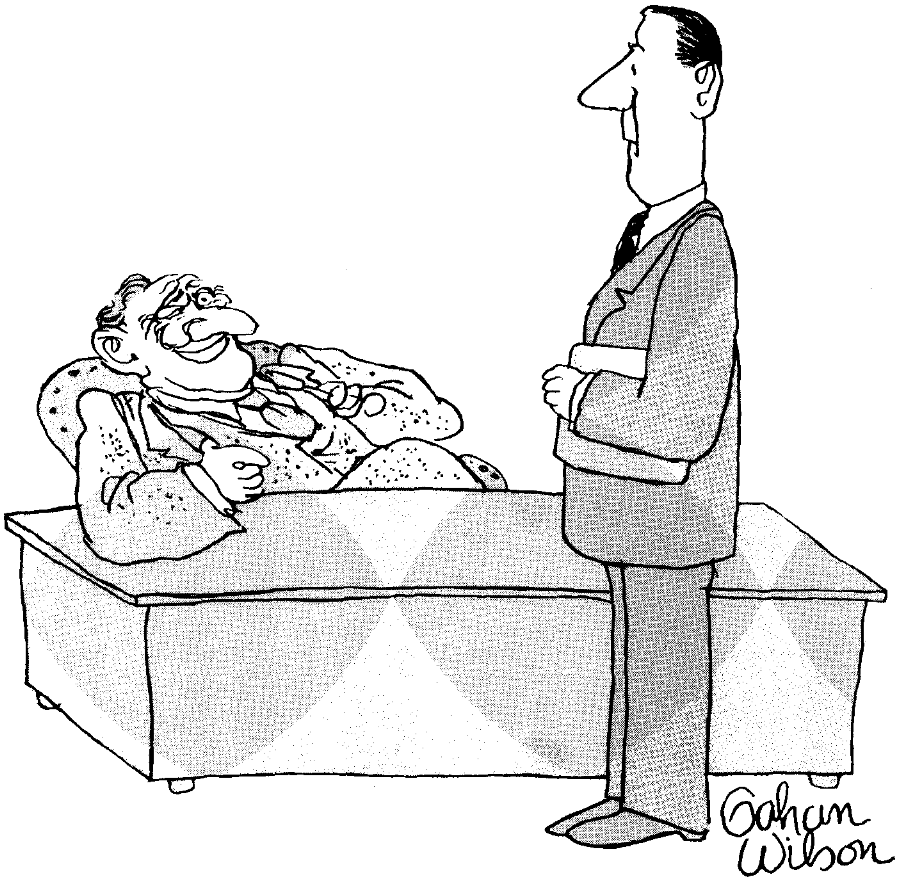
TEXTBOOK wisdom would, of course, suggest that racist attitudes become more pronounced the further back one goes in history; or, to put it another way, that white Americans have grown slowly but steadily toward enlightenment during the last two hundred years. But this is not true even with respect to the texts themselves. The texts do show a slow but constant movement toward the acceptance of non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants, and they show a sudden, revolutionary change in attitude toward black Americans, but with regard to the American Indians they show a different pattern entirely. In this regard, their progress toward enlightenment is, if anything, resolutely backward over the course of a century.

In the texts of the eighteen-thirties and eighteen-forties, the North American Indians are presented as interesting, important people—in spite of the fact that they are not Christians. Emma Willard and her contemporaries describe the characteristics of the various tribal groups and discuss individual leaders at some length. In an age still innocent of anthropology, they give a remarkable amount of attention to the customs, the tools, and the probable origins of the "native Americans." There are, of course, some lapses from science. One writer, for instance, speculates that the Indians might have climbed up a root from the center of the earth. But then he quickly turns around and proposes what was the conventional textbook wisdom of the period—that they had walked across "the Behering Strait" from Asia sometime after the Flood. These writers have a few negative things to say about the Indians—they accuse the "aborigines" of treating their women cruelly and making war without declaring it—but on the whole their characterizations are rather favorable. According to the Reverend Charles A. Goodrich, the Indians are "quick of apprehension, and not wanting in genius . . . friendly . . . distinguished for gravity and eloquence [and] bravery." For these writers, it goes without saying that civilized people have a (God-given) right to the continent. But it is their opinion that "we Americans" have treated the Indians rather badly, and their strong recommendation is that in the future we make efforts to civilize them and convert them to Christianity.

This rather high level of concern for the Indians began to decline in the texts of the eighteen-forties and diminished progressively as the century wore on. The post-Civil War writers not only gave the Indians less space but had apparently forgotten a lot of what their predecessors knew about them. Ignorant now of ethnography, they referred to the Indian nations as "savage," "barbarous," and "half-civilized," and left it at that. As time went on, their characterizations of Indian culture became more and more negative. To the writers of the eighteen-nineties, the Indians had a few admirable traits, such as bravery, endurance, keen observation, and a sense of hospitality, but these were far outweighed by bad qualities: they were treacherous, cruel, tyrannical to women, idolatrous, lazy, vengeful, and given to torture. The pre-Civil War writers had described the Indians idiosyncratically; they differed, for instance, on how talkative or untalkative the Indians were. Their successors were not so original. In the eighteen-nineties, the characterization of the Indians crystallized into a precise and unvarying formula, which, once set, did not change for thirty years. The texts of the nineteen-twenties, like those of the eighteen-nineties, portrayed the Indians as lazy, childlike, and cruel. Those few writers who expanded on the formula drew from literature rather than from life. For Muzzey, the Indians were "now immovable as a rock, now capricious as the April breeze;" another writer quoted Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Not until the nineteen-thirties was this formula abandoned—and then only because the whole subject was dropped.

The progressive decline of textbook concern for the Indians is easy to understand if one remembers that nineteenth-century text writers came from the East. In the first half of the century, Indians were a physical presence in the East. Moreover, they were a distinguishing mark of the new continent—something that the Old World could not claim for itself. As such, they were an object of national pride: they may have been savages, but they were our savages. Then, as the century wore on and the Indians were forced to move to the West, they became more and more marginal to the concerns of the nation. The text writers naturally grew indifferent to them. But that the writers should at the same time have grown hostile is less understandable. Practical considerations certainly do not explain the hostility, since early in the century the Indians posed a real threat to the settlers and in the eighteen-nineties they did not: the frontier was closed, and the tribes had been exterminated or confined to reservations. The Indians were no longer enemies of the Americans—they were their victims. But perhaps that is just the point: not battles for survival but massacres must have justification by evil.

By the nineteen-thirties, the American memory, incarnate in the history texts, had blocked out both the Indians and their fate. In the nineteen-thirties, the only texts that even mentioned the Indians were those for lower grades, whose authors clearly intended to interest children with tales of a colorful, exotic people who behaved, as one book put it bluntly, just like children. Their Indians were cigar-store and movie Indians. Then, in the forties and fifties, even this image faded out. One best-selling text of the period had when it was first published, in 1931, a long description of Indians at play, Indians trading, Indians worshipping the spirits. By the 1942 edition, these pages had collapsed into a few paragraphs, of which the last is headed "The Indians Were Backward;" by the 1950 edition, even this paragraph had gone. The Indians, it appeared, were too frivolous a subject for children growing up into "the great struggle for freedom." It was not until the mid-sixties that the texts took up the subject of the Indians again. They did not say very much about the Indians themselves but did describe the terrible destruction wreaked upon them in the eighteen-seventies and the unhappy results of United States government policy concerning them in the twentieth century. The Indians, in other words, had become a function of the Vietnam War. Only in the early seventies, and as a direct result of agitation for Indian rights, did the Indians become something (though not much) more than the objects of official American policy.



"Round here at Carston, Denning & Foreman, we're just plain folks, Al, and we expect all our employees to be just plain folks, too."

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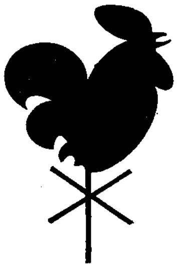
THE textbooks made many discoveries about Americans during the nineteen-sixties. The country they had conceived as male and Anglo-Saxon turned out to be filled with blacks, "ethnics," Indians, Asians, and women. (The history texts have not actually found many women in America, but they have replaced their pictures of Dolley Madison with photographs of Susan B. Anthony.) The country also turned out to be filled with Spanish-speaking people who had come from Mexico, Puerto Rico, and other countries of the Caribbean basin. This last of their discoveries was—at least, to judge from the space they gave it—the most important one next to the discovery of the blacks. In books of the early seventies, there were two- and four-page color spreads on Puerto Rico and on "The Mexican Heritage" and "Mexican Americans Today," these featuring pictures of Toltec statues, Cesar Chavez, and Anthony Quinn. The sudden eruption of Latinos was, of course, the publishers' response to pressure from the powerful school boards of Texas, California, and New York—states that harbored a great percentage of the new immigrants from the south. The pressures were apparently unexpected, for the photographs of Cesar Chavez and the Toltec statues stand out as uncomfortably in these books as the photographs of George Washington Carver and the civil-rights marches do in the books of the mid-sixties. There is little actual history behind them. The previous editions of these texts had contained some history of Latin America, but it had had to be cut, because of its condescending tone.

The textbook tradition, in fact, served the newest immigrant population rather worse than it served any other group. In the first place, the Spanish colonizers of the New World had always been American history's villains par excellence. In the early nineteenth century, the Reverend Jedidiah Morse had devoted heartfelt efforts to a defamation of the Spanish character. This was just a start; his successors throughout the nineteenth century reserved their most vitriolic prose for the Spanish and their doings, going on at great length about gold lust, cruelty to Indians, and crazed searchings for the Fountain of Youth. The sturdy tradition of Hispanophobia continued undiluted until the nineteen-twenties. At that point, a small minority of texts began to make concessions. The Spanish, these texts said, lacked "moral and ethical character," but they had made certain contributions to the New World; they had, after all, discovered it, and they had brought it Christianity, mission architecture, and domestic animals. As time went on, this "balanced" approach gradually took over the books, and by the nineteen-thirties it was the conventional wisdom; it continued as such until the late sixties. The tone, however, remained distinctly jaundiced. One book that was published in 1967 and is still in use in some schools summarizes the whole subject of the Spanish colonization in two short sections entitled "Spain Monopolizes Much of the World" and "Spain Makes Many Contributions But Permits Few Freedoms." In this very capitalistic and Cold War book, the word "monopoly" is as much anathema as "effeminacy" or "luxury" was in the Reverend Mr. Morse's text, and the permission of "few freedoms" is the moral equivalent of papism. The typical text of the late sixties and early seventies takes a slightly less dogmatic attitude. A good example is to be found in the 1973 revised printing of an older text, "The Adventure of the American People," by Henry F. Graff and John A. Krout. The text makes some effort to describe Spanish feudalism as a system and goes on to list the "contributions" of the Spanish—most of which are crops. The Spanish section concludes:

> Although we can see after four hundred years what things were of enduring significance in the Spanish settlements, at the time only gold seemed worthwhile. In fact, the Spanish conquerors never took on the tasks of taming the forests and rivers of America and colonizing the land.
>
> Finding gold so easily and so early drove them madly on to look for more. They never found it, but the search left its mark on Spanish culture in the New World, and in its turn it also affected the mother country. . . .
>
> *At home, the Spaniards failed to reinvest* the gold and silver drawn from the mines of the New World. When they had used it up, Spain lived only on memories of its past. Gambling always on "hitting the jackpot," it left to others the richest prize of all—what later became the United States. How different our history might have been if our own abundant gold and silver deposits had been found first by the Spaniards!

A number of the mid-seventies books have broken the tradition of two centuries by making no reference to gold, slavery, or massacres of Indians in connection with the Spanish. (The principle that lies behind textbook history is that the inclusion of nasty information constitutes bias even if the information is true.) But this bowdlerization has not really brought the books any closer to the truth, for the real distortion of the texts lay less in what they said about the Spanish than in what they did not say. The students of Graff and Krout might be shocked to learn, as they could from Howard Mumford Jones, in "O Strange New World," that while the "forlorn little band of Englishmen were trying to stick it out on Roanoke Island three hundred poets were competing for a prize in Mexico City," and that when Jefferson was President the great scientist Alexander von Humboldt declared that, of all the cities in the Western Hemisphere, Mexico City had the most solid scientific institutions.



That textbook historians detested the Spanish colonizers did not mean that they therefore sympathized with the colonized peoples. The same writers who were eloquent on the subject of Spanish gold lust also tended to revel in the gory details of Aztec human sacrifices. Montezuma, it seemed, deserved Cortes. About the other native peoples of the region the texts said little or nothing. And when they dropped the Spanish they dropped the whole history of Latin America. In 1848, "the Mexicans" would crop up in the context of a border war; in 1898, "the Cubans" and "the Puerto Ricans" would make an appearance as the grateful beneficiaries of the Spanish-American War. Who these people were remained mysterious, for the texts, whether or not they justified these wars per se, never credited the Mexicans or the Cubans with having any views. The Latin-American nations were, it appeared, nothing more than the objects of United States foreign policy.

Having cut out most of these offending passages, the text publishers may now be on the verge of rewriting history backward to accommodate the new population of Spanish-speaking Americans. If so, the histories of the future will be interesting to see, for the rewriting will affect not only domestic social history but the whole textbook notion of the space that the United States has occupied in the New World.

ONLY *in the nineteen-sixties* did the textbooks finally end their rear-guard action on behalf of a Northern European America. The civil-rights movement had shattered the image of a homogeneous American society and, for the first time in the twentieth century, raised profound questions about the national identity. The answer given by that movement and accepted as orthodoxy by most state and big-city school boards was that the United States is a multiracial, multicultural society. This formula, however, raised as many questions as it answered. Was the United States really like Yugoslavia—a country held together only by a delicate balance among ethnic and cultural groups? Or was there some integration of these groups? Was there a dominant culture—and was that a good thing? Was there some principle of unity that Americans ought to support apart from that of the state? The current texts show signs of struggle with these questions. The struggle has had no clear outcome, for the social portrait drawn by the texts remains divided and confused.

The current texts represent the United States as a multiracial society to *the extent that they include some* material on all the large racial and ethnic groups, and that their photographs show people of all colors (also of all ages and both sexes) and suggest that even white Americans come from different ethnic backgrounds. The books contain a good deal of social history on these groups. Most texts assert that the early settlers had African as well as European roots, and virtually all of them have sections on Aztec, Mayan, and North American Indian cultures. In one text, the account of colonization begins with the settlement of Puerto Rico by Ponce de León. Another text begins with a chapter on immigrants *and includes a discussion of the migra*tion of blacks from South to North after the Second World War. The texts also describe certain of the "problems" that minorities have faced in the United States, such as the internment of Japanese-Americans during the Second World War. But it's on the subject of these "problems" that the texts are still confused. They have succeeded in including all groups, but they have not succeeded in treating them all equally. There is, for instance, a remarkable disparity between their treatment of European ethnic groups and their treatment of all other ethnic minorities.

Most current texts discuss the *European ethnic groups in two separate* places—in their chapters on immigration and industrialization in the nineteenth century, and again in their chapters on modern-day life. Their nineteenth-century social history now includes a good deal of material that would have been labelled "too controversial" a decade ago. In place of the brief dismissive passages about toiling masses arriving in the land of liberty, the texts now describe in some painful detail the difficulties so many of the immigrants faced when they got off the boats: brutalizing labor in factories and mines, slum conditions in the cities, prejudice against them, and the shock of entering another culture. The so-called "inquiry," or "discovery," texts—which focus on a few topics and illustrate them with documents from primary and secondary sources—include portions of diaries or books by the newly arrived Europeans which present the experience from a perspective that was heretofore unthinkable: that of the immigrants themselves. In the sections on modern-day life, the texts make some attempt at consistency with this point of view. They describe not individual artists but working-class families that came originally from Poland, Greece, or the Russian shtetls, and they contend that the European culture of these families has not melted away—that they still have strong religious, culinary, and other traditions. But here the discussion ends. With two exceptions, they do not discuss the assimilation of European ethnic groups; they do not discuss the washout of European traditions in America or the

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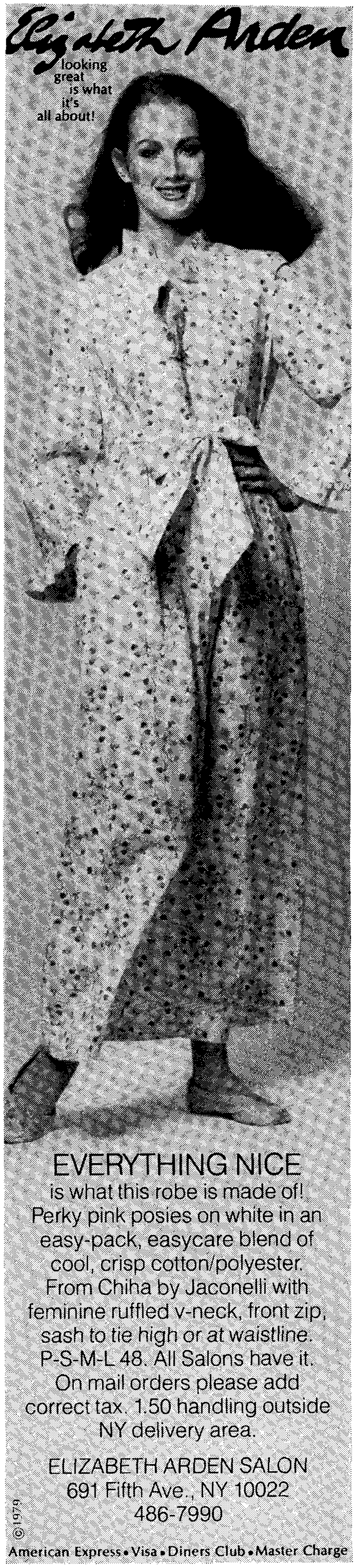
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fusion of various cultures. They insist—following Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan's sociological study "Beyond the Melting Pot"—that the "ethnics" have not been assimilated but have separately added to the wonderful variety of life in America. There is some irony in this. The very fact that the texts can depict the horrors of life for the immigrants in the eighteen-eighties shows that some assimilation has occurred; otherwise, the texts would be accused of offending group sensibilities. A further proof is that a number of the authors of these American-history books are the children or grandchildren of such immigrants.

Still, even with this overstatement of the Glazer-Moynihan thesis, the treatment of European minorities is far more realistic than that of non-European minorities, whose sensibilities the publishers are anxious not to offend. The photographs in the mass-market texts rarely show a non-white person who is brutalized, dirty, or even poor—unless the photograph specifically illustrates "pockets of poverty in America." There are almost no pictures of black sharecroppers, or black laborers of any kind unless they are in integrated groups wearing hard hats. Except for Stokely Carmichael, other black militants, and the hardhat laborers, blacks pictured in current texts wear business suits or lab coats. The same goes for other non-white people. Most of them are smiling. You can find pictures of Chicano farmworkers, but the workers are always clean and look as if they're enjoying their work. They're always smiling at Cesar Chavez. The Puerto Ricans are smiling and healthy. The Chinese are smiling at healthy-looking vegetable stands. Indeed, everyone is smiling so hard you would think that all non-white people in the United States took happy pills. (The Russians, by contrast, appear to be a sombre lot. Their grimness dates from a time in the fifties when a group of right-wing organizations made an enormous fuss about a photograph of smiling Russian children.) There are a few exceptions to this rule. But there are no exceptions to the rule of art. Many of the current texts overflow with examples of art by non-white people. In the first chapters, there are pages on which the printed word makes a few ant trails around huge color pictures of folk art: Mayan temples or Aztec masks, Iroquois blankets, Pueblo pottery (but no feather headdresses, for these are thought to be stereotypical). Later on, there are pictures of modern Mexican murals and disquisitions on black painters and writers, and occasionally on one or two black musicians. Apparently, the publishers have yet to find a Puerto Rican landscape painter or a Chinese-American poet, but one imagines that they are trying hard, since artists must now come from everywhere except Europe. In addition to artists, the non-white minorities seem to have hero figures and "leaders," while the European groups do not; and all of them are always said to be struggling to achieve full rights.

The publishers have mentioned the struggles of non-white peoples, but in order to sell books to a majority they sometimes refrain from mentioning what these groups are struggling against. Though most books delineate the social and economic institutions that made life so hard for the nineteenth-century immigrants, they do not always do the same for the non-white Americans in modern times. The Chicano farmworkers are struggling, but some texts fail to mention the growers. The American Indians are struggling in a void, there being no mention of the historical arrangements between private corporations and the Bureau of Indian Affairs for the exploitation of natural resources on the tribal lands. In regard to the civil-rights movement, there is often no discussion of institutionalized racism—not even that which was contained in the Southern school systems before Little Rock. The books report at length on reform movements and reform measures but rarely tot up the results, thus giving little or no indication that many of the attempts at reform have failed. This is hardly surprising, since they usually fail to explain in any detail how or why the injustices came into being in the first place. As one critic has pointed out, the texts report that blacks fought in the Revolutionary War but not that the Framers of the Constitution, with the three-fifths compromise, among other provisions, made slavery a part of the political system. Furthermore, only the most sophisticated of the inquiry books report any of the "struggles to achieve full rights" from the point of view of the strugglers.

The current version of the history of racial minorities in America represents the compromise that the publishers have made among the conflicting demands of a variety of pressure groups, inside and outside the school systems. The compromise is an unhappy one, and it is bound to change in the

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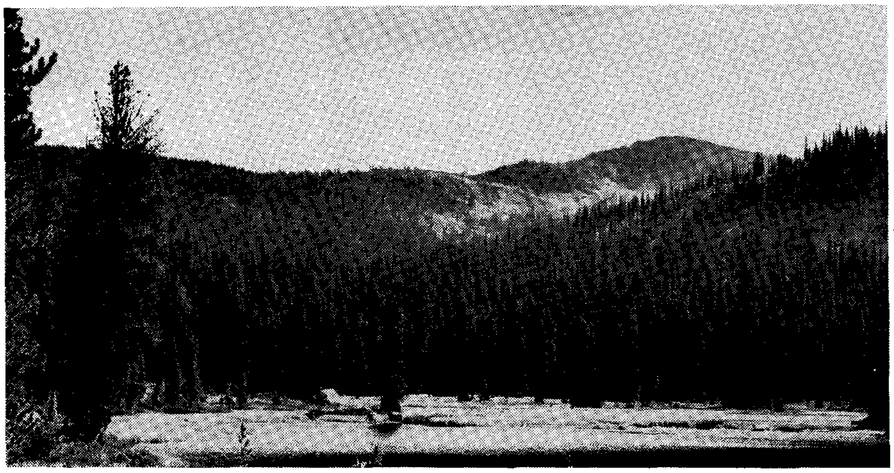
PRODUCTIVITY IS LAGGING IN THE ROCKIES, BUT LOOKING UP.



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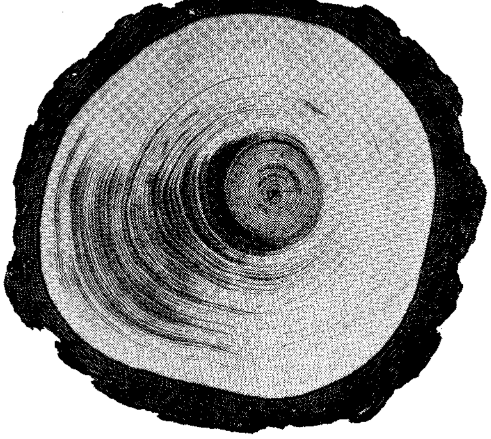

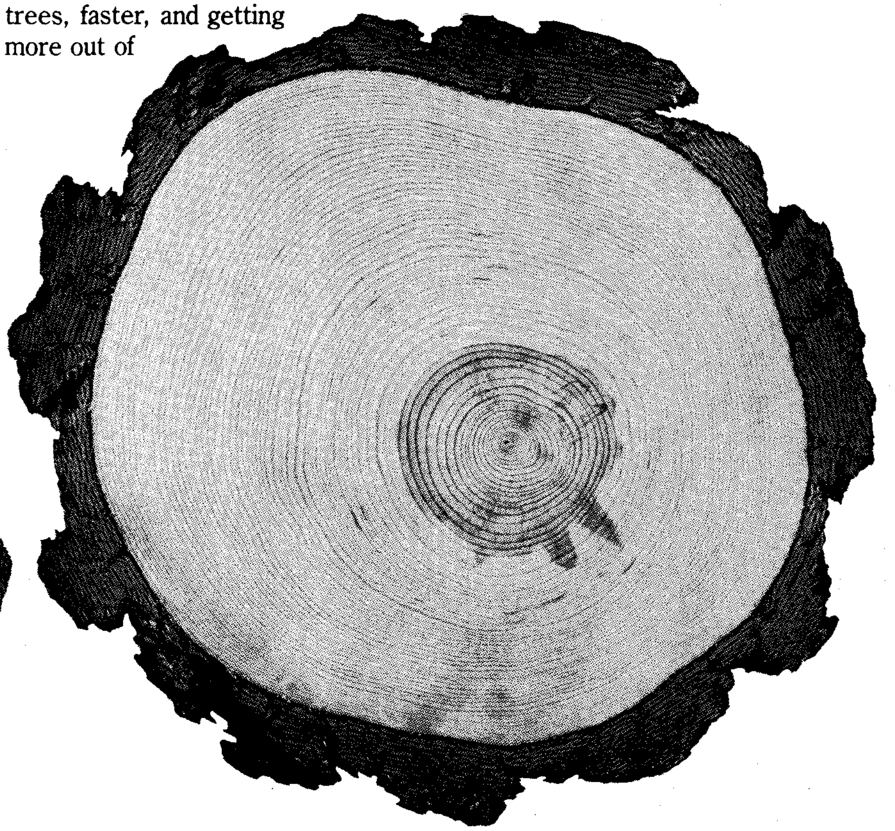

future, if only because its inconsistencies are so obvious. However, it is interesting to ask at this point what a truly "multiracial, multicultural" history text would look like. The question is an academic one, admittedly, but there are certain organizations, such as the Council on Interracial Books for Children, that do argue it, in an academic way, and that do give certain answers through their criticisms of current texts. To look at the council's very detailed and sophisticated criticism of the texts is to see that somewhere—far from where the texts are now—there is a real dilemma in the very notion of a "multiracial, multicultural" history. Let us take an example. In its list of twenty-six "stereotypes, distortions and omissions" that the history texts generally make about "native Americans," the council points to a passage from one of the more naïve of the texts—"America: Its People and Values," by Leonard C. Wood, Ralph H. Gabriel, and Edward L. Biller. The passage reads:

> A friendly Indian named Squanto helped the colonists. He showed them how to plant corn and how to live on the edge of the wilderness. A soldier, Captain Miles Standish, taught the Pilgrims how to defend themselves against unfriendly Indians.

The council's objection to this passage is that it is Eurocentric to characterize native Americans as either "friendly" or "unfriendly." Squanto was actually assisting invaders, whereas the "unfriendly" Indians were defending their communities. "All nations define a 'patriot' as one whose allegiance is toward his or her own people," the council report continues. "Consequently, true Native American heroes are those who fought to preserve and protect their people's freedom and land."

The implications of that objection are far-reaching. To begin with, if the texts were really to consider American history from the perspective of the American Indians, they would have to conclude that the continent had passed through almost five hundred years of unmitigated disaster, beginning with the epidemics spread by the Europeans and continuing on most fronts today. Then, if the texts were really to consider the Indian point of view, they could not simply say this but would have to take the position of Squanto—if not that of his more patriotic fellows—and categorize Miles Standish as friendly or unfriendly. And ditto for the next four hundred years—while making sure, of course, to portray the diverse views of all the Indian nations, and their diverse relations with the white settlers. When you add to this, as the council would, the Chicano, Asian-American, African-American, Puerto Rican, and women's perspectives on events, American history becomes unbelievably complicated—as does the whole issue of what constitutes balance and fairness. But the inclusion of other perspectives is crucial to a multiracial or multiethnic history. Add to that the notion "multicultural" and there is yet another level of complexity involved, for culture, of course, is not the same as race, and (to raise a problem that neither the text writers nor their critics seem to have considered) some of the greatest cultural differences in the United States lie between Anglo-Saxon Protestant males. Conceivably, the publishers could make a book that would include all these perspectives—or, more realistically, they could produce different texts for the different sections of society. But in either case the message of the texts would be that Americans have no common history, no common culture, and no common values, and that membership in a racial or cultural group constitutes the most fundamental experience of each individual. The message would be that the center cannot, and should not, hold.

The logical extreme of the "multiracial, multicultural" position is worth considering, if only because it clarifies the traditional ideology of the texts. At least since the eighteen-nineties, the school histories have focussed more or less narrowly on the development of the nation-state. To the extent that they dealt with social history, they have assumed a fairly homogeneous society, in which all differences could be justly compromised to suit all parties. In practice, this has meant taking the position of the ruling groups—whoever they happened to be at any given time—and suppressing the views of others. Since the nineteen-thirties, text writers have been lecturing children on the need for tolerance and respect for differences, but they have at the same time continued to minimize social conflicts and emphasize the similarities between Americans. The conflicts of the nineteen-sixties jolted only a small percentage of the texts out of this approach. The inquiry books, for extremely literate—and thus largely white, upper-middle-class—children, present cultural diversity and social conflict. The mass-market texts, for the less literate, picture people with "foreign-sounding" names and different-colored skin, but the message remains the tradi-

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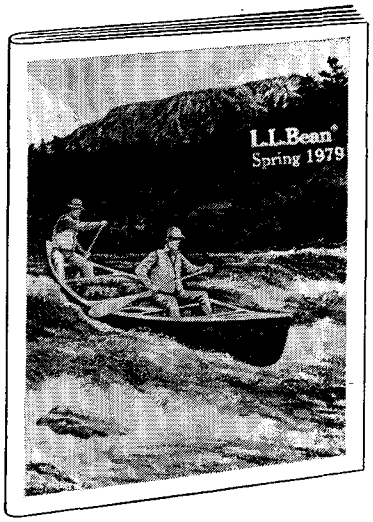

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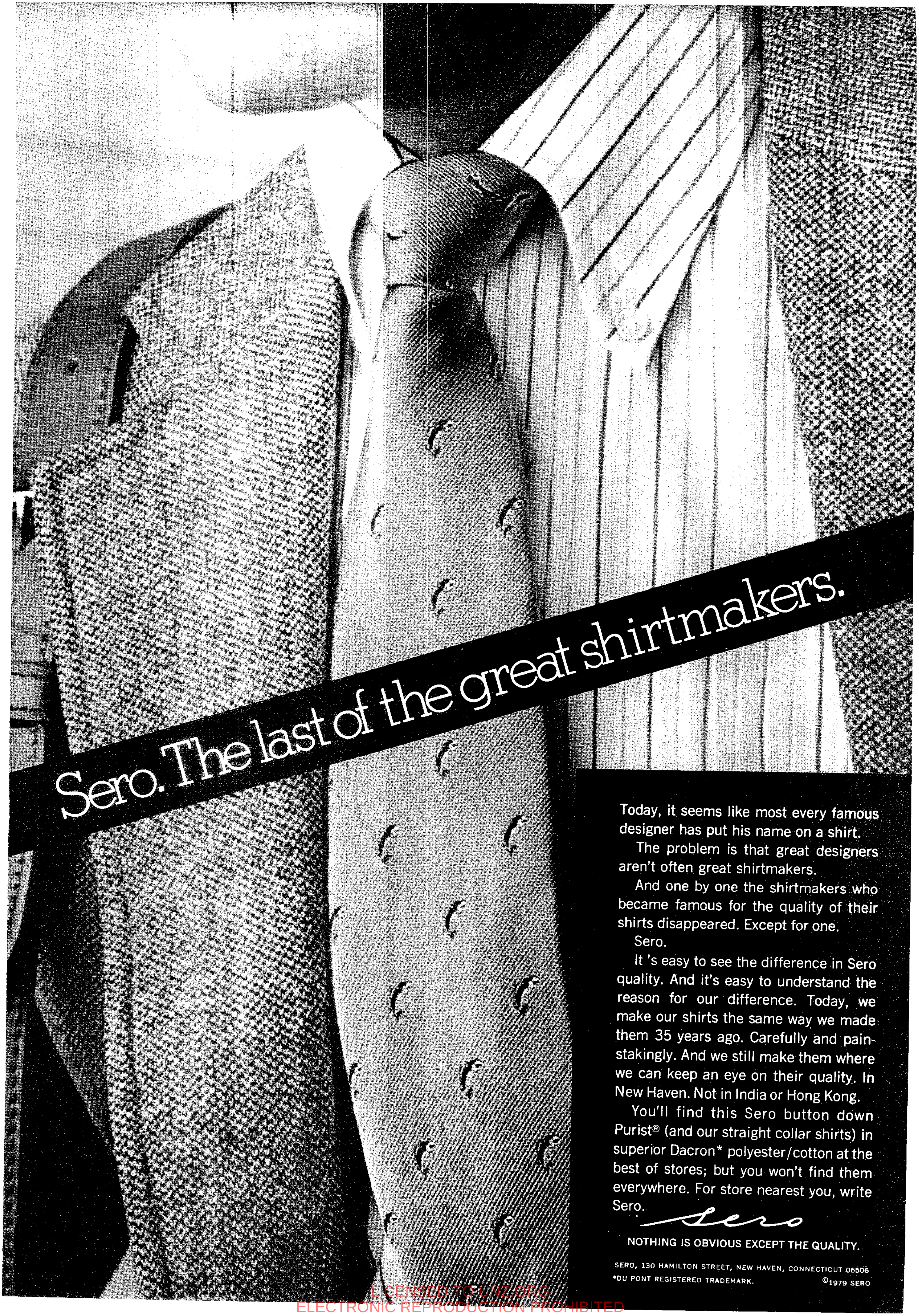

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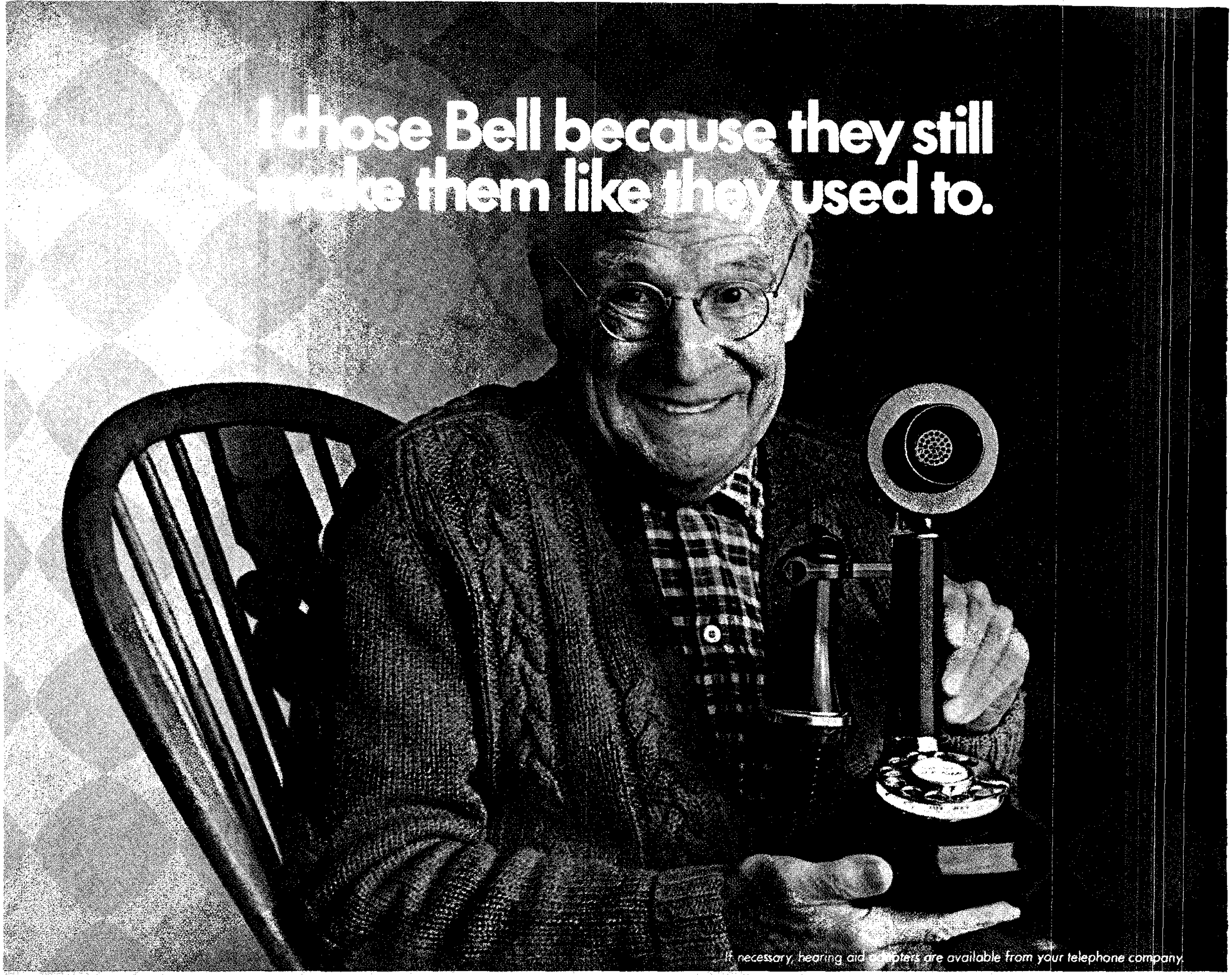
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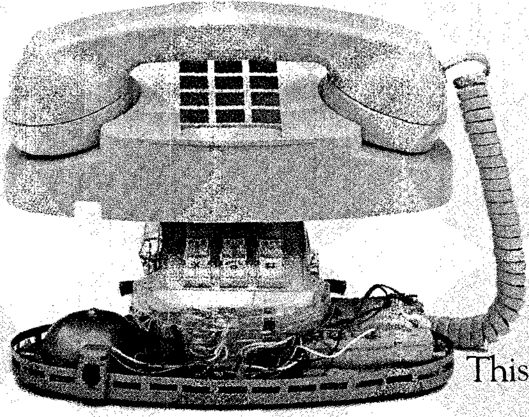
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tional one: Americans are all alike, no matter what their color or their background.

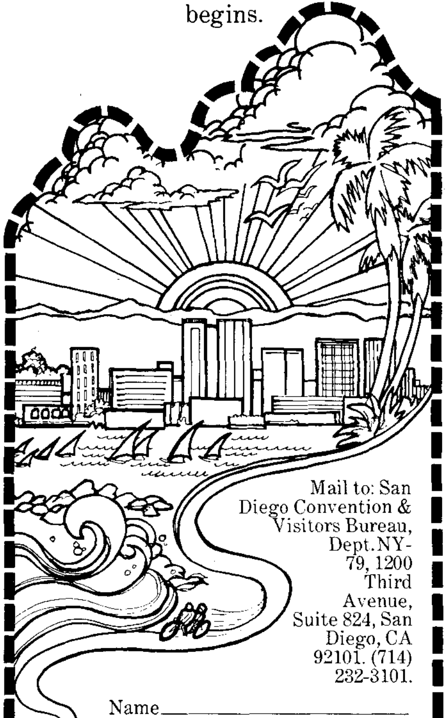
THE textbook doctrine of American homogeneity is nowhere more insistently stated than in the reporting of economics in American life. American-history texts are remarkable for their lack of economic analysis. In this most economically successful of societies, a child can hardly discover what a corporation is, to say nothing of the nature of the economy. And it has always been that way. The nineteenth-century writers paid no attention to economics at all; their interest lay in earthquakes, wars, and Presidents. It was only in the eighteen-nineties that the texts introduced the subject—and then only to boast of technological progress and the increasing wealth of the nation as a whole. The twentieth-century writers could not maintain the embargo—they had to discuss business, labor, the farmers, and so on—but, with few exceptions (and these mostly in the thirties, in the wake of economic disaster), they have been as squeamish about the subject of money as about the subjects of religion and sex.

The tone for twentieth-century writing on economics seems to have been set by the Mugwump writers, who dominated the text market for twenty years of the century (much longer in the case of Muzzey). The Mugwumps not only disliked the economic-interest groups—business was corrupt and labor full of subversives—but thought that there was something unnatural about them. To read their texts is to imagine that economics began with the Industrial Revolution and would disappear soon if all went well. (Muzzey's great period of pessimism occurred in the twenties and thirties, when he found that, far from disappearing, economic issues had become dominant concerns.) Addressing themselves to middle-class children, they noted briefly the inequities of the society and urged reform through the heightening of moral consciousness. The social norm they held out to children was a Jeffersonian vision of independent—and independently wealthy—citizens with a rough equality of political power and with the common good at heart. Industrialization was a reality they did not wish to deal with.

Judith Shahn

This notion of moral salvation for American capitalism also inhabits the work of the more left-wing writers of the period, such as Willis Mason West. This is curious, for West, in his "American History and Government," came as close as any text writer has ever done to making a class-conflict model of American history. In that work, which appeared in 1913, he discussed, for instance, the American Revolution as a social upheaval as well as a war for independence, and spoke of the "warlike" relation between labor and capital at the beginning of the century. He faced the fact that in the last half of the nineteenth century "great multitudes were worse off than any considerable portion of society in earlier times," and concluded, "The modern industrial organization *produces* wealth with gratifying rapidity, but it fails to *distribute* wealth properly." The solution he suggested, however, had to do with conscience, not with institutional reorganization.

The textbook that best describes economic conflicts in America remains the 1923 edition of Charles and Mary Beard's "History of the United States." The Beards, almost alone among text writers, described the relationship between politics and economics in the nineteenth century. For instance, their text says, "The outcome of the Civil War in the South was nothing short of a revolution. The ruling class, the law, and the government of the old order had been subverted." And later it says, "The corporation, in fact, became the striking feature of American business life, one of the most marvelous institutions of all time, comparable in wealth and power and the number of its servants with kingdoms and states of old." This is to give the Industrial Revolution the drama it deserves—and to convey the real truth of the matter. The texts never achieved this level of veracity again—in part, simply because their rhetoric lacked this force of self-confidence. (Compare the language of one recent text, "United States History: Search for Freedom," by Richard N. Current, Alexander DeConde, and Harris L. Dante: "After the war, the governments of the southern states went through a bewildering series of changes," and "The Industrial Revolution and the accompanying agricultural revolution had far-reaching consequences.") However, the Beard book is short on the economic analysis of the Constitution for which Charles Beard, in his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," was well known. Similarly, West's discussion of the American Revolution as a social upheaval did not appear in his subsequent texts. Ap-



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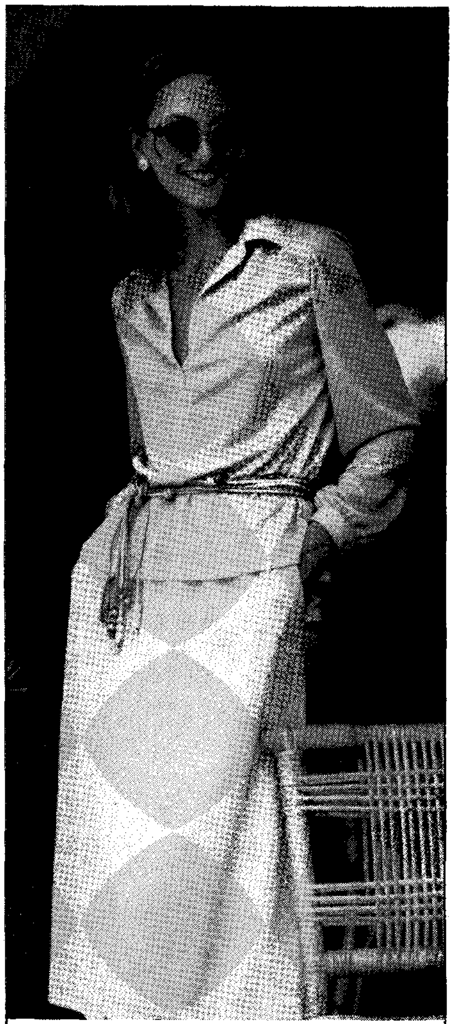

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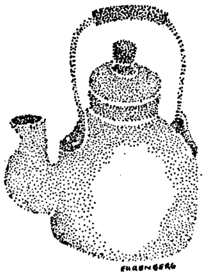
parently, even the most liberal audiences held the Revolution and the Constitutional period to be sacred ground for children.

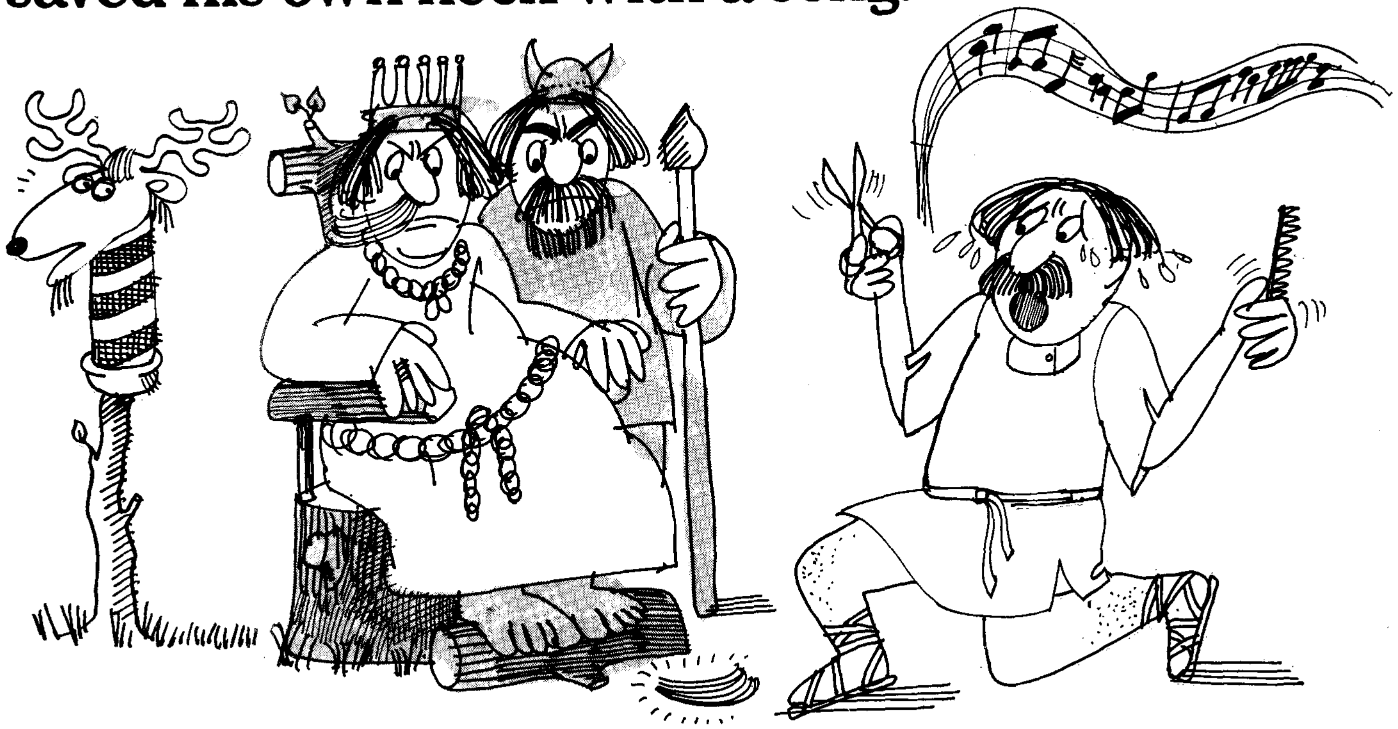
The liberal texts of the nineteen-thirties made much the same critique of the economy as their Mugwump predecessors. Pointing always to a norm of relative equality of wealth between citizens, they promised that this condition could be achieved without drastic institutional change. Harold Rugg, one of the most left-wing writers, asserted that although the national income was large enough to provide everyone with a high standard of living, one-tenth of the population received a third of that income and the mass of people had barely enough to live on. Rugg attributed unemployment to laborsaving machinery and the lack of planning; he insisted that with government planning—though not government ownership of industry—poverty could be eliminated. Like his Mugwump predecessors, Rugg did not analyze the changes in the economy over time or relate these changes to politics; along with most of his contemporaries, he treated economics as merely a "problem" in the present. What was most original about his economic analysis was his description of how various representative families in the United States lived. In his "Introduction to Problems of American Culture," he contrasted the lives of Mr. Very Poor Man, Mr. Average Worker, Mr. Average White Collar Man, Mr. Prosperous Businessman, and Mr. Cultured Man. His clear identification with Mr. Cultured Man, who to some extent defied economic categorization, did not prevent the portraits from revealing quite a lot about the economic system. Certainly they showed the economic inequalities of American society (the black population excepted) far better than mere statistics on income distribution could.



Such social realism in the texts was brought to an end in the early nineteen-forties, by the nationwide attack, sponsored by the National Association of Manufacturers, on Rugg's series of texts on American civilization for elementary and junior high school. Few of the textbooks of the forties, fifties, or early sixties gave any current income-distribution figures or admitted the existence of any form of inequality—economic, political, legal, or other. The books were as purely boosterish in their description of "the American way of life" as a Radio Free Europe broadcast. But there was an irony in their description—an irony symbolized by the fact that they almost never used the word "capitalism." The books went on and on about the glories of free enterprise—they were far more enthusiastic about it than about the Bill of Rights—but they never actually explained how the American economy worked, or how it had changed over time. Conceivably, the authors feared that it was not really a free-enterprise system—or perhaps they thought that any precise description of it (even the word "capitalism") would imply the existence of alternatives. Some of the fifties texts, such as Henry W. Bragdon and Samuel P. McCutchen's "History of a Free People," did an excellent job of describing such epiphenomena as the free-silver movement and the Hawley-Smoot tariff, but that was the end of their economic analysis. The children of the fifties thus remained wholly ignorant of the virtues as well as the vices of their own economic system.

In the current texts, this ban on economic history remains largely in force. The one exception is the period of industrialization in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Most books now not only describe the technical achievements of the period but explain the notion of capital formation, outline the philosophy of the "captains of industry," and give some account of the revolutionary changes that industrialism made in American society. Through photographs more than in words, they manage to conjure up the huge creative energies and equally huge destructiveness of early American capitalism. The rest of their economics reporting is dull and uninformative. They talk vaguely about agricultural development in the first half of the nineteenth century but fail to mention the land speculation that provided the motor for so much of the Westward movement. They are fairly good on the early dramas of unionization but uninformative on twentieth-century labor-union history. They report on the economic and social legislation of the Progressive period and the New Deal, but almost all of them fail to describe the essential transformation of American capitalism in the twentieth century. As far as these histories are concerned, the United States still has a free-market economy that runs by national supply and demand, with government providing certain regulatory and social services. There is not even the most general description of the modern corporation,

In 1476 A. D., Ensio Tuppura, the singing barber of Savonlinna, became Finland's first opera star when he cut off half the king's mustache and saved his own neck with a song.



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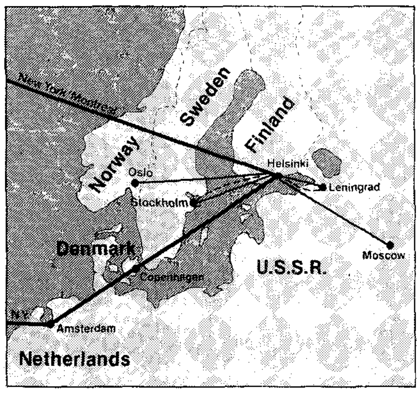

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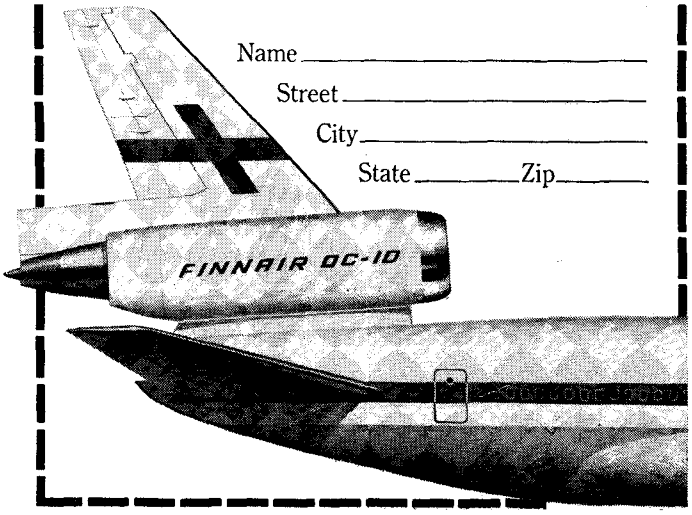

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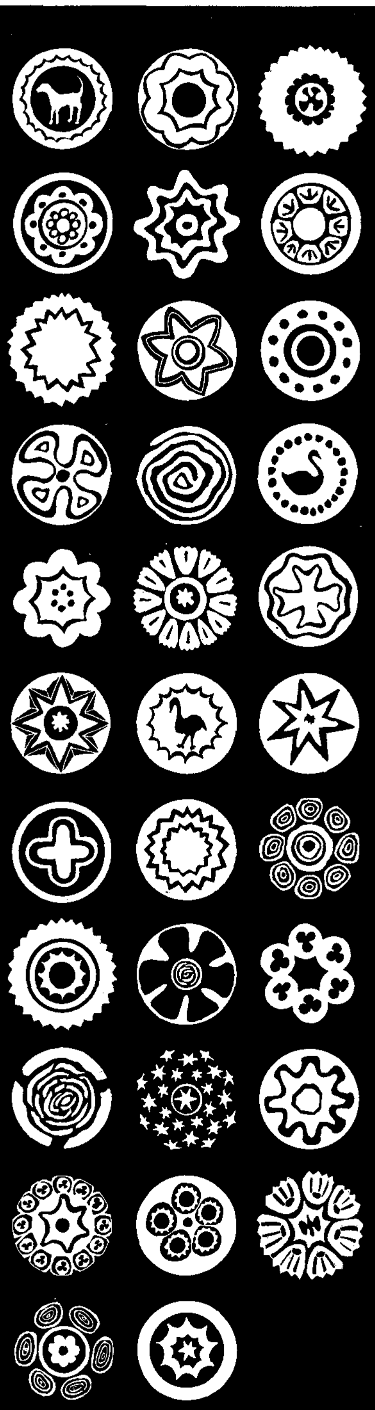

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modern financial institutions, agribusiness, international trade and monetary agreements, or the tax structure. There is a near-ban on the terms "conglomerate" and "multinational corporation;" the word "corporation" tends to come up only in the context of the environmental movement—which is surely to put the cart before the horse. There is no analysis of the growth of service industries or the growth of the governmental sector. And, finally, there is no discussion of the relationship of economics to political power and the way people live.

What is most mysterious in the current texts is their treatment of social and economic inequality. It is not that the texts still present the society as a wall-to-wall middle-class suburbia. In the late sixties, all of them discovered a group that had presumably been extinct since the nineteen-thirties: the poor. Current texts depict the poor as having existed in three periods of American history—the Industrial Revolution, the Great Depression, and now. In their "America Today" sections, they have pictures of the poor—typically a small black-and-white photograph of an elderly black woman in a bare room or of an Appalachian family outside a tumbledown shack. Of the modern poor, the mass-market texts usually have something to say that is similar to this passage from Wood, Gabriel, and Biller's "America: Its People and Values":

> Closely related to the problems of minority groups and civil rights was the problem of poverty in America. Many Americans were affected by poverty, or being poor, but minority groups were especially affected.
>
> In the years following World War II, American prosperity reached an all-time high. Economists said that America was an "affluent society," that is, a nation where people had enough money to live well. But the affluent society was only part of America. There was another part—the America of the poor. According to the government's figures, 12.5 percent of the population was classified as poor in 1971. Americans classified as poor were those lacking enough income to buy the products and services needed for an adequate standard of living.
>
> In the 1970's the American poor were found throughout the nation, in rural areas as well as urban areas. Some of them had no skills and were unable to get jobs. Many were workers who had lost their jobs because new methods of production wiped out many jobs in their industries. . . .
>
> Among the poor were many *migrant farm workers*, that is, workers who migrated, or moved around the country to pick fruit and vegetables. The poor also included farmers who worked for low wages or for part of the crops they grew, such as farmhands and sharecroppers on Southern farms. These groups also were often made up of minorities—Mexican-Americans, black Americans, Puerto Ricans, and Indians. Perhaps the largest group of the poor were the many older Americans whose only income was their Social Security pension checks.

The passage identifies the poor quite clearly. As a matter of economic analysis, it establishes beyond a shadow of a doubt that the poor are affected by poverty and that poverty is the condition of being without enough income to maintain an adequate standard of living. Other things are less clear. How much is "adequate"? Why does poverty particularly affect people from minority groups? Why do some people work for low wages, and why do some have no skills? There are no answers here, even though the passage raises these questions by its approach. The section goes on to describe, very briefly, President Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty; it then reports that President Richard Nixon called this war effort a failure, and that he ended some of Johnson's poverty programs and substituted his own revenue-sharing plan. The section concludes:

> Ending the federal programs of the 1960's caused some Americans to ask whether problems as difficult as poverty could be solved by government action. Other Americans were convinced that the continued existence of poverty only showed that stronger government programs were needed.

This paragraph, which has its equivalent in all the current best-selling texts, suggests that poverty is a disease, something like cancer. Its cause is unknown, its cure is hotly debated, and yet somewhere—somewhere in the regions yet unprobed by science—there is a vaccine against it. The paragraph suggests that while all Americans dislike poverty, they have only a blunt and perhaps ineffectual instrument called "government" to fight it. This formulation dates back to the texts of the Progressive era, as does the explanation that unemployment is caused by technological advance rather than by any human agency. The text does not, of course, raise the profound question of whether poverty—if only relative poverty—is built into the structure of capitalism. In fact, it does not even suggest that there might be some conflict between the interests of the poor and the interests of the rich. Or that in such conflicts the richest and most powerful groups tend to have disproportionate influence over the government.

The texts are equally evasive or misleading in their social analysis. A num-

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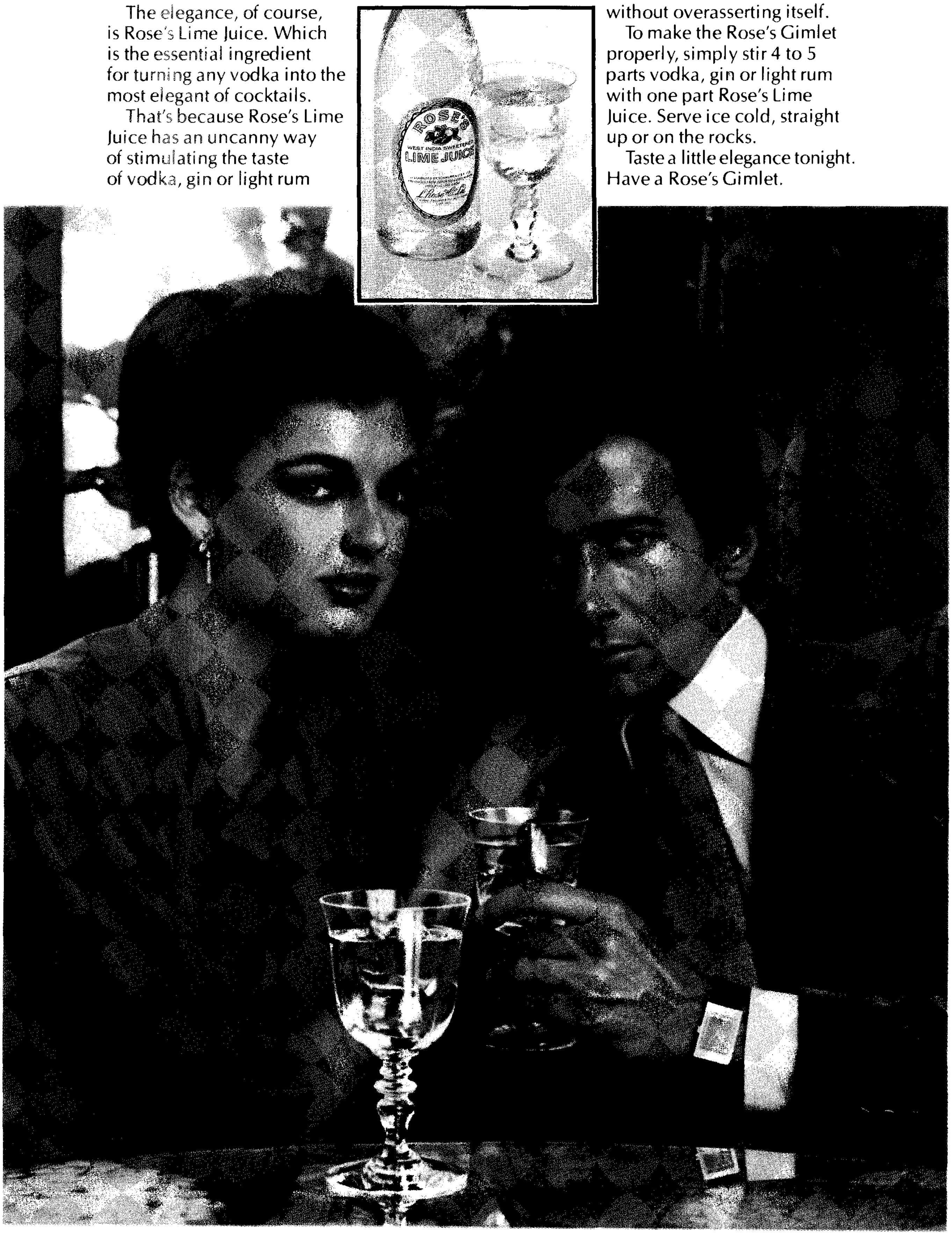

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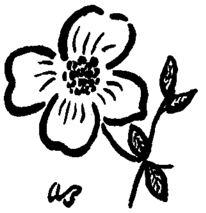
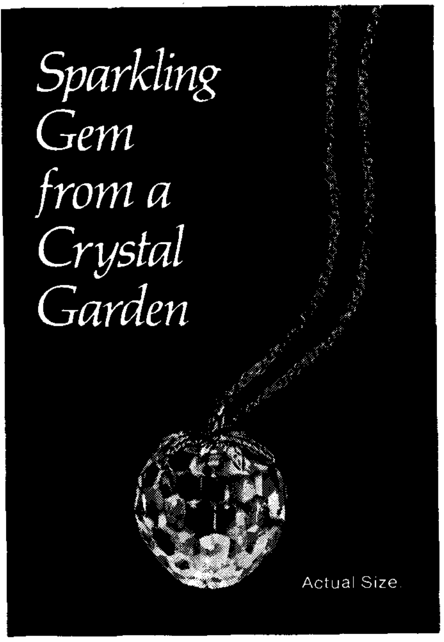
ber of them have sections in which social scientists discuss such “concepts” as class, status, and social mobility, but these social scientists always manage to avoid the central issues involved in such “concepts,” and very often merely succeed in making their own terminology unnecessarily mysterious. (One book, for instance, takes as a case study in class structure one of the most egalitarian communities of its day, the Puritans, and reports that the ministers and the magistrates belonged to two different classes. This is rather like saying that Justice Department officials and agents of the F.B.I. belong to two different classes—except that the latter might conceivably be the case.) By playing at economics and sociology in this way, the texts manage to suggest not only that all social scientists are frauds but that intellectual analysis in these matters is useless. With few exceptions, the current texts don’t give statistics on income distribution in America or describe the contrasting lives of people in different economic brackets. Many texts suggest that education is the only road to wealth and power—and thus that American society is a mandarinate.



An interesting sidelight on the textbook treatment of the poor is cast by the textbook view of the cities. As short a time ago as the early sixties, the texts carried almost no information about the growth and development of cities in America. At that point, nearly half a century after the urbanization of the country, the texts were describing rural and small-town America as both the condition and the ideal of American life. They mentioned cities merely to describe what was wrong with them—from poor sanitation to political corruption. Only after the urban riots of 1967 did the texts begin to give the cities themselves some attention. This attention is still rather scattered. Current texts discuss the growth of the cities in the late nineteenth century and their condition today. In both periods, the cities seem to be little except a source of problems for the society—air pollution, crime, poverty, and so on. There is no discussion of the importance of cities or the advantages of living in them, nor is there a suggestion that most “city problems,” like poverty, are really problems of the nation as a whole.

IT is a commonplace to say that the texts of the fifties were superpatriotic—dominated, almost to the exclusion of all else, by the concerns of the Cold War. But it is now hard to remember exactly what this meant, or how it happened. It is interesting, therefore, to watch the ideological drift as it crossed over the subsequent editions of one of the most popular junior-high-school texts of the mid-century. First published in 1931, Casner and Gabriel’s “Exploring American History” has had a life span of almost fifty years and was for much of the time a best-selling American history for seventh and eighth graders. Initially, at least, it was the product of a collaboration between a Yale history professor, Ralph Henry Gabriel, and a West Haven, Connecticut, schoolteacher, Mabel B. Casner. According to its first editor, at Harcourt Brace, it did well in the market because of its thematic approach to American history and its “ingenious” teaching strategies.

The first edition is clearly the work of liberals, and it has more than a touch of John Dewey about it. The foreword states that history should be “socially helpful” and should lead to “an understanding of how the life about us has evolved out of the life of the past.” The text begins by drawing a parallel between a child’s exploration of his own world and the wanderings of an imaginary knight over medieval Europe—the point of which is to explain “why did Europeans wait 500 years to discover America again?” It goes on to draw a picture of pre-Colonial North American Indian life in a manner so stylized that it might have been taken from the backdrop of a case in the American Museum of Natural History. The forest is deep, birds are flitting, squirrels are chattering, and so forth. The Indians, so the book says, were “deeply religious,” the proof being that they worshipped so many different spirits; their tragedy was that they had no domestic animals, and therefore “could not progress toward a higher way of life.” There are a certain number of poor people in the book—Jacob Riis is mentioned and there is a drawing of the immigrant boats—and very little chauvinism. The War of 1812 is said to have been won by no one, and the Mexican War to have occurred because President James Polk wanted to buy some empty land from the Mexicans and the Mexicans, though poor, were too proud to sell it. Such attempts at balance run through the narrative. The book reports that the United States was



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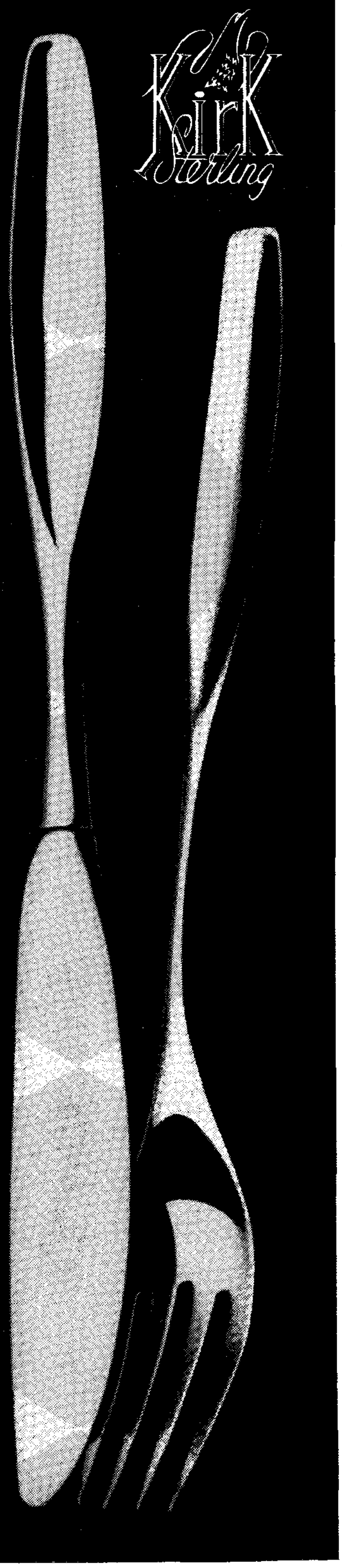

"drawn into" world affairs before the First World War, and in the title of the last foreign-policy chapter it asks, "What Steps Has the United States Taken Recently to Promote International Peace?" (a question that provides a perfect logical parallel to "When did you stop beating your wife?").

SPICED PEARS
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TG

The 1938 edition of Casner and Gabriel has a new title, "The Rise of American Democracy," and is said to be a complete reworking of the original volume. It has a new rationale. In their foreword, the authors say that democracy is now being challenged by other forms of government, including "swift-striking dictatorships," and that we therefore have to ask, "What does the word, *democracy*, mean?" The book never quite gets around to answering this question, but its focus is more political than that of the first edition, and its tone more urgent. The story of the knight in the first chapter has been condensed, and the American scenery of birds, squirrels, and leafy boughs has largely disappeared. The Indians are now said to have practiced democracy, not religion; they are no longer "deeply religious." Jacob Riis is still around, but the United States government has become a much more positive actor in social reform. Whereas a mid-thirties edition seems to judge some of President Franklin Roosevelt's legislation to have been unconstitutional, this one simply credits him with having helped the country out of the Depression. In foreign policy, too, the government has taken a positive role: it "helps" the Allies in the First World War and "promotes" world peace thereafter, within the limits of its isolationist position. In the last part of the book, "American Democracy Faces a Confused World," the text maintains that Americans now have new ideals, including a balanced economy, Social Security, and well-being for all citizens. But it ends, rather ominously, "The struggle still goes on. It was never more intense than in our day. The outcome will depend upon the intelligence and alertness of this generation and of future generations."

The 1942 edition, now called "The Story of American Democracy," has an update on the Second World War and a new preface that refers to the "perilous times" we are living in. Apparently because of this emergency, the Indian sections have been condensed. (They drop out completely in subsequent editions.) In the central part of the book, the titles have changed, and these give a rather different tone to the book. Where once there were "problems" to "challenge democracy," there is now only progress: "American Life Becomes Better for the Common Man," and so on. The Constitutional period is headed "Free Americans Organize a Strong Democratic Nation," and the words "freedom" and "strength" crop up a lot elsewhere. In the last chapter—a completely new one, entitled "The United States Fights for Its Life and for a Free, Democratic World"—there is a photograph caption that reads, "This picture shows citizens enjoying the democratic privilege of free discussion.... The leader is helping them to carry on their business in an orderly way." The photograph shows several men on a dais facing a seated audience; it is clearly a meeting of some sort. In contrast to the final worryings of the 1938 edition, this book ends on a note of optimism concerning air travel.

Over the next eight years, the authors—or whoever did the revising of the text—must have felt justified in their optimism, for the 1950 text is a victorious book. The United States now "leads the struggle for democracy;" it has "faced problems," "met challenges;" it has risen "to a position of world leadership" and become "a bastion of the free nations." All of this is, of course, in the twentieth century, but retrospectively the nation has made other gains as well—notably in its nineteenth-century wars. It has not exactly won the War of 1812, but the war is now said to have helped "build the nation." (In earlier editions, the war, less grandly, "develops national feeling.") The Mexican War, which in the first two editions brought the country only empty land, now has brought it vast territories rich in oil and precious metals. In addition, the country has become more prosperous: there are no more poor people or bad social conditions. Pages have been added explaining the superiority of the American democratic system to the Russian police state.

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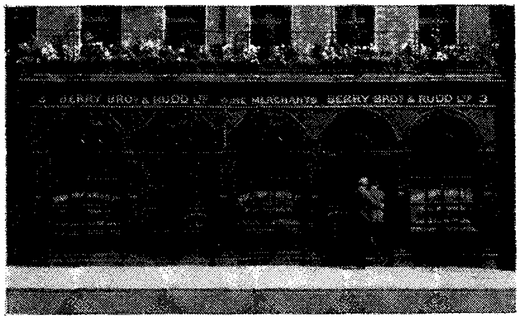

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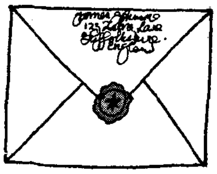
mainly with foreign affairs. These sections portray the United States as playing an essentially benevolent and pacific role in the world. The nation is always attempting to improve communications with the Soviet Union and to "gain peace by mutual understanding"—this in spite of continual rebuffs. In an echo of the liberal internationalism of the first edition, the book talks about the need for international control of atomic energy and the effort to remove the causes of war through the United Nations. The last section, "Democracy Enriches the Lives of Americans," confidently describes recent "advances" in art, education, and science, and points up the American belief in the importance of the individual, of whatever race or creed.



Five years later, this confidence has evaporated; the book is a bundle of anxieties. In the first place, the authors no longer appear to believe that the United States exerts "world leadership." In their foreword, they say that the United States leads "those people in the world who believe in freedom" (a worrying kind of group), and that it is "locked in a struggle" with "another powerful world leader . . . the Soviet Union." Faced with the need to prepare "young people" for the "struggle" in a "complicated and often dangerous world," the authors propose to compare the Russian and American ways of life—American history apparently being of no use anymore. Later on in the book, the authors fulfill their promise by giving an account of Soviet institutions. In this section, one is told that "Russia" is a police state, where "the leader of the Communist party has absolute power over . . . every person." (The book cautiously does not name this leader; Stalin had died two years before publication.) Russia, one learns, is a "fake democracy" and a "fake republic;" worse yet, its industry is geared not to the production of television sets but to war production. In addition, one learns that Russia is tremendously powerful—perhaps even more powerful than the United States, because, in spite of all the American aid to free nations, Russia has managed to block progress and block the growth of prosperity. It is now threatening the free world. (In this section, there is a map of the world color-coded to show which nations are "Communist," which are "free," and which are "neutral." This map classifies all of Indo-China and all of sub-Sahara Africa as "free" and classifies Saudi Arabia, Iran, and most of Latin America, including Mexico, as "neutral." This assessment is mysterious, since the book appeared a year after Dien Bien Phu, several years before the decolonization of most of Africa, and some time after the C.I.A. had brought the Shah of Iran to power and had overturned the Arbenz government in Guatemala.) Internationally, nothing is safe from the Communists, and the home front is not very secure, either. The United States may be a free country, with "wonderful machines" and a free-enterprise system (over which the government now presides in the much reduced capacity of referee), but the Russians are in the process of undermining it. They have already stolen American state secrets through Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs. They lie a lot, and the Communist Party in the United States espouses violent, undemocratic means. The book therefore approves of the Internal Security Act, the Loyalty Board, and the firm hand of J. Edgar Hoover in the F.B.I.

The most surprising thing about this 1955 edition is the attitude that its authors take toward children. In the thirties editions, they had tried to engage their young readers with adventure stories and romance; here they do nothing but lecture—as if the children might turn out to be small subversives. The last page, subheaded "A Citizen's Rights and Duties," is terribly stern. A citizen's duties, they warn, include military service, jury duty, and paying taxes without cheating. The last few pages—usually given over to science and technology—now include a warning against "false news" and "dangerous propaganda." What the authors are referring to here can only be conjectured, since they are no more explicit than they were when they warned in an earlier section against the questionable practices of "some investigating committees of Congress"—surely the House Un-American Activities Committee and Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's subcommittee. But these two things are probably connected, because the authors offer this explicit piece of advice:

> The FBI urges Americans to report directly to its offices any suspicions they may have about Communist activity on the part of their fellow Americans. The FBI is expertly trained to sift out the truth of such reports under the laws of our free nation. When Americans handle their suspicions in this way, rather than by gossip and publicity, they are acting in line with American traditions.

What this paragraph literally says is

that an American tradition is that of the police informer. The authors, however, appear to have thought of the F.B.I. as the liberal alternative to the McCarthy subcommittee.

This edition of Casner and Gabriel was not untypical of the texts of the period—certainly in its emphasis on the Communist threat. Virtually all the texts of the mid-fifties made the same estimates of Soviet power and Soviet aggressiveness in foreign policy. Virtually all of them expressed similar doubts about the survival of democracy in this country. The texts of the early forties had not portrayed the Nazis as half so aggressive, or the Second World War as half such a threat to the country. Now the danger was everywhere, invisible. According to Bragdon and McCutchen, one of the most respectable of the high-school texts of the period:

> Unquestioning party members are found everywhere. Everywhere they are willing to engage in spying, sabotage, and the promotion of unrest on orders from Moscow.

And

> Agents of the worldwide Communist conspiracy have been active inside the United States. Some of them have been trusted officials of the State Department, regularly furnishing information to Russia. Others have passed on atomic secrets; still others have even represented the United States in the UN.

Bragdon and McCutchen (or their editors) were quoting Senator McCarthy and representing his charges as true.

The subversion anxieties of the texts peaked in the mid-fifties, subsiding gradually after that. The early-sixties texts did not repudiate McCarthy except by saying, "Some Americans said there was too much fuss being made about the Communists since there were so relatively few in the United States," or "The struggle divided us when we should have been united." Only now do some texts actually denounce McCarthy's "scare tactics" and take issue with the general assessment of the Soviet Union in the fifties. The aspect of fifties texts that persisted most strongly into the sixties was a certain tone of grimness toward children, and particularly toward young children. It was the junior-high-school books, rather than the high-school ones, that gave such warnings as "Some forces in the world today want to abolish freedom. [But] your heritage as an American provides you with the ideals and faith to give you strength to preserve the rights that are yours as a free American. It is your duty to preserve these

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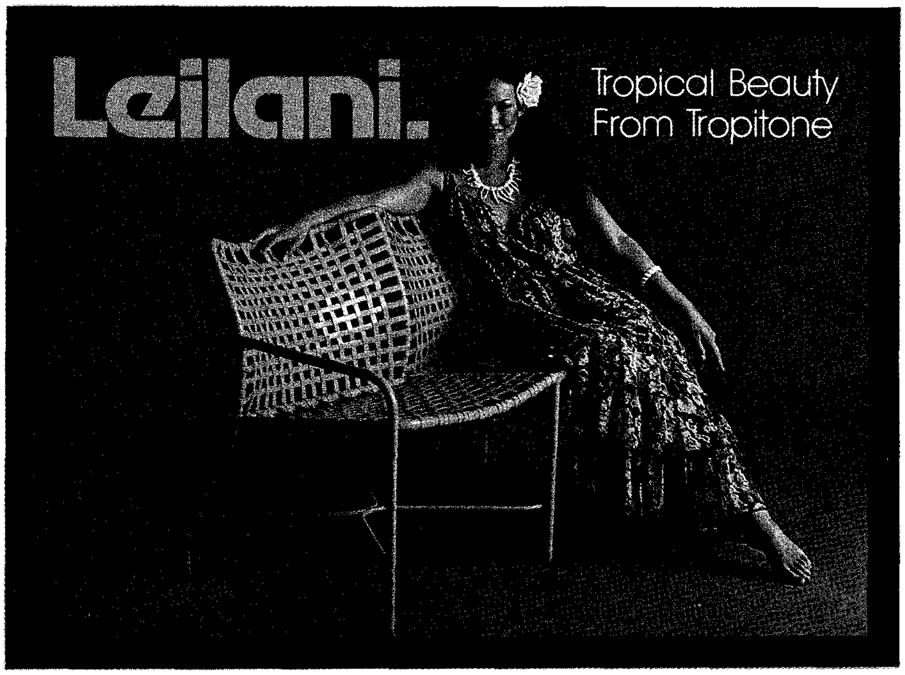

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rights." And so on. Since these books never defined what they meant by "freedom," the burden they laid on children was truly awesome.

TO have been an editor of one of the mass-market texts in the mid-sixties must have been a nightmare—a pit-and-pendulum dilemma—because of the Vietnam War. The problem for editors then was to find a compromise formula that would not offend anyone, when there was no compromise position and no way to avoid the whole subject. The marks of their struggles must give anyone who has read a good number of texts a distinct sense of schadenfreude. In the 1967 edition of Henry F. Graff's "The Free and the Brave," Graff, or his editors at Rand McNally, came up with the courageous conclusion "One thing was certain: although the United States and its South Vietnamese allies were stuck in a cruel war, the United States showed no signs of abandoning the fourteen million South Vietnamese." This one thing was not so certain less than two years later, when the United States began withdrawing troops from Vietnam, but Rand McNally was stuck with it until 1972, when its editors could cut that sentence and write, "The cease-fire did not hold. But at least the United States was out of the war. And for the first time *in a dozen years, no American* in uniform was exposed to death in battle anywhere in the world." (What happened to the South Vietnamese the book does not say.)

The 1967 editions, in particular, show signs of editorial difficulties. The Houdini Award for the year must surely go to Nathaniel Platt and Muriel Jean Drummond (or their editors at Prentice-Hall), who concluded their treatment of Vietnam in "Our Nation from Its Creation" by writing:

> Plain people and world leaders fear that such crises as the Vietnam crisis might result in a nuclear war. In an unprecedented appearance before the UN in New York in 1965, Pope Paul VI declared: "Never again war! Peace, it is peace which must guide the destinies . . . of all mankind." Again and again President Johnson has indicated that he prays for peace. However, he insists that surrendering South Vietnam to the Vietcong would only lead to more wars.

The masterstroke was to bring in the Pope and to let President Johnson make the final squirm before the holocaust.

One might suppose that writing the history of the war would be rather easier these days, now that the war is over. But in most texts the reporting on the war is no more accurate than their predictions about it were. The majority of the best-selling texts still have no firm grip on Vietnamese geography or nomenclature. Many of them identify the Vietcong as "the military arm of the National Liberation Front"—which is something like calling "the Rebels" the military arm of the Confederacy. Lewis Paul Todd and Merle Curti's "Rise of the American Nation" has found something called "the Communist state of Vietminh" above the seventeenth parallel. Nearly all the texts believe that the Geneva accords of 1954 divided Vietnam into two countries (but then that was what the State Department used to say), and most of them misspell Vietnamese place names. Many mention the Pentagon Papers, but generally contradict what they say. For example, only one narrative text correctly explains that the Johnson Administration provoked the Tonkin Gulf incident by sending South Vietnamese vessels to raid North Vietnamese-held islands. The rest simply state that North Vietnamese boats attacked the Maddox; or they say that Johnson "claimed" that an attack on the Maddox occurred—leaving the facts of the matter just as mysterious as they were to the United States Senate when it approved the Tonkin Gulf Resolution. The My Lai massacre is another area of dispute. Gerald Leinwand's "Pageant of American History" says that North Vietnamese civilians were killed at My Lai—Leinwand, or his editors at Allyn & Bacon, having in effect moved the village and credited Lieutenant William Calley with a single-handed invasion of North Vietnam. But John Edward Wiltz, in his "The Search for Identity: Modern American History," doubts whether a massacre occurred at all; according to him, or to his editors at J. B. Lippincott, "the alleged incident at My Lai afforded Communists and anti-Americans everywhere an opportunity to condemn the United States and draw attention away from the countless atrocities which Communists had committed against the civil [*sic*] population of South Vietnam."

Only one narrative text that I can find explains the war in a way that would be plausible to anyone who opposed it. "A People and a Nation," by Clarence L. Ver Steeg and Richard Hofstadter, calls its Vietnam section unequivocally "The Disaster in Vietnam." In its brief account of the war, it treats the United States government as the principal actor, and says that President Johnson took the decision to commit American troops on the basis of a belief in the domino theory. It states, quite simply, that "large numbers" of Vietnamese opposed the incompetent and repressive government backed by the United States and opposed the "intrusion of Western aliens into their society." It illustrates the tremendous damage that American military forces did to Vietnam (there are pictures of a mangrove forest before and after defoliation) and says that the war polarized American society. In addition, two of the inquiry texts ("As It Happened: A History of the United States," by Charles G. Sellers et al., and "Discovering American History," by Allan O. Kownslar and Donald B. Frizzle) include documents that might lead the student to the same kind of conclusion. The first text contains an excerpt from a speech by Senator J. William Fulbright, a report by Jonathan Schell on Operation Cedar Falls, and statements by Johnson and Nixon justifying the American policy; the second conducts a real inquiry into the significance of the Pentagon Papers.

All the rest of the texts are neither hawkish nor dovish on the war—they are simply evasive. Since it is really quite hard to discuss the war and evade all the major issues, their Vietnam sections make remarkable reading. The authors or their editors have had to invent a set of completely original political theories. On the questions why the war began and why it went on for so long, many texts adhere to what might be called the crabgrass theory, the key to which is the avoidance of active combatants as subjects. According to these texts, the war kept on growing until it became "full-fledged;" many Americans were "deeply troubled" by it; and yet, in spite of temporary halts in the bombing of North Vietnam, in spite of appeals to the North Vietnamese leaders, and in spite of negotiations and troop withdrawals, the war kept on going—until it finally stopped. A number of other popular texts use a variant of this theory which puts the blame for the war's duration on the North Vietnamese. Books such as Wiltz and Todd, Curti, for example, chronicle the war as a series of peace overtures by the United States government. Presidents Johnson and Nixon and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, they say, kept trying to make peace, but the North Vietnamese—for reasons unexplained—refused to stop

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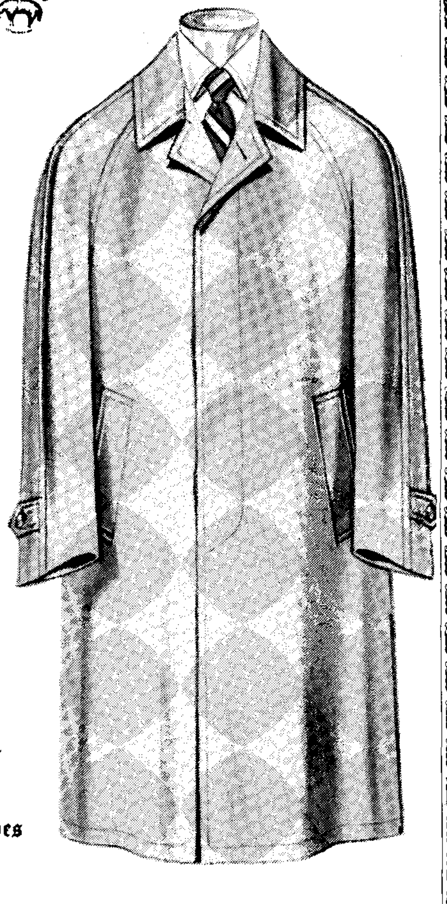

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fighting. Just what anyone's war aims were and why the United States did not simply withdraw its troops from this bellicose little country are questions never confronted. The texts explain the war with the logic of the Red Queen. According to Current, DeConde and Dante, "the United States... spent most of a decade working to resolve conflicts in Asia."

For a time during the late sixties, the texts gave a certain amount of space—picture space, mostly—to the anti-war demonstrations in the United States. The peace demonstrators, like the marchers for women's rights and black civil rights, looked clean, kempt, and friendly. These pictures gave no sense of the intensity of the emotions involved or the violence that sometimes accompanied them. The current texts, understandably, contain fewer such pictures. Many, however, contain no reference, or almost none, to the peace movement or to any of the political turmoil of the late sixties and early seventies. In the future, this slate may be wiped clean, as Noam Chomsky is now predicting: the domestic conflicts may disappear along with the issues that gave rise to them, leaving the impression that Americans in the sixties were always united behind their government, and that the war stopped because President Nixon and Secretary Kissinger decided that it should.

For the moment, though, the texts are floundering—and not only with respect to Vietnam. Their evasiveness about the war is just one example of their inability to make sense of American foreign policy, and a mere signal of their deep confusion about the place of the United States in the world. Until the early sixties, the texts had a picture of the world—a single image—that showed the relationship of the United States to other countries. While the details changed (the United States "made peace" or "grew stronger"), the essential outline did not—though reality drifted farther and farther away from it. By the mid-sixties, their single image explained current events only in the way that the Copernican system explained the universe known to Newton: there were far more exceptions than rules. After Vietnam, the most literate of the texts abandoned the earlier explanation; the junior-high-school and mass-market texts, however, clung to it, and the result was chaos in the world.

FROM American-history textbooks over the years, one would gather that foreign policy—or, to put it another way, the rest of the world—became important to the United States only in the nineteen-fifties. The texts published before the fifties gave a maximum of one unit in twelve to American foreign relations. Even those published during or just after the Second World War did not dwell on the subject for long. The texts of the mid-forties dealt with the First World War as an incident and with the Second World War rather briefly and cheerfully, as if it were a distant football game. Thereafter, the emphasis on foreign policy increased steadily, to the point where in the mid-fifties the texts gave from fifteen to twenty per cent of their pages to American relations with the rest of the world. As might be expected, the bulk of the new material concerned foreign relations after 1940, and it was the last quarter or so of every book that sprouted new sections called "The U.S. Broadens Its Horizons" or "The U.S. Assumes World Leadership." These new sections became a standard feature of textbooks and, finally, as much a part of the conventional structure of American history as the chapters on the Revolution and the Constitutional period. Until the mid-seventies, when domestic issues began to crowd these sections off the end pages, foreign policy appeared to be the most important part of modern American history.

The fifties texts, of course, had a rather idiosyncratic view of American relations with the rest of the world. In the context of the Cold War, paranoia reigned. In every other context, this paranoia turned into a militant self-righteousness. According to these books, the United States had been a kind of Salvation Army to the rest of the world: throughout history, it had done little but dispense benefits to poor, ignorant, and diseased countries. In the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, it had opened doors for the Chinese, saved Cuba from the Spanish, protected Puerto Rico, separated Panama from Colombia in order to wipe out yellow fever, and taken on the Philippines in order to "educate" and "civilize" the Filipinos—just as President William McKinley said. American motives were always altruistic. Even Manifest Destiny "was more than an unconscious movement of people," according to one text. "It also stemmed from pride in American institutions and the desire to spread them as quickly as possible." In the twentieth century, the United States had spent most of its time—apart from a short period of isolation—saving Europe and Asia from militarism, Fascism, and Communism. These efforts had been

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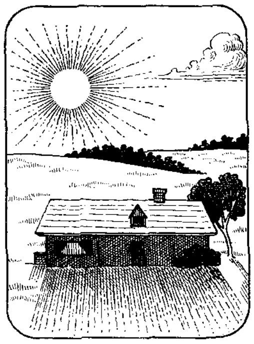

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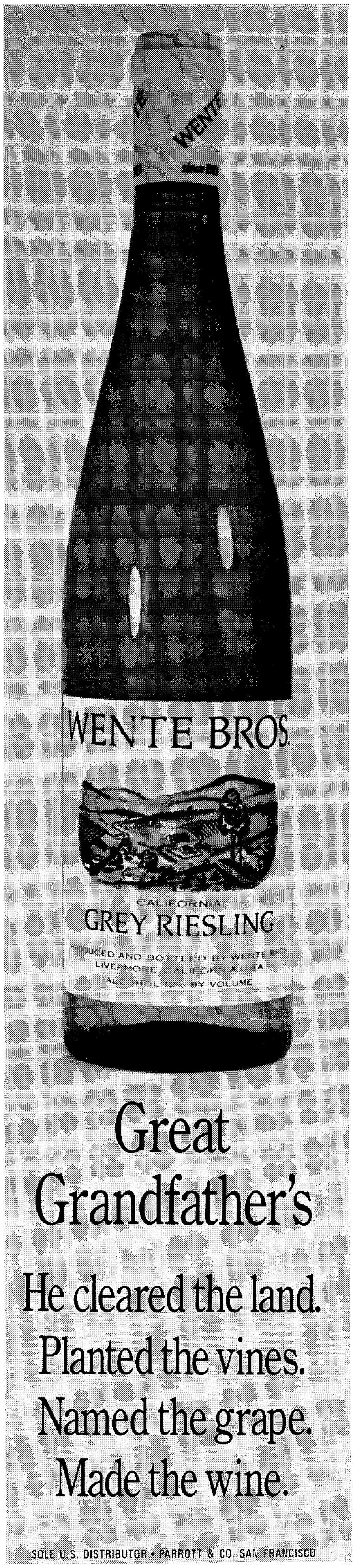


particularly spectacular after the Second World War. Speaking of that period, Bragdon and McCutchen quoted a nameless group of Oxford scholars as saying, "We are too little astonished at the unprecedented virtuousness of U.S. foreign policy, and at its good sense." (The book came out just after the Korean War and two or more C.I.A.-sponsored coups in the Middle East, and during the period when the government espoused the doctrine of massive retaliation.)

In the fifties texts, there was a tone of innocent wonder about the fact of American power—and a number of strangely naïve attempts to prove its existence. Bragdon and McCutchen again quoted the nameless Oxford scholars to the effect that the United States had been the best "top nation" in history since Rome—thereby acknowledging the superior authority of the British in such matters. The 1955 edition of Muzzey reported in its next-to-last paragraph:

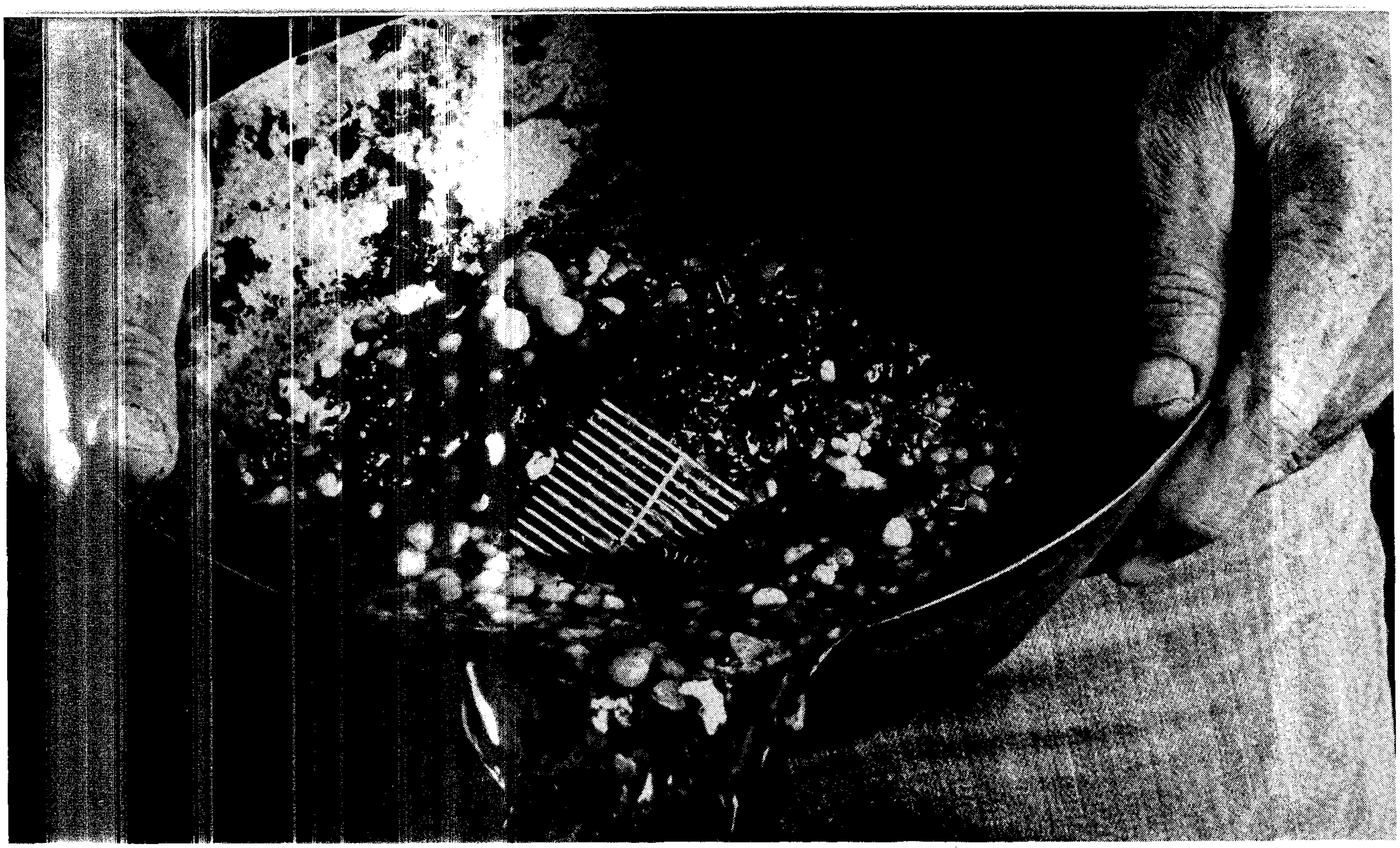
> The visits of kings, presidents and premiers from many nations give Washington an international significance. In just one year, for example, chiefs of state from England, France, Japan, Pakistan, Ceylon, Ethiopia, Greece, West Germany, Austria, Korea, Liberia and Iran were among the steady stream of official guests of our President and Secretary of State. The men and women upon whose leadership depends the destiny of millions of people the world over are increasingly in contact with chosen representatives of our way of life.

The paragraph recalls a favorite film of the North Korean Embassies of the early seventies, which showed an hour-and-a-half-long procession of foreign dignitaries coming to shake the hand of Kim Il Sung.

How is one to explain this curious mixture of attitudes—this naïve chauvinism, this self-righteousness, and this underlying insecurity? At the time, of course, these emotions were not merely textbook emotions. The texts were reflecting the political temper of the period. But this, too, has to be explained. The American position in the world had changed suddenly and dramatically in the wake of the Second World War. But why this particular reaction? Here the older textbooks are of some help, since they show by comparison which attitudes were new and which belonged to the conventional American wisdom on foreign policy.

The older textbooks reveal, for example, that the chauvinism of the fifties was a new development—at least, chauvinism in that particular degree. The nineteenth century had its chauvinist reactions, but in the eighteen-nineties textbook ardors seemed to cool. From 1900 on, text writers had kept their distance from a good number of American foreign-policy ventures. The Mugwump writers had, for example, portrayed the War of 1812 as an unnecessary muddle created by the shortsightedness of the British and the greed of the American war hawks, with the mess compounded by strategic snafus and resulting in no particular advantage to anyone. The many New England writers of the period disapproved of the Mexican War and frankly characterized American ventures in the Caribbean and the Pacific in the eighteen-nineties as imperialistic. The texts of the thirties were rather more accepting of American expansion to the Pacific, but with regard to Europe they tended to reflect a modified Wilsonianism. They described the First World War as a product of imperialism, militarism, and the greed of arms manufacturers, and called for coöperation between nations. As for the texts of the forties, they explained that the Latin-American nations had certain legitimate grievances against the United States. With certain exceptions, the texts of the first five decades of the century did not propose any radical line of dissent from United States foreign policy; still, none went so far as to call every American military venture an unqualified success or suppress information about domestic opposition to the various government initiatives.

Nevertheless, certain elements of the fifties description of the world were completely traditional to textbook history. The idea that the United States was a pure, high-minded nation and a model of virtue among sinners went back to the early nineteenth century, and even further—to the Protestant notion of an elected people. The early textbook writers had justified the American Revolution by citing the peculiar virtues of Americans. Chief among these virtues was innocence of the corruption of money and power. From Emma Willard to David Saville Muzzey, the New England preachers and teachers—whose family fortunes so often came from the triangular trade, as it was known, between Africa, the West Indies, and America, in rum and slaves or the China trade in opium, porcelain, and tea—rarely mentioned American business interests abroad. Whether they favored or opposed American imperial adventures, they invariably did so on the higher ground of the morality or legality of the enterprise. Was the Mexican War moral? Was American dominion over Puerto Rico or the Philippines going to provoke a constitutional crisis? The



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preachers and teachers from New England had managed by an act of intellectual transcendence to detach themselves from the Yankee traders who established their trust funds. Much as they hated the new Western money, they were no more forthcoming about the American plantations in the Philippines or Hawaii than they were about their own interests. American business abroad was a taboo subject in the Progressive era, just as it was in the nineteen-fifties. It remains taboo today, in spite of the critical approach that some texts take to American military ventures in Asia.

Besides the notion of American altruism abroad, another traditional theme underlay the fifties vision of the world, and that was the theme of American isolation. Of the two, this was the more important, since the other could not have existed without it, and since it was not a statement so much as a picture of the world, from which all statements of foreign policy derived. American-history texts published over the last century have portrayed the English colonies as standing quite alone at the edge of a vast—indeed, continental—wilderness. The earlier texts painted a different picture. Emma Willard and her contemporaries described the frontier as a fairly crowded and war-torn place—a country disputed by the French, the Spanish, the English, various Indian nations, and later the Canadians and the Americans. Then, in the late nineteenth century, the text writers, telescoping the Colonial period into one or two chapters and making it a mere introduction to the history of the United States, stopped writing the history of these conflicts, and so left the impression that "the Americans" went forth into a land without people or previous history—a geographical area as empty and vague as the space beyond a child's vision. True, the texts said that the Spanish conquistadors came to the New World a century before the English settlers, but the same texts dismissed the Spanish settlements in a few paragraphs, and so made it sound as if John Smith had followed on the heels of Pizarro and, once the Mayflower arrived, the Spanish had packed up their galleons and gone home. After that, by their account, the wagon trains moved westward into a great emptiness of mountains and deserts, meeting no one except a few wretched Indians. In the late eighteen-forties, the United States fought a border war with the Mexicans, and at the end of the century it went to the aid of the Cubans and the Puerto Ricans.

In part, this vision of the New World was merely a matter of emphasis: the texts were recording the history of a nation-state, not of a people or a continent, and the United States did begin with the English colonies and expand from east to west into a relatively empty continent. Still, a history text prepared by Latin Americans which dealt with the same places and periods would contain too many surprises. In terms of United States history, it is perhaps merely interesting that the oldest European settlement in the New World was on the island of Hispaniola. But it is more than interesting that a map showing Spanish settlements at the time of the American Revolution in what is now the United States would show a fairly heavy sprinkling of cities and towns. (One current textbook includes such a map, and it is the first one to explain why so many cities in California and throughout the Southwest have Spanish names.)

Taken together with the facts about cultural and scientific institutions in Mexico City before the Revolution, this historical geography constitutes an indictment against the textbook writers—of immodesty at best and of concealment at worst. The New World was not quite so new or half so empty as they made out. Far from bringing the first light of European civilization to an unexplored continent, the English colonists came in a rather belated second (or third, since the French got to many places ahead of them). Then in the heroic period of the Founding Fathers the citizens of the new United States were a rough and uncultured lot by comparison with the Spanish. Hispanophobia is partly to blame for this false impression of American singularity and isolation on an empty continent. But so, perhaps, is the mental geography of the Easterners who wrote so many of the textbooks and created their conventions. Writers such as Muzzey and Albert Bushnell Hart had no real feeling for the West even after "the Americans" got there. These men's sense of space ran backward, as it were, across the Atlantic. Europe was the only geographical reality, and the European nations were the only peers of the United States. But here there was a gap, a lack of connection, for Europe was by definition the place that Americans had left behind. The same writers who insisted on Americans' roots in Europe wrote as if the United States had no further relationship with the European powers aft-

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Creaks, rattles, thrumming noises – are they the inescapable bugaboos of a station wagon?

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Car and Driver agrees: "The back end doesn't sound like a crate of empty muffin tins whenever you hit a bump, which is something you can't say for your average wagon. Mercedes-Benz designers have found ways of securely buttoning down all the movable panels that usually cause station-wagon rattles..."

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The handling ability of a car is considered of paramount importance at Mercedes-Benz. The reason is simple: if at all possible, it is always preferable to *avoid* an accident.

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And the suspension is independent on all four wheels. Should one wheel hit a bump in the middle of a corner, that wheel alone is affected, leaving the other wheels independent to maintain their grip on the road. There is none of that alarming, sideways hop-skip-and-lurch that one expects from a less-expensive solid rear axle; the Mercedes-Benz will simply shift a few inches to one side, then smoothly resume its course.

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The Mercedes-Benz station wagon is no gas-guzzling leviathan. For one thing, it measures a trim and nimble 15 feet 11 inches from stem to stern; it is the length of a Mercedes-Benz car. For another, it doesn't use gas at all.

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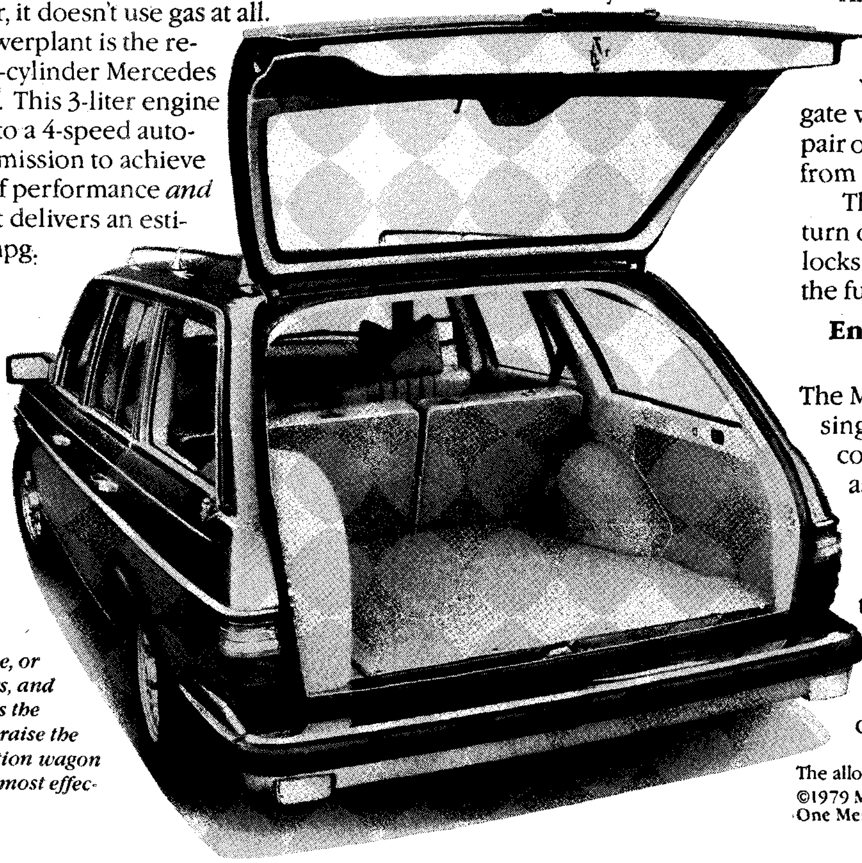


Load this space, or add passengers, and a sensor orders the suspension to raise the rear of the station wagon to its normal, most effective level.

This estimate is from the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. *Remember:* Compare this estimate to the "estimated mpg" of other station wagons. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions, and trip length.

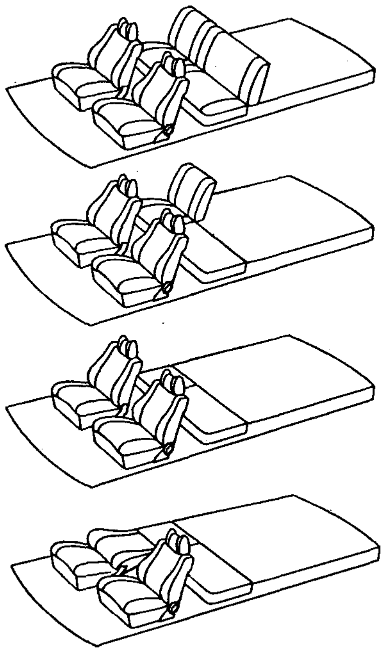
A lesson in the use of space

The interior design of the 300 TD station wagon is an object lesson in the ingenious use of space.

Raise the tailgate and look for its hinges and damper units. You'll find them tucked discreetly into the roof. It costs more to do it this way, but the Mercedes-Benz engineers wanted an absolutely smooth inner-roof surface so that bulky packages wouldn't snag on outjutting hinges.

There are seats for five adults. All of the passenger seats can be folded out of the way (*see illustration, right*) in a multitude of sizes and shapes of carrying space.

"If the object is *really* long," noted *Car and Driver,* "say a carton of record-length spaghetti or a python with rigor mortis, that's no problem either. Just unlatch and remove the right-side cushion of the second seat. Fold that side of the seatback forward. Then fully recline the passenger-side front bucket. That leaves an uninterrupted stretch from the tailgate in back to the glove-box door in front. What more could you ask?"



All of the passenger seats can be folded out of the way to provide different shapes and sizes of carrying space.

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er the Revolution. They wrote as if throughout the nineteenth century the United States had no foreign relations to speak of.

The mid-twentieth-century habit of skipping from the War of 1812 to the Mexican War to the Spanish-American War, with a brief jab at the Louisiana Purchase and the Monroe Doctrine, is not a new ellipsis, resulting from new pressures on space. It is the traditional textbook way of reporting American foreign relations in the nineteenth century. Of course, there is some truth to the current conventional wisdom that nations have become increasingly interdependent—and to its implication that they had more autonomy in the past. At the same time, it is hard to think of anything more fundamental to the United States in the nineteenth century than its relationship with Europe. To begin with, General Washington could hardly have sustained the Revolutionary War during its early years if it had not been for the gunrunning operation financed by the French and Spanish governments. The fact is merely exemplary, for until the First World War the United States was a debtor nation. In the arts, in science, and in most forms of intellectual life, the United States was a mere province of Europe.

Of course, to define the American relationship with Europe is to see why the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century writers rarely discussed it. Indebtedness is never very encouraging to contemplate, and the task of American historians, as they saw it, was giving their new country an independent existence. Yet this denial of Europe went on long after it had become quite clear that the United States had done very well out of the relationship. At the time of the First World War, even the committed Anglophiles, such as Muzzey and Hart, never explained American economic or strategic interests in Europe. The text writers of the thirties and forties did little better, for, with all their talk about militarism, Fascism, and so forth, they did not acknowledge United States interests in or influence upon the European economy and balance of power. Even the seventies texts do not say that the Great Depression originated in the United States and spread throughout the world, nor do they show a link between the Depression and the rise of Fascism in Europe. Only one book I have found—Wiltz's "The Search for Identity: Modern American History"—reports that immigrants came from Scandinavia in the eighteen-eighties and from southern Italy in the eighteen-nineties in

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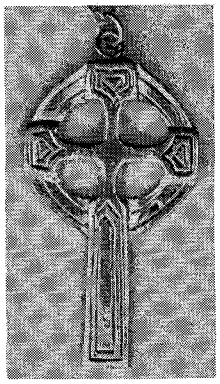

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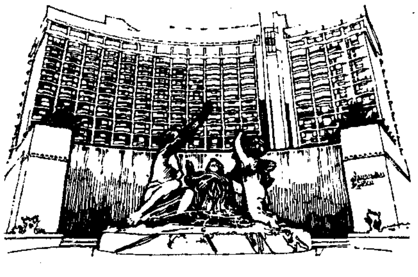

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part because the United States had, by increasing its agricultural production, taken away their markets and their livelihoods.

From the eighteen-nineties to the nineteen-fifties, the texts had portrayed the United States as isolated not only by the small quantity but by the meagre quality of its relationships with other countries, for what was reported was only wars and territorial acquisitions. To many generations of American children, it must therefore have appeared that Americans were just as those cosmopolitans Jefferson and Franklin had painted them: naïve, untutored in the wiles of foreign trade—rugged individualists, economically speaking. It must also have seemed to such children that the United States had always acted unilaterally—had never engaged in diplomacy, and had never had a beneficial, or even a cordial, relationship with any other country. The maintenance of this fiction through two world wars and a worldwide depression explains a good deal about the attitudes of the fifties texts—this strange combination of a naïve sense of power and virtue with a sense of powerlessness against invisible enemies. The United States was the young Siegfried, magically strong, and innocent of the burdens of history, yet at the same time an orphan, surrounded by potential enemies in an unrecognizable world. The change from the thirties vision of the United States as the peacemaker in European quarrels over money and arms to the fifties vision of the United States as the sole champion of freedom in the world is not in fact very great.

By the mid-sixties, the texts no longer deduced foreign affairs from the principle that the Soviet Union controlled a worldwide conspiracy. With the abatement of their anxiety about subversion came an end to the flat statements about the virtue of America and to the long discussions of the nature of the Soviet state. (Presumably, even children now knew that the Communists were the bad guys—if not exactly why.) Just as the Soviet Union was completing its economic recovery from the Second World War and developing a nuclear capability to match that of the United States, the texts seemed to lose much of their interest in it. By the early sixties, their focus had shifted from Europe to Asia, and to a new series of threats. The major threat seemed to be the Chinese Communists, or the "Red Chinese"—to whom "we" had unaccountably "lost China." They had fought United Nations troops in Korea and were now "turning their attentions" to Vietnam. And there were other, unidentified Communists threatening the freedom of other countries—Indonesia, Laos—which had never before been mentioned in American-history texts but were now said to be of vital importance. The enemy, it appeared, was horribly elusive. But, said the texts, the United States was meeting these challenges by forming alliances. (The mid-sixties texts were tremendously respectful of all John Foster Dulles's pacts, from SEATO to CENTO, and many of them went to the trouble of drawing these creations onto world maps.) While the Russians "curried favor" with the underdeveloped countries, the United States gave "billions of dollars in aid" to help these countries and make them strong. Forging alliances was not an easy task, however, for these countries were strangely ungrateful. The liberal Graff and Krout text said gloomily that America "must learn to acquire the friendship" of these countries, an undertaking that it said would be expensive and would "not often show tangible or quick returns."

If "world leadership" was not an easy task in the mid-sixties, it became even more uncomfortable as time went on. In revising texts for 1968 and 1969, the editors replaced maps of alliances with maps of "trouble spots," and replaced the half-sanguine descriptions of aid programs with accounts of crises. In the liberal books of the period, American foreign relations seemed to consist solely of crises: in Berlin, China, Korea, Suez, Hungary, Indo-China, the Congo—you name it. Only the Peace Corps remained to give a tiny fifties upbeat to the end of the list. (The Peace Corps, in fact, got an extraordinary amount of mileage. For at least ten years, the texts made it by far the best-known agency of United States foreign policy.) Whereas in the fifties the United States had had one large enemy, it now had innumerable little irritants. Indeed, from the perspective of the textbooks the world was nothing but a mass of countries making trouble for the United States. Why these foreigners were so bothersome and why the United States was "interested in" such far-flung "problem areas" remained mysterious, however. There were crises, that was all, and the United States went about "acting to solve" them. In the course of one decade, the United States had changed from the young Siegfried into Gulliver—or perhaps the White Rabbit, since it was constantly rushing around worrying about crises. The transformation must have surprised any of those brought up on the fifties books who were aware of it, but it left most of the old premises intact: the United States always acted in a disinterested fashion, always from the highest of motives; it gave, never took; though beset by problems, it was still without peer and in all important respects was still alone in the world.

Against this background, a few of the seventies texts are shockingly different in their approach. They ask questions—real questions—about the conduct of foreign policy. The inquiry texts raise these questions directly. "As It Happened," by Charles Sellers, for instance, contrasts a speech by Senator Barry Goldwater and a speech by Senator Fulbright and then asks, "Was United States foreign policy in the cold-war period that of a 'responsible' champion of freedom or that of an 'arrogant' great power?" The question is a bit too anthropomorphic, even with the quotation marks, to make for good history, but still it raises the very issue that is most firmly settled by the great majority of texts (including, no doubt, the ones that students of this text would have read in junior high school). In an earlier chapter, these authors put together an excellent collage of documents on President Woodrow Wilson's policies during and after the First World War and ask questions designed to make students look at how decisions are made and draw their own conclusions about the relationship between Wilson's goals, his tactics, and the realities of Europe in 1918. Other texts, such as Edwin Fenton's "A New History of the United States: An Inquiry Approach," discover unpleasantnesses that have rarely been recorded by history texts and are not in general well known—for one, the use of torture by American soldiers in the campaign to pacify the Philippines after the Spanish-American War. All these books at least imply that there are some limits to American power and American virtue.

For a number of the mid-seventies books, the Cold War is now over: it is history, and a rather peculiar part of history at that. The 1974 edition of Kownslar and Frizzle's "Discovering American History" has a startling paragraph on the Truman Doctrine, which begins:

> A serious situation developed in Greece in the years 1946-7. Great Britain tried to reassert its influence in Greece by imposing a reactionary monarchy on the country. This action provoked a bitter

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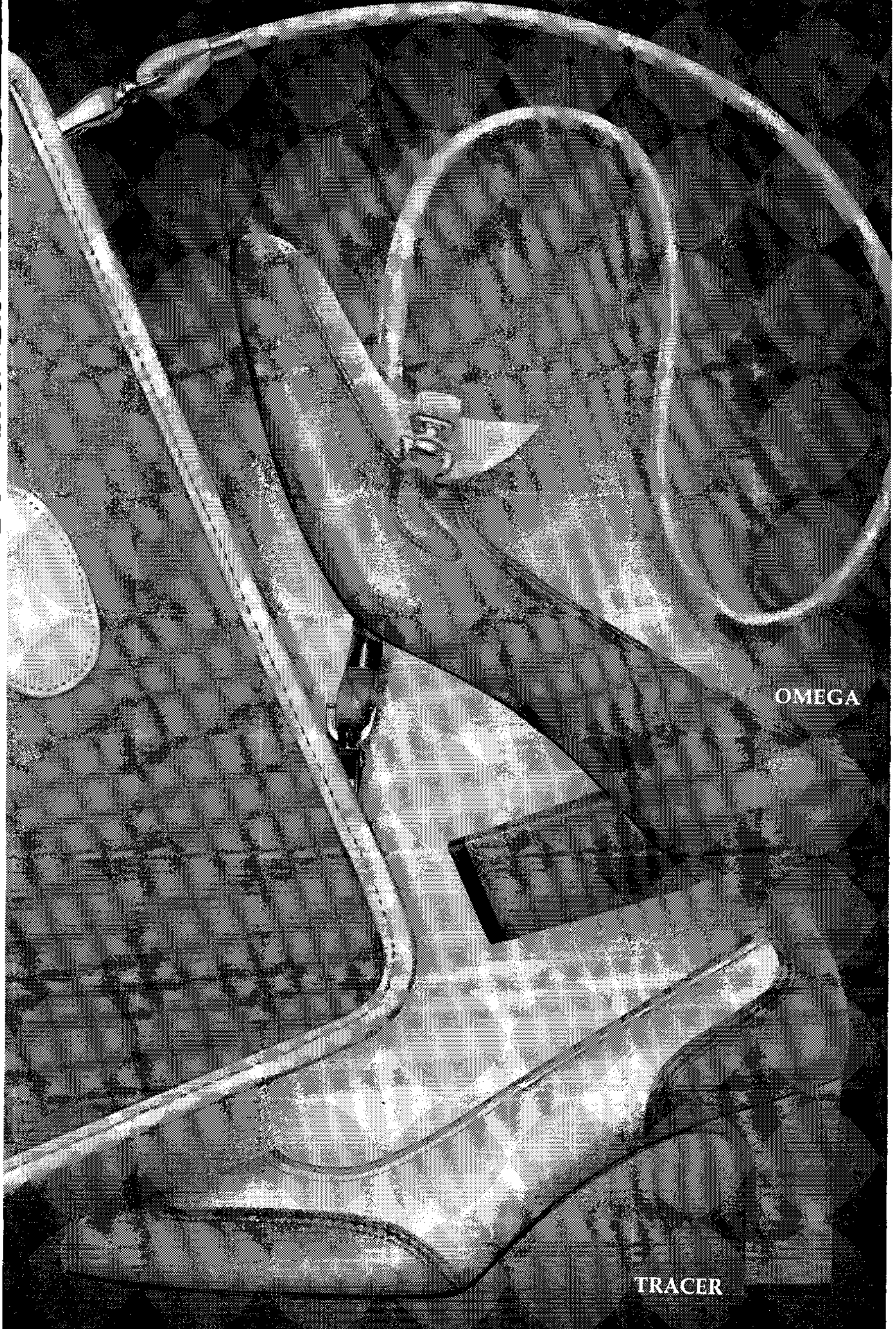

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> civil war in Greece.... President Truman...felt that if the Communist nationalists won Greece, Turkey would be at the mercy of the Soviet Union. Thus, the balance of power in the Middle East as well as in Europe would be drastically changed.

The book quotes a passage from the Truman speech to Congress that became known as the Truman Doctrine, and then concludes:

> This Presidential statement committed the United States to intervene in revolutions anywhere in the world. Some historians believe that Truman's policy was not wise. They feel that it drew the United States into situations over which American leaders had little or no real control, and that Truman made no distinction between real military threats to American interests and revolutions which arose from local conditions.

The passage is particularly striking in view of the fact that the 1967 edition of the same book says of the same event simply:

> To combat Communism, Congress appropriates $400 million for military and economic aid to Greece and Turkey. President Truman says, "I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures."

These new, critical texts are far from left-wing in their orientation. Many of their criticisms—like the one of the Truman Doctrine—represent a distinctly conservative point of view. None of them have so much as broached the subject of American economic interests abroad. And, obviously, almost none of them have yet mentioned such "controversial" subjects as the multinational corporations, the military-industrial complex, or the C.I.A. Except in the most sophisticated of the books—like Sellers' "As It Happened"—there is never any attention given to the perspective of other governments. What is radical about the books is that they question the judgments of past Presidents and Administrations, and, in the process, make it clear that foreign policy is *not* some mysterious emanation of the national will but the actions of certain people operating within a certain historical context. For the first time since the end of the First World War, foreign policy appears in textbook history as something less than a sacred revelation.

This critical view is far from universal, and many of the texts remain true to an early-sixties vision of the world. One of the most popular of the texts—Howard B. Wilder, Robert P. Ludlum, and Harriett McCune Brown's "This Is America's Story"—still does not acknowledge the Sino-Soviet split, even though it now approves of President Nixon's trip to China. Another one—Todd, Curti—still portrays the world as a mass of trouble spots and crisis areas with foreigners making trouble for us. These spots are now so numerous that American foreign policy looks completely chaotic and senseless. The old image of American isolation remains, but, as with the Copernican picture of the universe in Newton's day, the exceptions overwhelm the rules.

For some reason, the books for junior-high-school children tend to be more chauvinistic and more macho than the high-school books. Wood, Gabriel and Biller, for instance, says, "Victory in the Spanish-American war called world attention to the growing power of the United States. America had won a great victory. In the future, the United States would be treated as the great nation it had become." In fact, the less literate the designated audience, the more pugnacious the books. In Jerome R. Reich and Edward L. Biller's "Building the American Nation"—a junior-high-school text clearly intended for black inner-city children—America is always "growing stronger" or "gaining respect," and its foreign policy seems to be exclusively a matter of "fighting dictatorships," "fighting Communism," and so on. Granted that the reading level of these books precludes a sophisticated analysis of foreign policy, there is still no obvious reason for such attitudes. The chauvinism of these books is particularly mysterious in view of the fact that the elementary-school social-studies books have, if anything, gone overboard in the other direction. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, the publisher of the two history texts just mentioned, has a social-studies series for the elementary grades which devotes endless pages to showing that people of the most exotic nationalities, races, creeds, and cultures are all very nice and just as human as American boys and girls. The messages that children must receive are thus rather confusing: love everyone in the elementary grades, fight Communism in junior high, and face endless intractable problems in high school. To put it another way, the answer to the sixties seems to be: educate children of different age groups and of different social classes differently.

To look at all the texts of the seventies together is to wonder whether it is really possible to teach twentieth-century American foreign affairs in the context of American history. The traditional textbook method—exemplified in the junior-high-school texts—is to report the actions of the United States

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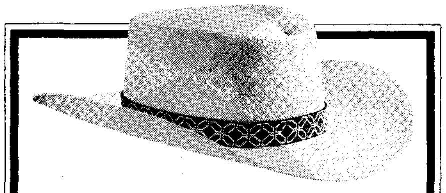

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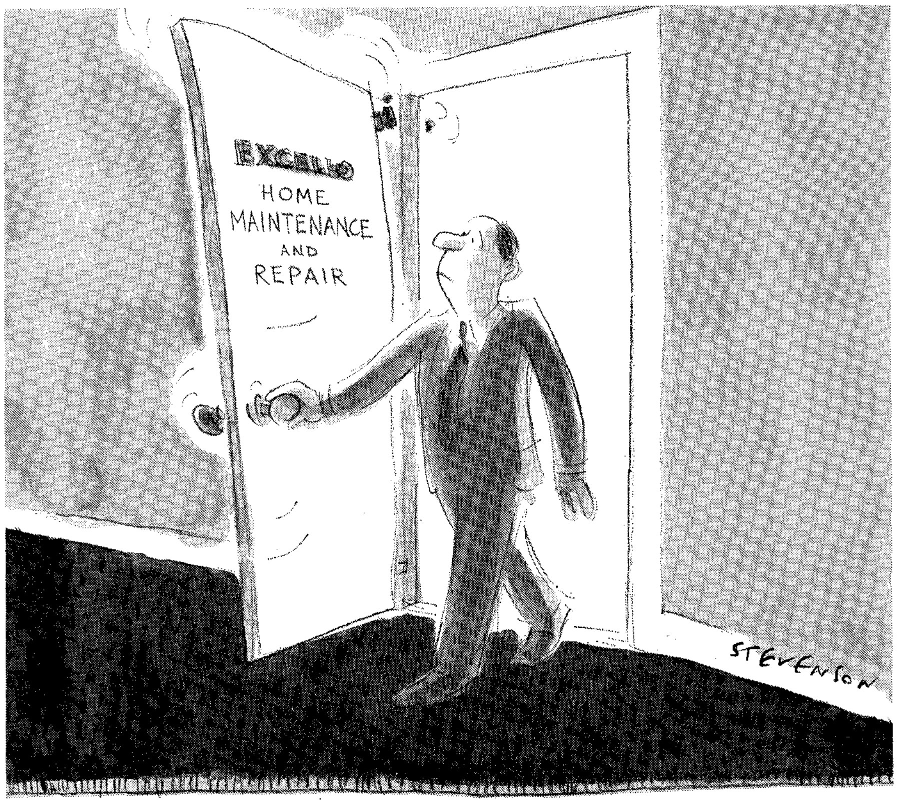
government, the rationale for them, and the consequences. The perspective on any century is absurdly narrow: the American, British, and Canadian textbook accounts of the War of 1812 look like the reports of three of those blind men who tried to describe an elephant. And as a view of the twentieth century it is surreal, since it supposes an eighteenth-century world order in which only governments are actors and in which the executive has full charge of foreign policy. Some of the seventies texts have widened this perspective a good deal: a few present the positions of other governments in terms that those governments would accept, and at least suggest the existence of domestic political or institutional conflict over foreign-policy issues. With this approach, the texts could discuss the Arab-Israeli wars, the Panama Canal Treaties, or the SALT talks without making the Secretary of State ("acting quickly to meet the challenges") look like a participant in the Queen of Heart's croquet game, and they could discuss the manipulation of other governments by the C.I.A. or by the multinational corporations—only they choose not to. On the other hand, it is difficult to conceive how they could deal with issues like nuclear proliferation, worldwide inflation, and world food shortages without breaking their own frameworks. And yet these matters that are neither quite foreign nor quite policies are just as important to the United States as any matters that are both. The texts do not now, and they cannot, describe the overlap between domestic and foreign affairs or the dense network that connects American society with the rest of the world. (One geography text does this rather well, by looking at all the ways in which Cleveland is linked to other countries. But that relationship is its sole subject.) What this means is that not only traditional textbook approaches but national histories per se have become in many ways outdated. To describe international relations as the sum of a government's foreign policies is to give a false picture of the world. There's nothing to be done about it—national histories have their own intrinsic value—but the fact remains that an American child who will grow up to work for General Motors, the City of New York, or a large wheat farm, say, will find United States history just about as useful as the history of Saxony would have been to a Saxon soldier going off to fight in the Napoleonic Wars.

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)



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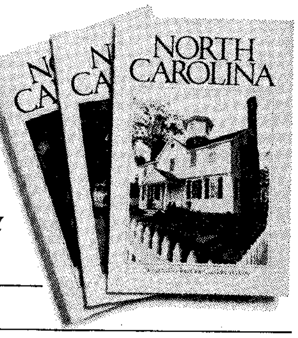

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THE THEATRE

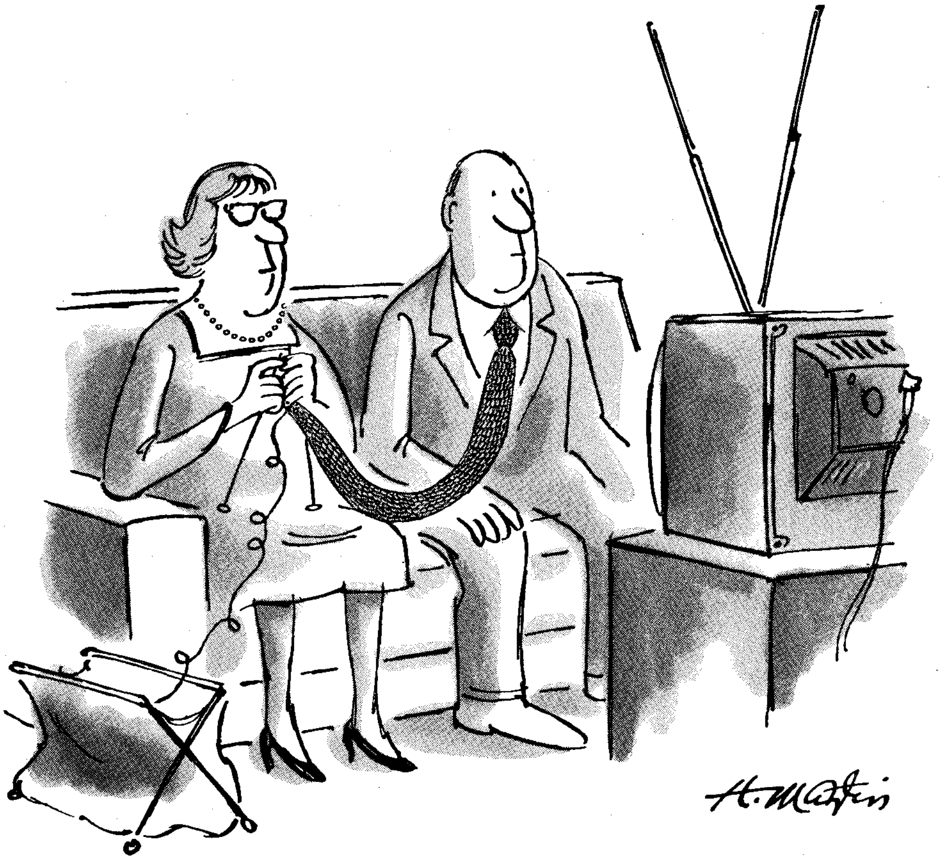
Tattered Passions

"SARAVÁ," at the Mark Hellinger, is a tiny little musical pretending to be a great big one. Deceptions of this kind deceive no one except the perpetrators of them, who are nearly always so busy huffing and puffing that they cannot find time to step back and observe the bizarre effect created by their scaling pygmies up into giants. "Saravá" (the title comes from a common word of greeting in Brazil, not unlike the Italian "*Ciao!*") is based on the novel "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands," by the Brazilian author Jorge Amado, and this work has already served as the occasion for a successful movie. I've neither read the novel nor seen the movie, but I suspect that the musical has attempted to remain too faithful to the original, which takes the form of a fantasy. Now, one can bring off a fantasy with some difficulty in a novel, and with a surprising lack of difficulty in a movie (perhaps in part because movies, by their nature, partake of fantasy and must often be forcibly prevented from being usurped by it), but one is in trouble the moment one attempts to bring fantasy into the theatre. It is hard enough to exact from an audience the longed-for willing suspension of disbelief when one seeks to depict a day-to-day reality onstage; to depict fantasy not merely doubles but quadruples the demands one makes on an audience. The hazards are much increased when the fantasy to be dealt with concerns sex and death, and poor "Saravá" concerns itself with little else.

The plot is simple and preposterous: A passionate young husband dies, and his widow, no less passionate than he, marries a man who proves an excellent provider out in the world but a commonplace partner in bed; soon the first husband returns as a ghost, though still with bodily appetites and, oddly enough, with the capacity to go on indulging them. Dona Flor finds herself consecutively and sometimes simultaneously involved with two husbands, and sooner or later she must choose between them. If her dilemma had been given the weight and strength of gossamer, we might have been amused by it; unluckily, N. Richard Nash, author of the book and lyrics of "Saravá," and Mitch Leigh, composer of its score, have been too ambitious for their own good. They have turned their show into a miniature opera, with hints of Belasco-Puccini in its rip-roaring bloody climax; passions that ought to have been modestly evoked are torn to tatters.

Tovah Feldshuh is radically miscast as Dona Flor. Though she hurls herself gallantly into the singing and dancing required of her, she is essentially a dramatic actress and not a musical-comedy performer, and her embodiment of a young housewife in the throes of amorous abandon seems to me as implausible as the makeup she wears, which is supposed to make her look like a high-colored Brazilian and instead makes her look like an ill-disguised blond bluestocking from Bronxville. P. J. Benjamin sings well as her ghostly, seductive first husband, and Michael Ingram is often touching as the hapless second husband, driven at last to commit the hitherto unrecognized felony of murdering a ghost. Santo Loquasto has designed some spectacular settings and costumes—if carnival time in Bahia is not as Mr. Loquasto has imagined it for us in "Saravá," then carnival time in Bahia had better shape up or ship out. David F. Segal has designed some appropriately hot tropical lighting, and the entire production has been directed and choreographed by Rick Atwell. As is now invariably the case on Broadway, "Saravá" is radically overmiked; not a single natural note, whether of voice or instrument, is to be heard all evening long. When will the populace join me in storming this Bastille of perverted sound?

—Brendan Gill



OFF BROADWAY

The Touch of Pope

"THE artichoke is a very eccentric vegetable—it takes a long time to get to the heart," says someone, referring to the leading character of Joanna McClelland Glass's delightfully eccentric comedy "Artichoke," at the Manhattan Theatre Club. The artichoke is Gibson McFarland, a professor of literature whose subject is Alexander Pope and who comes to his stepsister's farm in Saskatchewan for six weeks in summer to recover from what appears to have been a slight nervous breakdown. Pope—his formality of diction, his wit, and his passion, as well as his personal freakishness—sounds the keynote of sexual scandal and sets the style of the play. The scenes, the slightly tip-tilted lines, and, above all, the details of character give it an effect that is also like that of Restoration comedy. Margaret and Walter Morley, a prosperous middle-aged Saskatchewan farmer and his wife, have been married for many years. Fourteen years earlier, he brought a dowsing "water witch" to the farm to help him find a

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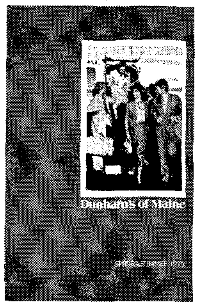

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well, and nine months later a baby in a basket was left at the door. Margaret raised the infant as her own daughter but banished Walter from her bed to the smokehouse, where he has slept, except for occasional visits to the town whore, ever since. As soon as Gibson McFarland, Margaret's stepbrother, comes for that holiday, he and she resume a love they had felt as children, go off berry picking together, and return with no berries. When Walter realizes Margaret's infidelity, he moves to the house of a pair of bachelor farmers—scandalmongers who act as a kind of chorus throughout the action—and there, for six weeks, he sits at a table dressed in pajamas, having the sulks, breaking crockery, and bending flatware. Margaret and Gibson's affair, in fact, lasts exactly six weeks, and, surprisingly, its consequences are healing all around.

The play is very funny, yet when someone, under the pressure of feeling, breaks from artificial into natural speech—as, for example, Margaret does, to reassure her daughter, terrified that Margaret will desert her and go off with Gibson—it is suddenly moving. Yet the stylishness carries a lot of feeling, too. By design, the play is mannered, and Joanna Glass almost pulls it off—almost makes it seem effortless. There are a few scenes where the effort does show, but not many. Lynne Meadow has directed it firmly and with an awareness of its subtle changes in tone, and the performance is fine. Patricia Elliott makes Margaret's emotional turbulence credible yet keeps it always within the boundaries of comedy. Rex Robbins is very funny as guilty, angry cuckolded Walter, and so are Daniel Keyes and James Greene as the gossipy bachelors. Amanda Michael Plummer is charming as the foundling child—a formal, odd, grave, and knowledgeable girl, who always wears a peculiar felt hat (to keep her head together and prevent her from boiling over, she says) and quotes Emily Post with as much confidence and authority as Gibson quotes Pope. Michael Higgins, as Margaret's father—the only normal member of the household, whose steadfastness, humor, and sympathy hold the family together—is, as always, precisely on key. As for Nicholas Hormann, the arresting young actor who plays that artichoke, he is able to imply every lost, intellectual misfit who ever existed—selfish and sensitive and good and awful—and yet can be Gibson alone. The effective setting of the ground floor of the farmhouse, with a view of the wheat fields outside, was designed by Fred Voelpel. The play runs through March 18th.

THE setting of "Says I, Says He," by Ron Hutchinson (a Phoenix Theatre production at the Marymount, through March 4th), is a pub in the North of Ireland, and the action is an eruption of songs and dances—jigs and traditional Irish airs, played by three musicians—along with brief scenes that are edged, belligerent, and spirited. Through it all runs the thread of a plot concerning two unemployed construction workers, Protestant "roaring boys" named Pete Hannafin and Mick Phelan, who go to London to find jobs and escape the bombings and then are trapped into going back to Ireland, but the plot is not the play. The songs, with Mr. Hutchinson's rude, scatological, or scathing lyrics; the jokes and dancing and brawling and fighting and tipsiness and roughhousing; and the savage, helpless anger at Ireland in its agony (a frame of mind, incidentally, that has become as traditional as those tunes) are as integral to the play as the in-and-out story. At one point, a young woman, in love with Pete, says something to the effect that she hopes that he will live down to his low opinion of himself, and the line pretty well sums up the show.

"Says I, Says He," while not especially original in conception or point of view—no masterpiece, like Denis Johnston's "The Old Lady Says 'No!,' " or almost masterpiece, like Brendan Behan's "The Hostage"—has many original details, and the performance, under Steven Robman's strong, discerning direction, has the greatest momentum and clarity. As Mick, Joe Grifasi presents yet another powerful characterization—compact and volatile, an Irishman locked into a stereotype and flailing at his fate. As Pete, Brian Dennehy is just as good—fat and tipsy and bewildered and remarkably light on his feet. Christine Baranski is appealing as the girl both of them love, and who loves Pete, for all the good it does her. Jeanne Ruskin and Andrew Davis are properly and effectively menacing as a pair of terrorists, and Sylvia Short and George Taylor do very well in all the other parts. The lively music is by The Irish Tradition: Bill McComiskey, Brendan Mulvihill, and Andy O'Brien.

ANYONE who may have come to doubt the enduring freshness and spirit and gallantry of Ireland would do well to see Geraldine Fitzgerald in her program of "Streetsongs," lightly and skillfully directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. Dressed in a long black skirt and a simple black top, and wearing high-button black shoes—a costume that allows for many changes of hats and other props, and that conceals, for a while, a bright-red petticoat from Galway—Miss Fitzgerald, her gray hair down to below her shoulders, moves from song to song, subtly changing her characterizations as she does so. The singing is all that one could wish for, and it is always in character. The information about the numbers—the connective tissue—whether it is personal or historical, invariably provides an appropriate setting for the songs, with never a word too many, and can even make, say, "Danny Boy" and "Kerry Dance" seem haunting and new. There is, by the way, no lack of humor; Miss Fitzgerald is often very funny. I happen to prefer the Irish songs to the English songs she does, but the pearly and the busker and the Cockney drunk in the pub and the Cockney air-raid warden in the Underground are considerably more than just snapshots. Miss Fitzgerald's manner is so simple and informal that one tends to accept her on her own terms, forgetting the thought and care and artistry that have gone into this glowing performance. She is singing at Roundabout Stage One, on West Twenty-third, on the sunny side of the street.

I'M not sure what Len Jenkin's "New Jerusalem," a work of unbroken jocosity at the Public, is meant to be. It appears to be a takeoff (or put-on) of world-weary-journalist movies, world-weary-private-eye movies, thriller movies, documentaries, and science-fiction movies, and parts of it are entertaining even to someone without much time to go to the movies. A reporter who is convinced that nothing real happens anymore and that what appears in the press is synthetic (much the same point of view as that of Richard Nelson's "Conjuring an Event" of last year) is sent to a tropical island to write a story about it. What he finds makes the play, which is itself a collage of film and voice-overs and stage effects, some of them pretty startling and beautiful, along with good, frisky acting by a large cast under the capable direction of Garland Wright. Among the good actors are James McLure, as the reporter, and Jan Triska, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Hewett, and Shawn Elliott, in an assortment of roles. "New Jerusalem" is not my kind of joke, and Mr. Jenkin's writing is too prolix for my taste, but it is real writing all the same. John Arnone is responsible for those remarkable scenic effects.

—EDITH OLIVER

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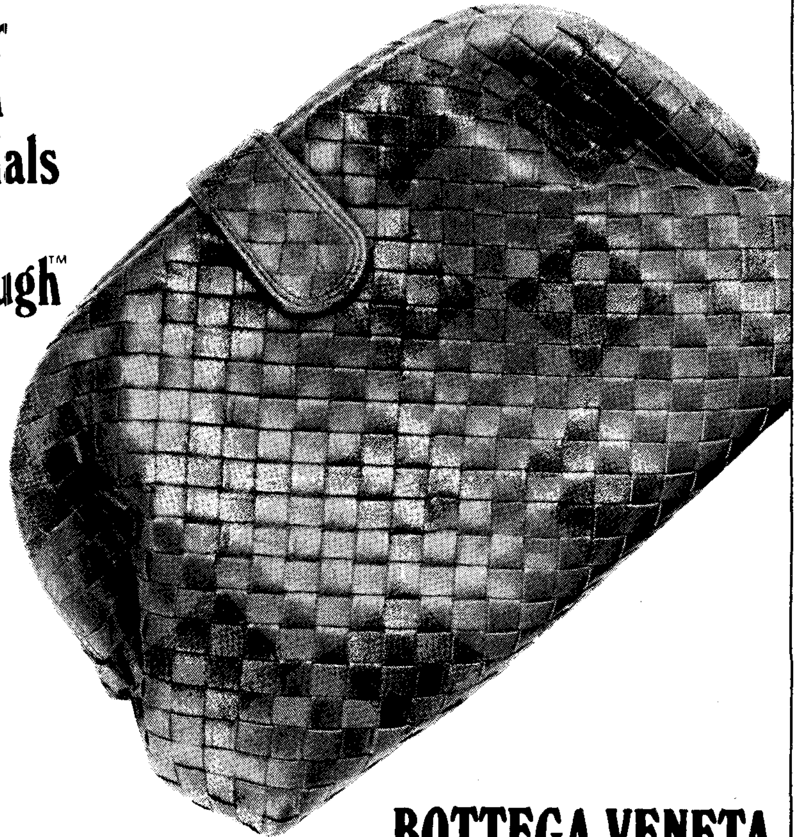

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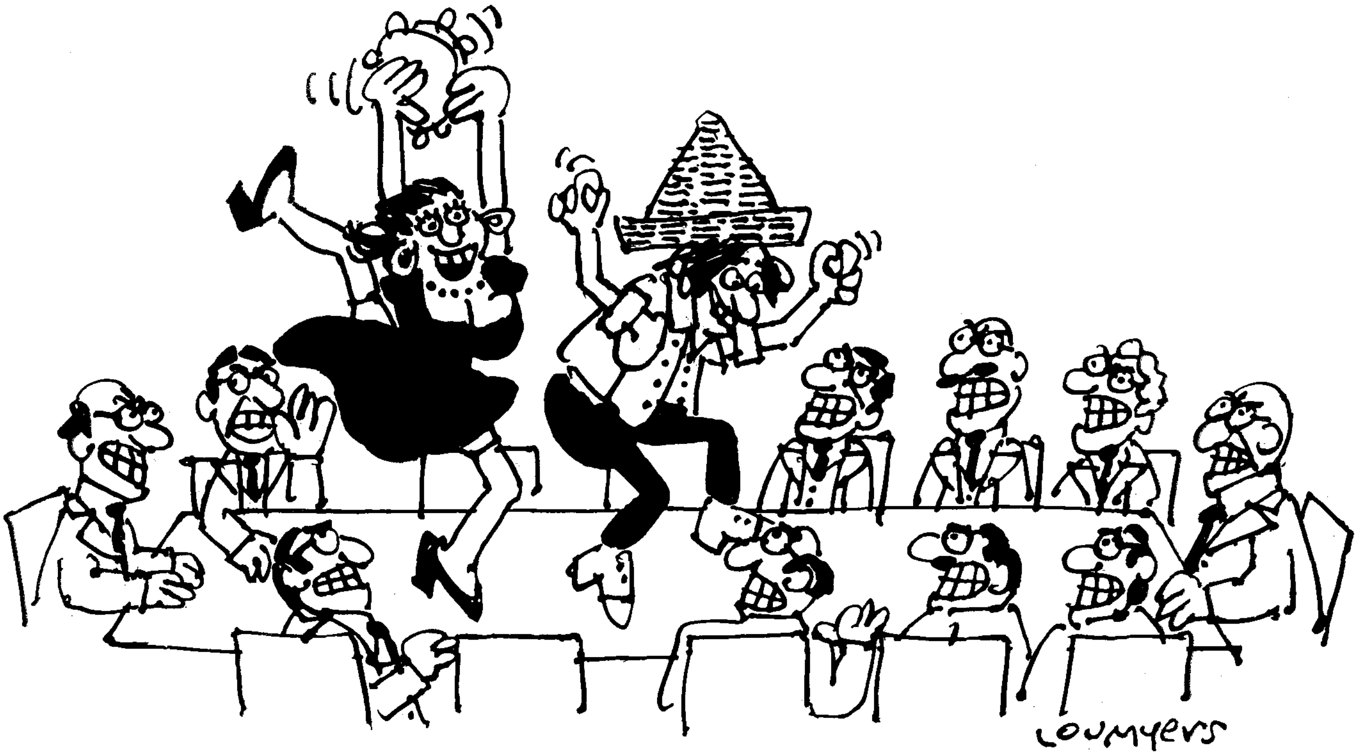
REPORT FROM A RENTAL

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20TH: Departed cold, snowy Connecticut 5 A.M. for high-velocity drive to Los Angeles (for business) in rented car; twenty-year-old son W. (on college vacation) in front seat. Didn't want to fly or take train; also perfect way to quit smoking. Crossed George Washington Bridge 7 A.M. Hudson River gray; ice like oatmeal along West Side Highway. Stopped for gas at Vince Lombardi Service Area on N.J. Turnpike, seven-forty. Resumed smoking; felt much better. Crossed into Pennsylvania at Easton; old geezer of a town, hunched over Delaware River. Snow on ground. Hecktown. Krumsville. Sign: "PENNA. DUTCH GIFT HAUS." First "CHEW MAIL POUCH" sign on barn. Farmlands. Muddy black-and-white cows against faded blue mountains. Broken cornstalks sticking up from snow like miles of yellow cuneiform writing. Shoofly pie for lunch near Harrisburg. Minor hailstorm; freezing rain. Ghostly silos. "Heuwoanapop?," asks gas-station man in State Line, Maryland. (First difficulty in understanding regional speech so far. He is asking patrons who it was that wanted a soda from the soda machine.) Following snowplows and sand trucks now; forty-five m.p.h. Never make L.A. at this rate. Ten miles of Maryland; over Potomac into West Virginia for twenty-five; then Virginia. Two trailer trucks off the road within half a mile; one flat on its side. Car radio: "The dance at the Berryville Moose Lodge tonight has been cancelled. . . ." Shenandoah Valley and Blue Ridge Mountains (latter completely invisible in snow). Sign: "LURAY CAVERNS" (perfect day for them; no time). Metropolitan Opera on radio. Roadside stand offers fireworks and chenille bedspreads. Roanoke, Virginia. Trees bent over with ice. A power line is on fire; orange flashes on low clouds; natives drive up to watch. 8:06 P.M. Motel in Salem, Virginia. Five hundred and eighty-two miles; about three thousand to go.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21ST: Departed Salem 5:45 A.M. Windows steamed up in Little Tex Restaurant, a diner. Customers talking about how power is out all around area. High affability. Biscuits. Voices produced from different place here, like plunking of strings or gurgling stream. Much kidding. Old customer says something derogatory about cook; waitress concurs. Cook: "They's three things I can't stand—and you's two of them." Old-timer reports trees snapping from ice: "It sounded like they were dynamiting in the mountains." Into Tennessee through purple fog. Steep, lumpy, rounded hills with stands of forest on top, like Mohawk haircuts. Pale greens, khaki, rust. Home of Andrew Johnson. Davy Crockett Truck Stop. "SEE WORLD FAMOUS RUBY FALLS." Near Knoxville, radio warns of awful weather ahead. Time for top-level planning. W. and I discuss. What would Robert E. Lee do? We hang a left, heading for Alabama and the sunny Deep South route to Texas. Within minutes, we hit worst snowfall yet. Near Chattanooga: "SCENIC VIEW 1 MI." Can't see anything. Lookout Mountain; also invisible. Into Georgia. Still snowing. Into Alabama; ditto. Stop for coffee at diner. Evolving maxim: Show me a diner and I'll show you a waitress staring out the window. At gas station, young attendant is watching Super Bowl on color TV. Invites us in. We watch awhile. Dallas intercepts Bradshaw pass. "Yahoo!" shouts attendant. We leave. Motel in Birmingham, Alabama. Five hundred and seven-tenths miles.

MONDAY, JANUARY 22ND: 4:30 A.M. Turn on motel TV. Man is blubbering, tears rolling down face. Alarming. What's up? Turns out it is evangelical telethon. Sixty phones; all busy. Young guests Dino and Debbie have just told their story; also crying. Show ends; send money. Then "Country Boy Eddie Show." Eddie plays guitar; commercial for body shop that will redo your pickup. We go to breakfast place: grits and eggs. Young guy with two young women in booth; could be disco dancers. When guy walks by, W. and I roll our eyes: he has pistol stuck in his belt. Woman pushes through door and in same motion drops coin in jukebox. Hit the road. Steel mills in distance look like Admiral Dewey's fleet, with lights. Sign: "SISTER DONNA—PALMIST/FAITH HEALER." Toward Tuscaloosa, sun's out. Sign: "BULLS FOR SALE." Pine trees. Thinking about McDonald's and Howard Johnson's and Holiday Inns, which are everywhere: outreachings of empire slapped down in the middle of different cultures; they may be respected, like other conquerors before them, for their uniformity (suggesting power), their shininess, their wondrous technologies, but never loved. (Driving five hundred miles a day, it's either philosophy or watch the windshield wipers.) Travel has pattern now. Views framed by windows and windshield; vibration of car; tires hum; when window opened, flapping noise of wind on car. Signs reveal cities creeping nearer. Destinations: horizontal mountain-climbing. Hammer a piton into the map; haul yourself down the highway. We'll get gas when we reach *there;* eat when we get *there;* sleep when we get *there.* Tombigbee River. Haven't seen paper in three days. So many pine trees here—mile after mile after mile—that when finally passing a sawmill with stacks of stripped pine trees I shout, "Keep up the good work!" Nearing Toomsuba. Sign: "WELCOME TO MISSISSIPPI." First green fields. Red clay. Hawks turning slowly over woods. Temperature like April in New England. Gas station: "ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS." (Speculation: What is a minor credit card—"Uncle Charlie's Sat. Nite Blastorama Card"?) Mississippi has some nice cork-colored highways, restful on eyes. (Eyes are a problem.) Light lunch in Vicksburg provides sense of well-being: shrimp gumbo creole; biscuits; fried chicken; country ham with redeye gravy; candied yams; rice and gravy; green beans with ham hocks; black-eyed peas; mustard greens; strawberry ice cream on strawberry meringues, and vanilla ice cream with chocolate sherry sauce, and whipped cream on both. Tops. Strength to go on. Sign in gas station: "HUNT WITH YOUR SON TODAY/NOT FOR YOUR SON TOMORROW." Cross Mississippi River 1:32 P.M. Louisiana: flat brown fields partly submerged. Like driving down an airstrip, hour after hour. (Did Jefferson pay a lot for this?) Kelly's Truck Stop has big neon truck sign with neon wheels that turn; neon smoke from ex-



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haust. Booming business. Indoor-outdoor loudspeaker announcements: "Driver for Ursey Construction—your truck is ready. . . . B & J Produce—you need to pull your truck up around the circle." No bare heads around here: trucker hats, cowboy hats. Motel in Tyler, Texas. Five hundred and sixty-five miles.

Tuesday, January 23rd: 6 a.m. Strange to drive through darkness not knowing what landscape will be when sun comes up. Pre-dawn Texas is intergalactic travel: stars; half-moon; center-line reflectors; headlights zoom by; red tail-lights. Sky lightens; dark shapes along highway like boulders prove to be cattle lying on ground. Daylight. Approaching Dallas. Then, somehow, we have gone past it without seeing it; where's Dallas? Embarrassing. Now in Fort Worth; past that and heading north. Graceful and abundant landscape; slightly undulating fields with few trees, some cattle; colors subdued and rich. Sign: "Drive Friendly." Snowflakes, then solid-gray snow-filled sky. With snow, landscape turns pale, almost monochrome lavender. Windmills. The subtle slow curves of land intersect. Distant ridges visible as snow stops falling, sun comes out. Big trees gather at dry creek beds. Low, purple clouds. Patches of land miles square lie in shadow; bright sun elsewhere. Decatur, Texas: marvellous, gloomy Victorian house on ridge; sad-looking mobile homes in meadow below seem to be creeping toward it. Blizzard, then brilliant sunshine, all within three minutes. High wind. Cardboard boxes bounding down street, leaping into air. Sign: "Cottons/ Sorghum/ Chow-Chow/ Wall Plaques." Ranches have wooden arches over entrance road, their name made out of sticks. Hard to say when travelling like this whether it is our mood or the place itself that causes reactions, but this part of Texas seems full of generous beauty. Engine 7904 of the Southern Pacific is accompanying us, hauling seventy-two cars of freight through light snow toward Wichita Falls. Sign: "Jolly" (Texas). Flock of praying-mantis oil wells; nasty; slow rocking. Tumbleweed flying across road. Blue sky: visibility fifty miles? Brick-red plowed fields, faded to pink with old snow. Every tree, farmhouse, and cow gains importance here because of vastness of the canvas. Lunch at Vernon. Young man in restaurant: "They rotate wheat and cotton around here. The cotton puts nutriment in the soil, and the wheat takes it out. Sometimes they plant guar—something like soybean, looks like tumbleweed—and mung bean. There's cattle, and vegetables in the valley." Past Childress, the earth is in slow rolling waves; over a rise, it suddenly falls away, and the eye goes to infinity—interrupted by a single mesa miles ahead. Big hawk sweeps low over road. Cross Prairie Dog Town Fork of Red River: almost totally dry; red mud puddles. Still some remnants of snow in pink fields; looks like cotton. Abruptly realize it *is* cotton. Sign: "Memphis—Cotton Capital of the Panhandle." Long rows of five-foot-high bulging dun-colored bales. Dozens of wagons—like circus wagons—with wire-mesh sides to which tatters of cotton cling. One sway-backed palomino in a huge brown field. Another train, deadheading north: six engines and ninety-two empty black coal cars. Along road, bales of hay stacked fifteen feet high; yellow fortresses. Amarillo. Sign: "Pig Hip Sandwiches." Gas-station man says, "This is what we call round here a Jimmy Carter money clip"—pulls from pocket a penny with a flip-top from a beer can bent around it. Says don't miss Cadillac Ranch on way out of town. Departing Amarillo with some pleasure; about a hundred yards south of highway, ten Cadillacs of tail-fin era have been half-buried at forty-five-degree angle in field of black cattle. Cow studies car. Sun begins to go down. What looks like acres of rumpled brown velvet proves to be cattle in pens at cattle company. Land here is ultimate-flat. Then, suddenly, it all changes. Descending: mesas on both sides and straight ahead; desertlike land now. Sun in the eyes; everything else is

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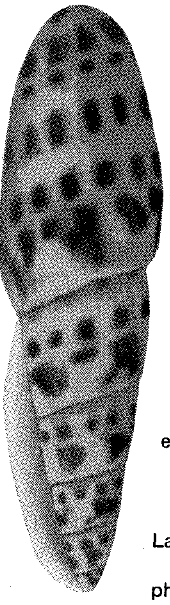

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degrees of blue. In rearview mirror, long shadow of our car follows us. Mesas are immense, regal, mysterious, aloof. This is New Mexico. Put on extra pair of sunglasses over regular sunglasses: still too bright. At last, sun flares down behind black mesa. Pink sunset. Tucumcari, New Mexico. Six hundred and four miles.

Wednesday, January 24th: 8:30 A.M. Clear sky. Buttes speckled like trout. Massive, undifferentiated, cryptic. Flat valley full of low, puffy olive-green junipers. Red-clay adobe huts. To north, a pale-blue line of mountains with what appears to be whipped cream on top. Whipped cream evolves into snowy peaks of Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Santa Fe. One-story houses the color of pancake makeup. Tomorrow is our day off. Will go to Taos and other pueblos. Maybe two days off. Go see Canyon de Chelly in Arizona, too.

Thursday, January 25th: Santa Fe. 4:30 A.M. Damn. Snow falling. Taos dubious. More snow expected. Breakfast. Minor elation: for first time on trip, no grape jelly. Grape jelly (in little plastic coffins) has swept nation like Bee Gees; possible conspiracy. Here, however, we get strawberry jelly. Renews faith. Breakfast in West also offers side order of pancakes. (Country fries come anyway.) Radio says travellers' advisories are in effect for North Rio Grande (that's Taos). Americans hate English language ever since 1776; try not to use it. Hence phrases like "travellers' advisories are in effect." Snow clouds covering top of mountains. W. accepts loss of seeing Taos: patient, tolerant—great companion. (Only cultural thing we've seen so far is rerun of "Happy Days" in motel.) Go to two museums: pottery, silver. No Navajo blankets. Damn. Heading south: land plunges toward Albuquerque. What we thought was sky is endless land. "My husband and I lived in California," woman who runs roadside place west of Albuquerque tells us. "He had arthritis so bad he was in bed for two years. Then we moved here, and in two months he was up and working every day. It's warm and dry here—except now." Two inches of snow. Outhouse. Drive to Acoma. "OLDEST VILLAGE IN AMERICA," says sign. Pueblo on top of small mesa. We park at base; walk up. Rock twisted and eroded into pinnacles; sudden chasms; Gaudí-like; Art Nouveau. Sand and pink colors; rainbow sheens; iridescent green. Have to stop for breath. At summit, go into visitors' hut. Indians playing cards. Teen-age girl says pueblo closed except for chapel. Takes us on short tour, telling history rapidly and by rote. Says Acoma Indians lived on Enchanted Mesa until 800 A.D. (mesa is nearby; vertical sides), when storm destroyed stairs to top. Half were trapped on top; starved to death; other half moved here. Spanish arrived in sixteenth century, forced Acomas to build chapel. Tells of atrocities. Large chapel; thick walls of adobe and stone. Whitewashed inside. Guide says Acomas take turns living on mesa here; religious ceremonies held during year. Go out. Kiva ladder in distance over flat roofs. Sense of desolation; great remoteness from whatever it once was: melancholy. We walk back down steep road to car, feeling awful. Sudden hailstorm. Then sunshine. Driving toward Gallup. Red-rock mesas rising from snowy valleys. W. and I take dumb photographs of ourselves in front of mountains; there is definite pleasure in dumb pictures. (When W. gets too bored on road, sometimes he photographs his feet or the speedometer; he has to be watched.) Cross Continental Divide. Gallup, New Mexico. Two hundred and twenty-three miles.

Friday, January 26th: Snow during night, of course. Pull in for breakfast at coffee shop, talk to waitress, childlike blond beauty; delicate, soft-spoken. "I've only worked here two days," she says. "I've been living on a Navajo reservation for the last year. My husband's a Navajo. He's a mason, but there isn't much work this time of year. I'm from Utah; we met when he was at school there. I liked living on the reservation, but we got into a dispute with the family and had to leave. We had a wood stove; that's the best heat you can get. It fills the whole room. You had to walk down the hill to get water. The people were very nice to me, except some of the old women. They'd bump into me in the laundromat. But I'd shove back. Everybody spoke Navajo, though, and I didn't know many words. The Navajos work all the time. All they know is work. My husband's grandmother is the toughest person I ever met in my life. She's in her seventies, and she'd pick up a sheep—like this—and throw it. She herds sheep and shears them and weaves. She gets all the colors for dying the wool from different trees and bushes. She makes beautiful blankets and sells them. She had to have an intestinal operation recently, and the day she got out of the hospital she climbed on her horse and rode four miles up into the canyon. She said she had to herd the sheep. . . . I liked it there, but I wouldn't marry a Navajo again. They're too hot-tempered. . . . I'd like to go East some time. I'd like to see Niagara . . . Falls? Niagara Falls." On the road: ice; snow. No Canyon de Chelly. W. explains origin and nature of black holes, as we inch along Interstate 40, past ghostly bluffs, in endless white hole. "I don't understand it all," he says. (That's O.K., since I don't understand any of it.) Whenever big semi goes by, whirlwind of snow is kicked up, covering our windshield; scary. Arizona. "Entering Navajo Reservation," says sign. Painted Desert and Petrified Forest not visible. Series of signs advertise Indian City ahead: "Steer Horns ½ Price" . . . "Cactus Lamps" . . . "Wind Chimes" . . . "Indian Dolls" . . . "Kodak Film at Our Cost" . . . "Navajo Rugs" . . . "Bookends" . . . "Figurines" . . . "Velvet Paintings on Hand-carved Frames" . . . "A Navajo Rug Weaver Practices Her Art." We pass it up, but stop at Shell-Indian Center ("Welcome—Indian Ruins Store"). Total bummer. Times Square-type store. "Warning—These Premises Guarded by Closed-Circuit TV," says sign. Glittering awfulness, painful horrors. W. buys a gray plaster coiled-rattlesnake-with-red-plastic-eyes ashtray. ("Because it's *so* gross.") Back on Interstate 40. Empty desert, except for billboards advertising "Arizona's Best Land Buy. 40 Acre Ranches—$295 an Acre and Up." Maxim: All towns in U.S. begin with a Body & Radiator Shop. We pass sign: "Grand Canyon Scenic Flights." I ask W. if he would like to go. W. replies, "No. I don't want to see anything. [*Laughter.*] It would spoil the trip." Long freight train is going over a rise, curving like a caterpillar. Mountains at Flagstaff ascend directly from desert floor; vanish in clouds. The lower ones look as if scooped up by giant child, patted into pleasing shapes.

Saturday, January 27th: Flagstaff. Waitress says, "Vegas is great. It's twenty-four hours a day. I used to live there. I'd get off work at three A.M. and go bowling." We head for Vegas. Icy roads through mountains. Trucks thunder by. Admiration for truckers: dangerous life requiring much courage. Forty miles of ice;

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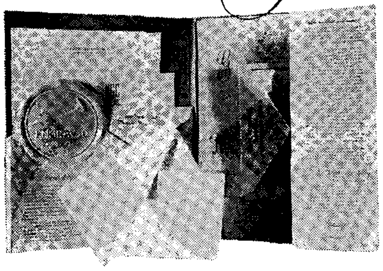

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palms sweating on downhill slopes; afraid to hit brakes. Then ears begin popping; swift descent. Sun comes out. Great broad valley ahead. Coffee at Seligman. Place full of lean, gnarled old-timers with magnificent old cowboy hats; faces riddled with character, toughness, presumably integrity. (Waitress gazing out window nevertheless.) Everybody placing dollar on Pro Bowl football pool. How come people here so nice and cheerful? (On entire trip, have not met anybody who was not friendly, helpful; either America is great place or the real bastards keep away from arterial highways.) Into mountains now and down again, winding through brown cuts that suddenly reveal fragments of distant, jagged mountain range, then block it out. Trailer truck wrecked at bad curve. Into valley. Mauve mountains to north, then purple, then light blue. First palm tree: Kingman, Arizona. Cars pulling boats with outboards in desert. Presently, sign—"LAKE MEAD NATIONAL RECREATION AREA"—explains this. Climbing again: amazing views slam the windshield—sudden wall of mountains, deep canyons below. Broad, dry riverbeds. Stone cliffs. Erosion from millions of years ago, and last spring. W. says, "I've been thinking about Acoma. It was probably the most memorable experience—really eerie." Signs warn of mountain sheep, falling rock. Road twists above Hoover Dam; we stop at scenic overlook, get out. Dizzying. Merry old couple jump out of car with front license plate that says, "LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY GRANDCHILDREN." They take each other's picture at edge of precipice; we offer to take them together. They sit on fence. Husband leans away from drop; nervous. Wife (cheerfully): "If you fall over, I'll get double indemnity!" Drive into Las Vegas. Sign on motel: "NO POOL FOR CONSERVATIVE TRAVELERS." Proceed to Strip. Appalling; neon taken to its limits; dazzling; to drive down avenue requires high threshold of revulsion. But it is also wondrous. Go into Circus Circus (hundred-and-twenty-foot-clown-with-forty-foot-lollipop sign). Absolute chaos inside casino. Thousands of people. High wires and trapezes on floor above gaming tables. Shops, slot machines. Macy's the week before Christmas. Go out: the light and the silence stun. Palm trees cast long shadows across Strip. At Candlelight Chapel ("IMMEDIATE WEDDING SERVICES/ALL CHECKS O.K.," says big sign), a wedding party stands on patio as traffic pours past. Inside the Riviera, a young dealer in a tuxedo walks past busy tables, a paperback of

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Alvin Toffler's "Future Shock" in his hand, and enters subdued, glassed-off baccarat area (five-dollar minimum bet). We check into motel, set off on Vegas Saturday night. Go to show; sit at long table, jammed in across from four women who must have been hoping for something better than us. On stage, former Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders dance. TV star Gabe Kaplan hits big with enema jokes. Show ends; we proceed to Stardust, Caesars Palace, Sands, etc. Three stolid Arabs playing roulette with five-dollar chips, signing markers for five-hundred-dollar loans. House man gives three markers back to Arab when luck turns; Arab tears them up, tosses them into ashtray, proceeds. Mostly, people here seem like hometown folks; they just want to be wowed; Vegas wows them. W. tries slots; I try roulette, using special Zen-derivative method. Win about ninety-five dollars in ten minutes. W. loses a dollar seventy-five. Bedtime. Profound sense of wonder.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28TH: Snowing. First snow here since 1974. Palm trees look better with snow. Mountain roads to L.A. sealed off. If passes are reopened, chains will be required. Go to Sears. No chains. None anywhere. Gas-station attendant says, "Even if they had chains here, nobody would know how to put them on." Trapped. Watch snow falling; brood. Go to airport; all flights out today fully booked. Get two tickets for next morning.

MONDAY, JANUARY 29TH: 5:30 A.M. Strip sparkling with neon, pre-dawn. Casinos nearly deserted. Elderly man with neatly brushed hair and glasses is shooting craps. Seems to be having splendid time, win or lose. He has no voice; a battery-powered speech device projects from his pocket. But he points, nods and shakes his head for yes and no, and holds up specific number of fingers to indicate bets; then he flings the dice down the long table.

W. and I abandon car at airport. Regret. Car both snowy and dusty. Walk away from it; report mileage at Avis counter: three thousand three hundred and fifty-two miles. Then board jet, fly over awesome mountains, and in less than an hour we have landed in L.A. —JAMES STEVENSON

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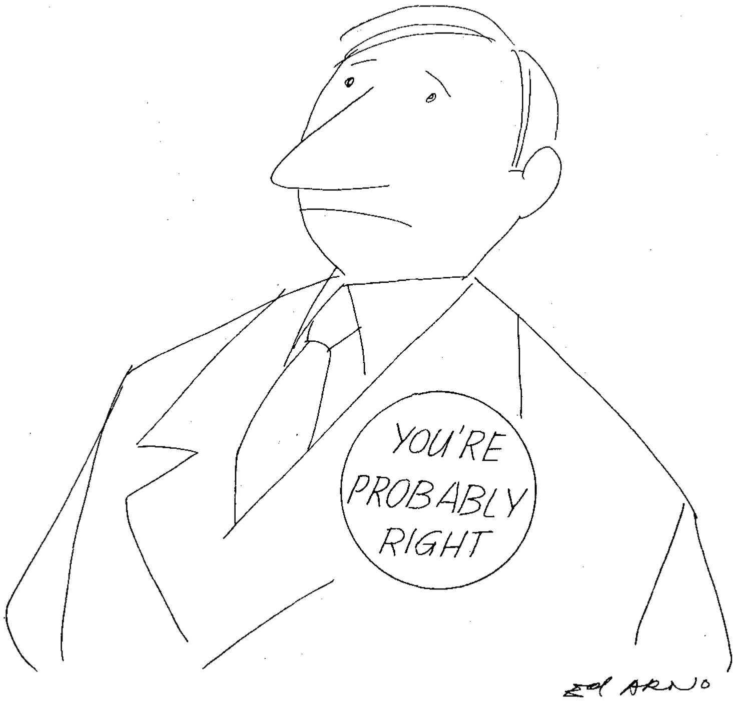
DANCING

Popular Song

TWYLA THARP's season at the Brooklyn Academy, her first local engagement in two years, had her customary brilliance, her customary showmanship, and a few surprises. Three of the four premières were set to contemporary popular music. This isn't surprising in itself; ever since "Deuce Coupe," Tharp has been the mistress of a theatrical pop style based on the music that young people all across the country have danced to for recreation. Some of these pop pieces of hers have lasted, some haven't, but all of them have striven for contact with the genuine. Few people have an ear for the vernacular as discriminating as Twyla Tharp's. "Deuce Coupe" (done for the Joffrey Ballet) made me hear the Beach Boys as musicians, not just as pop phenomena; some lesser experiments have used music by Chuck Berry, Keith Jarrett, and Frank Sinatra. When it comes to popular music, Tharp will invariably strike the richest vein, and though she's not a folk-culture vulture, she believes in mining the mother lode whenever she can. The beautiful collection of old-time fiddling tunes in "Country Dances" and "Cacklin' Hen" may or may not be an implicit condemnation of the Nashville sound. What Tharp's choice suggests to me is not so much aesthetic purification as respect for a tradition that survives at some cost to those who keep it. In the script that is read at each performance of "The Bix Pieces"—a script in which Tharp outlines her creative process and gives us something of a credo—she wrote, "It seems to me that aesthetics and ethics are the same." There's an austerity in her vision that carries over to her material like a stamp of approval. Even Sinatra sounded austere—noble and bardic—when she used him. But, much as she may enliven the musical "Hair," she cannot ennoble it. "Hair" (the forthcoming film version, for which she has done the choreography) uses Tharp's craftsmanship without her vision. Its songs have their own vision, bathetic and self-important, and Tharp's technique can only provide appropriate stylistic filters and blot up excess moisture. Along with samples of her choreography for "Hair," the Brooklyn season included excerpts from a projected large work that also looks like a Broadway show—one that promises to start where "Hair" and "Grease" left off. From this, we get a picture of Tharp untrammelled and at large in the world of the commercial theatre, and the surprise is that it's not a more entertaining picture.

This projected show-style work was shown in five discontinuous fragments billed as "Chapters and Verses." The music was a miscellany: an Edwin Franko Goldman march; some fifties-style rock; an explosive and protracted disco sequence. One section, called "Calisthenics," had a lot of shouted dialogue. Another was accompanied, to predictable effect, by the Mickey Mouse Club theme music. The dancers, who wore Santo Loquasto rehearsal togs throughout, appeared three-fifths of the time to be playing kids; all the noisy references to kidvid and phys. ed. and rock and transistors and hot rods (a car is driven onto the stage) were fifties-generation references, and they had a packaged look and feel. The performing, too, was in a glib, super-Broadway style that I have never before associated with Twyla Tharp's company. An exception was William Whitener's solo to the Mickey Mouse anthem. In spite of its determination to amuse, it did amuse. The choreography is all in-place. With its floppy spine and arms, its wide épaulés braced against turned-in legs, it looks like a satire of Paul Taylor, and it may be a personal memento of the year that Twyla Tharp spent in Taylor's company before forming her own group—a memento of her artistic adolescence. Why this one real reminiscence should occur among so many prefabricated ones is not clear, and it isn't clear, either, how directly autobiographical any of the material is meant to be. We can only tell that some of it looks familiar in the wrong way. I don't believe that Twyla Tharp was one of these gassy teen-agers or that she wants me to think she was. I believe she must have some salvific intention; who else could we rely on for the authentic corrective to popular stereotypes? But I can't see from the fragments she has given us what she means by reproducing the fictitious fifties. Until the finished work is produced, I'll be confused about how the parts of it fit together and what its point of view is.

Just now, the only sections that are unambiguously, if not undisconcertingly, brilliant are the opening and closing sections: the march scene ("The Hard Circus") and the disco scene ("Street from the Night Before"). The march is one of those exhilarating numbers that turn the stage into a kind of trampoline—the dancers bound to center, execute a stunt solo or in combination, and bound off. Only, of course, they're Tharpian stunts, filled with switches on standard feats. A girl does a daring flip, is caught in midair, and is thrown to another catcher. You follow her trajectory only to see that you've missed a second girl being caught in the same way. The disco scene is also organized bedlam; it's Inferno's Dante. It goes on, like "Cacklin' Hen," until it touches infinity, and then it goes on some more. The tempo of the dancing, which is dazed and druggy, is half that of the beat of the music; the dancers aren't driven, they float. Although John Simon's music is unmodified disco, there are no references in the choreography to recreational disco dancing. Groups pour onto the stage, slowly riot, fall in clumps to the ground,



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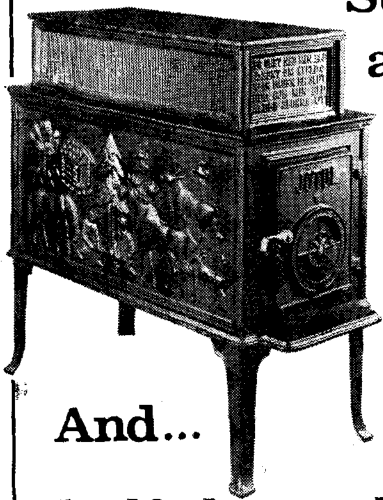
scatter, and fade into the fiery dark of Jennifer Tipton's lighting. Each dancer does his own dance, but no one seems independent of the group save Sara Rudner, who is very much a focal point. The others writhe around her, leave her, and come back; she herself may vanish for periods, but she always returns. The sensation of this recurrent return to center is curiously like watching a movie. The choreography implies closeups, tracking, fades; it has the kind of fluid, invisible continuity that we associate with the dreamiest effects in movies. The group dances for "Hair," though arranged for the camera, don't have this continuity. What they do have is consistency of image. We can see what good camera meat they will make. "Street from the Night Before" has consistency of image, too—it's an unbroken stream, and it never leaves its single level of pressure. But, unlike the "Hair" dances, it selects and differentiates its effects. Toward the end, the dancing begins to speed up, but it never joins the beat; it stays ungripped and keeps its wholeness, and even when the music stops it still goes on. What relation this curious musical asymmetry could have to the hypnotic movielike continuity of the dancing is a question to ponder. Has Twyla Tharp found a new way of eliding the effects of stage and film? Has mixed media—a great cry of the sixties—become transmedia?

But we were talking about pop. During "1903," a new solo arranged by Tharp for herself, I again got that sinking feeling. Not from Tharp, who was dancing extremely well and looking her smartest, in her frizzed hairdo and silk pants ensemble by Loquasto. She has a personal chic that has misled many people into thinking that chic is all she has. In fact, Tharp can't function as an artist on the silk-pants level, and her passing-fad pieces are becoming increasingly transparent. There was that Paul Simon suite a couple of years ago; the new solo, to three songs by Randy Newman, is even less significant. Newman, whose songs I'm not conscious of having heard before, was represented here by "Sail Away," "Suzanne," and "Dayton, Ohio—1903," and from these selections I got the impression of a fake-naïve artist: one of those croaking balladeers of our time who reverse the priorities of corruption. Newman's art is horsehair on the outside, cretonne on the inside. Since the music (on tape) seemed not to have influenced the choreography unduly, we could glide right over it, just as Tharp did. In the last song, which lends the



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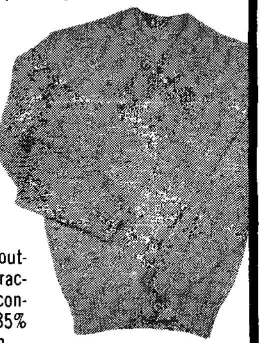

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solo its title, she was especially fine, lengthening and contracting the kinetic arc of an impulse as if she held it on a rubber band. But as a "collaboration" the piece is dubious. Can Tharp feel that Newman is close to the mother lode? Maybe she feels that this music is the best of the contemporary stuff—better than "Hair," different from the pop that she consciously employs in "Chapters and Verses." Something in Tharp has need of a contemporary statement. Her problem is that contemporary popular and theatre music isn't being written for dance. Dance music is first of all a conception in time, and in its temporal division, or rhythm, pop music these days is perfectly square. The smashing beat of disco is, as Tharp demonstrates, self-annihilating—equivalent to no beat at all. What with disco and the balladeers and the arrangers who pass for composers on the theatrical scene, a choreographer has pretty much to invent time. Pop used to be made for dancing. Since it became a troubadour's art form, even melody has languished. Harmony has become more important. Dancers are looking for a releasing rhythm or a good tune, and the music just keeps on changing chords.

In another and very different wing of her repertory, Tharp burrows happily in the annals of jazz. She could concentrate on jazz exclusively, but there's no sign that she will. Even for a choreographer of her range and daring, there is too much wealth here. Besides, jazz has no presence in popular music today; you can't get it on the car radio. One of the secrets of Twyla Tharp's rapport with her audience is that she's believably an in-touch person—someone who can make sense of the babel on the car radio. We've seldom had fine artists who were also figures in popular mythology. Twyla Tharp may not have made it into the league of Buster Keaton, Fred Astaire, and Louis Armstrong, but their aura is congenial to hers. So far, we've felt her connection with them mainly in her great jazz dances, which are essentially dances of commemoration. This series, which began in 1971 with a now classic work to Jelly Roll Morton ("Eight Jelly Rolls"), appears to have been consciously shaped around maestro pianists. Besides Jelly Roll, Tharp has given us Scott Joplin, Fats Waller, Art Tatum, and, as the latest entry in the series, Willie the Lion Smith. She even gave us, in the prelude to "The Bix Pieces," Beiderbecke as a pianist ("In a Mist"). I don't know what this emphasis on piano means; perhaps it's

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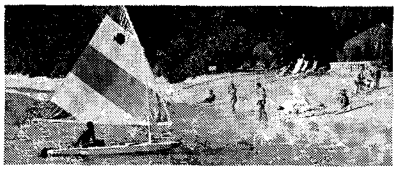

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nothing more than an orderly way of cutting through different jazz styles and periods. The Smith piece, called "Baker's Dozen," is arranged for the largest company Tharp has had, and it's the most physically powerful of the jazz ballets. With six women and six men, Tharp has made an extended essay in partnering, and the duets are full of astonishing events—not just acrobatically astonishing, like the lifts that the specialty dance teams at the Savoy used to do, but poetically astonishing, with a wild sexual kind of comedy and perverse spirit. In the choreography for "Tango à la Caprice," the dude suavity of the dance becomes a subject of comment, but without ever ceasing to interest us as dance. "Baker's Dozen" (the title may come from the fact that one of the twelve roles is written for two dancers—Twyla Tharp or Sara Rudner) is a series of dance vignettes that pass laterally across the stage; much of the action takes place just at wingside. The device acts like a spotlight (or like old-fashioned movie-musical cutting), picking up one couple or group, then another. In "Relaxin'," a girl falls headfirst out of the wings into a boy's arms. He has to throw her back twice and then dodge as another girl runs at him full tilt. Alone at last, the boy (Richard Colton) does an engaging shimmy kneeling on the floor.

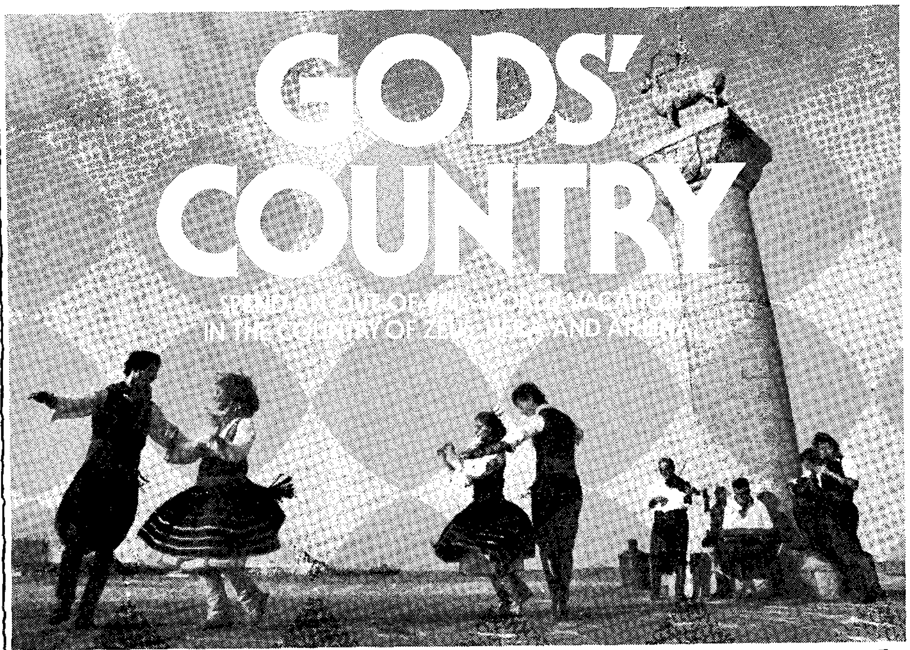
Willie the Lion Smith straddled the eras of ragtime and swing. A contemporary of James P. Johnson and Eubie Blake, he died in 1973. Dick Hyman played the four compositions used in the ballet, which date from the thirties. Loquasto's off-white costumes, with their drape shape, suggest Harlem sharpies of the thirties and early forties. Under their sarongs the women wear velvet trousers that look like leg warmers, and the choreography is nutty enough to take it. There's a flushed, excited self-awareness in this piece. It recalls a period in social dancing when people, as now, lost control of themselves. But then a dance floor was packed with incident, with virtuoso turns, intimate jokes, hectic little gallantries. And all of it alive and bouncing in the plenitude of rhythm. Palmy days at the Palm Gardens, with women falling out of the sky.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, who says he is giving away his $82,000 share of the Nobel Prize money, is perhaps the poorest head of government in the developed world.—*New Haven Register*.

Just give the news, please.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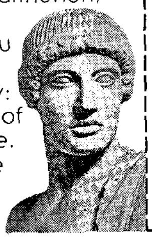

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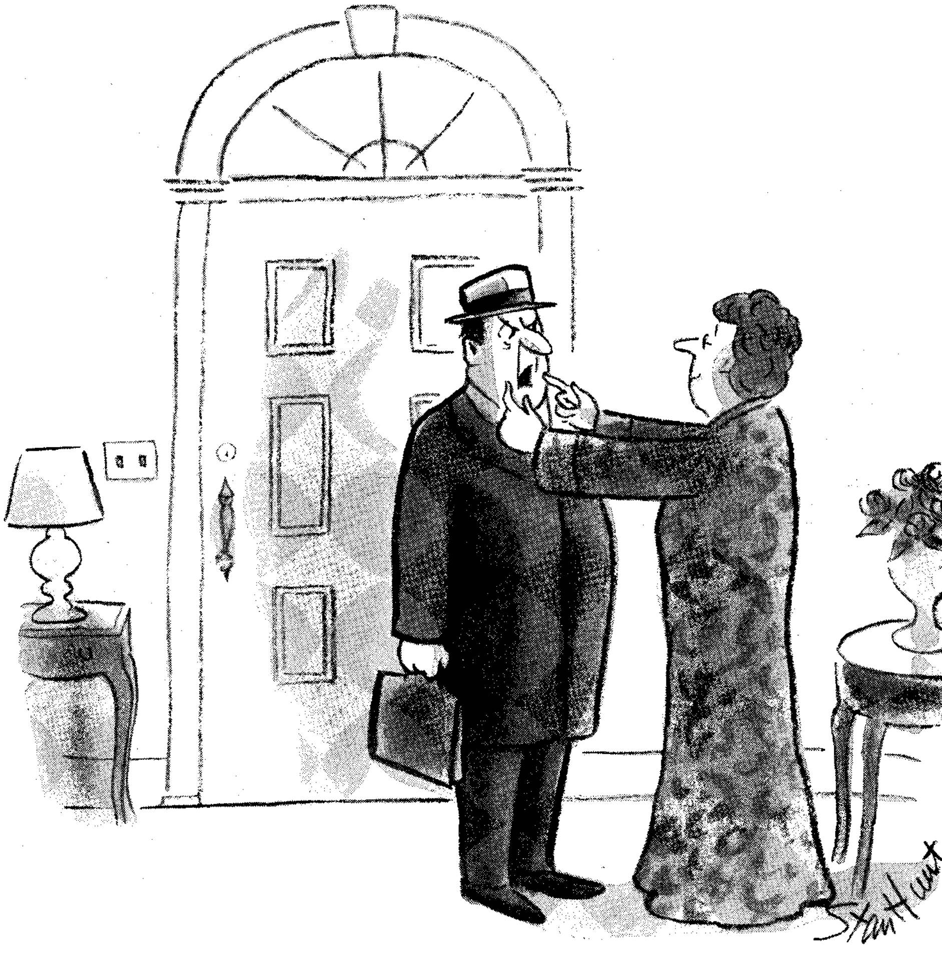
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Rumbling

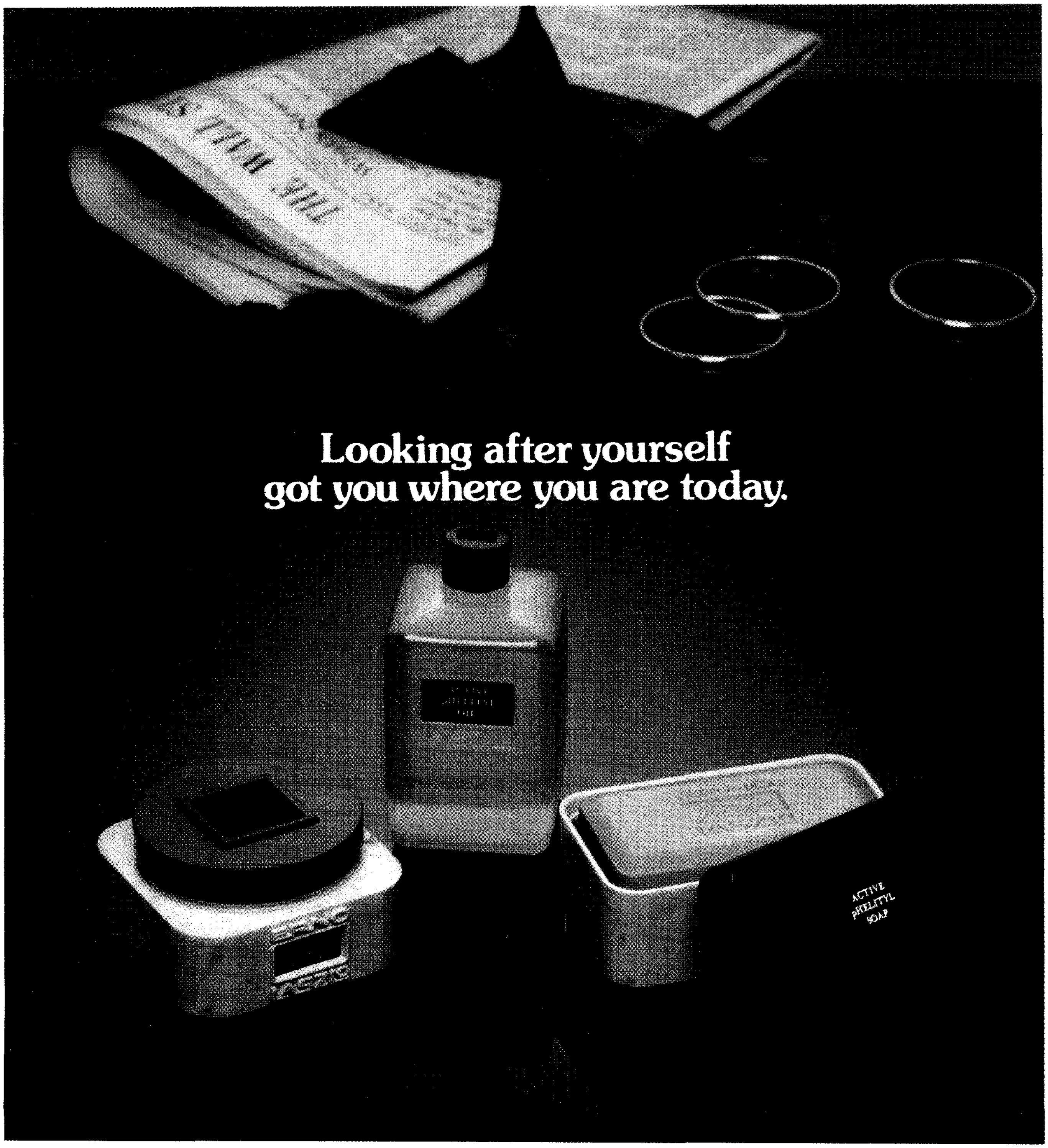
"The Graduate," "Easy Rider," "Five Easy Pieces," "Little Big Man," and other American films of the late sixties and early seventies which rejected middle-class values had a special appeal for middle-class college students. The anti-draft, anti-Vietnam counterculture took up movies in such a big way that it was sometimes called the film generation. By now, it's the "Masterpiece Theatre" generation. Some of the biggest recent hits have once again expressed—as movies did up through the fifties—the needs and fantasies of the people at the bottom of society. Tony Manero and Stephanie, of "Saturday Night Fever," wanted to escape the coarseness and limitations of working-class life; they hoped to achieve the middle-class prerogatives that the college-educated anti-war audience held in cynical contempt (while, of course, enjoying them). And now, in "The Warriors," the heroes are so far down in the social scale they can't even aspire to middle-classness—they envy it and hate it. What Tony and Stephanie are leaving behind is luxury compared with these heroes' welfare-gutted lives. With Walter Hill's "The Warriors," movies are back to their socially conscious role of expressing the anger of the dispossessed. But this picture isn't a melodrama; it's a fantasy spectacle that has found its style in the taste of the dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. "The Warriors" enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets, because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. Paramount opened the picture in six hundred and seventy theatres, without advance press screenings, promoting it as an exploitation film, via a thumping TV commercial. Probably the assumption was that the audience for this picture doesn't read reviews. But the literate shouldn't miss out on it. "The Warriors" is a real moviemaker's movie: it has *in visual terms* the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" did behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." "The Warriors" is like visual rock.

At the opening, a lighted subway train—a many-eyed monster—moves toward us out of the darkness. The Wonder Wheel—the complicated old Ferris wheel at Coney Island—forms a pink-and-white pattern against black skies. The subway system is the central nervous system of the movie. Deserted subway stations are mysterious, cavernous, terror-filled places, with graffiti-covered trains pounding in and out. The film's atmosphere suggests the decadent nighttown feeling of Vienna in "The Third Man," but in purplish tones. "The Warriors" is mesmerizing in its intensity. It runs from night until dawn, and most of the action is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. The story, which has a classic shape and suggests the Odyssey, is actually Xenophon's Anabasis retold in modern urban terms, and compressed, so that, like rock, it never lets up. The heroes—nine members of a Coney Island youth gang called the Warriors, wearing red-brown leather vests over bare skin—journey by subway to a foreign terrain, the Bronx. There, in a park amphitheatre, nine delegates each from a hundred youth gangs converge—every group in its own colors. Cyrus (Roger Hill), the head of the biggest of the gangs, the close-cropped paramilitary Riffs, has declared a truce for the purposes of this assembly, and the Riffs, in their orange karate jackets, patrol the meeting. Cyrus, his gold-and-burgundy robe gleaming in the moonlight, tells the crowd of his plan: that the gangs should organize their full membership of sixty thousand into a single gang and take over one borough at a time until they run the city, which has a police force of only twenty thousand. (Actually, twenty-four thousand.) To the boys yelling and waving their arms in approval, Cyrus seems inspired. But a psychotic—the head of the Rogues—shoots him, and the Warriors are mistakenly thought to be responsible. Pursued by the other gangs and by the police, they fight their way home through the city, which is laid out in primitive tribal patterns. Encountering one gang after another, they dart in and out of subway trains and stations while a rock-music d.j. on an all-night show broadcasts the word that they should be stopped.

In Sol Yurick's 1965 novel, on which the movie is based, the youngest of the heroes carried a comic-book version of Xenophon's account of how the Greek warriors, whose leader was killed in Persia, had to make their own way home. The movie is that comic



"I can adjust my own damn smile, Alice."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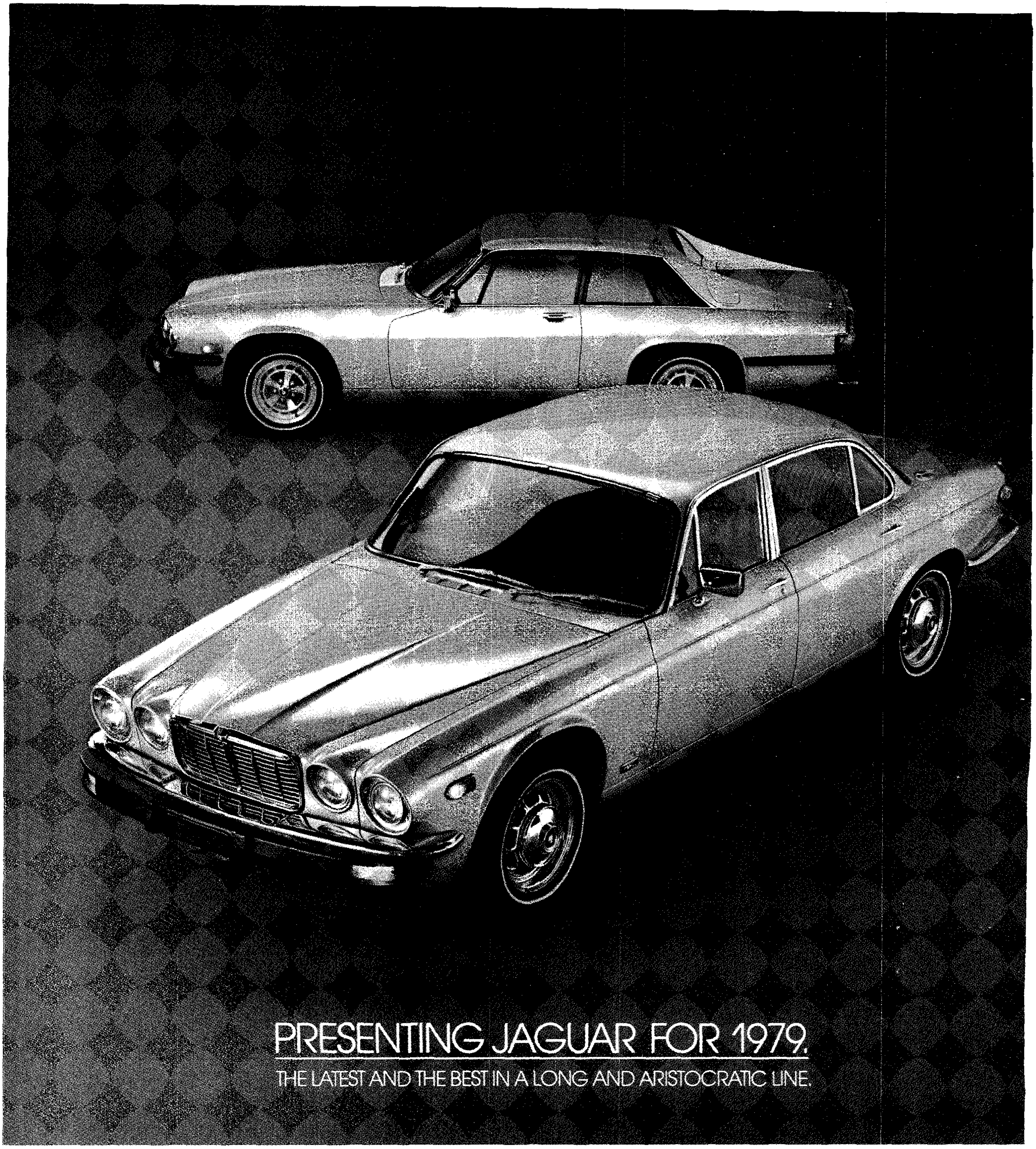
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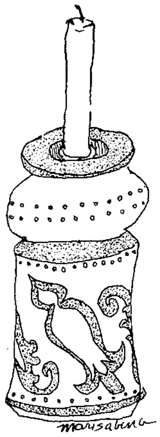
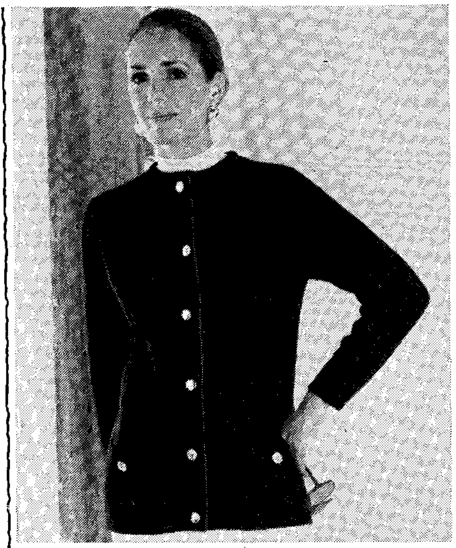
book seen through the young reader's eyes: it's a slum kid's vivid fantasy of the hardships and adventures of a group of boys who have to prove their courage, their discipline, and their fighting skill to survive the night. The Warriors' torments are modern, mythic, surreal. Running from the Turnbull A.C.s—skinheads in overalls—they make it to the elevated; when they get to the Ninety-sixth Street station, there's the horror of realizing that the train is being held. Each time they have outwitted or fought off one gang, another turns up, in its colors and with its favored weapons. When the Baseball Furies—who have harlequin-painted faces (like the rock group Kiss) and are wearing baseball uniforms and carrying bats—catch up with them, it's a paranoid nightmare. Three of the Warriors are invited to party with some girls, then discover that these girls—so sensuous, so enticing—are the Lizzies, who are out to get them, too. A Warrior alone in the Union Square station sees a boy on skates who whizzes around, watching him, and we hear synthesized, high-pitched music; these Carol Reed-like touches presage the arrival of a switchblade-wielding gang. The Warriors have their losses (they don't all make it back), but they're tough, quick, resourceful fighters, who look after each other. If at the start of the picture they look like punks, by the end they're heroes.

Their long trip home is, however, tinged with a pathos that isn't comic-strip classical—it's Sol Yuricky. The members of each gang may fight to defend their own turf, but on a deeper level they know they don't own it. They don't own anything. This is an Anabasis of the despised, the lumpen. Like the novel, the movie endows their fighting with an existential rationale. Fighting means *more* to them than if they were actually defending their own land or property: fighting is its own reward—it ennobles them, and this macho pride is all they've got. And so the movie expresses something that's international: why the poorest boys of so many countries form disciplined, loyal tribal units and attack other boys as poor and scared and powerless as themselves. When the Warriors are told that they will be allowed to pass through an area without being attacked if they take off the vests that identify them, they refuse. Without that token of membership, they would have no proof of their manhood.



The physical action is so stylized that it has a wild cartoon kick to it, like "Yojimbo" and the best kung-fu movies. The fighting is exhilaratingly visceral, and so contrapuntal in the Oriental-martial-arts-dancing manner that you have no thought of pain or gore. The director, Walter Hill, is a fantasist, of a peculiarly violent yet abstract kind; each battle is different—spatially and kinetically—and tops the one before. Lighted in a different style, this movie might have been merely romantic pulp: it's the color itself that's violent. The purplish cheap-thrill color is as deep and strong as what cinematographers used to get when Technicolor was still Technicolor, and it gives off a hot glow against the darkness. Working with a ritualistic story, and in collaboration with the cinematographer, Andrew Laszlo (who also did the highly stylized work on the TV mini-series "The Dain Curse"), Hill achieves poetic power for the whole length of the movie. The Warriors run through a park that is all blackness except for the green trees and grass. When they run into a subway station through the territory of a gang called the Orphans, the streets are like wet greenish-black velvet. (About five minutes into this movie, you realize that it has the folkloric quality that "The Wiz" was trying to get at: the sleazy city as magical city, urban fear mythologized.) Hill's gift is for translating spectacle into action. His staging of the park assembly and then its disintegration into a riot, with the gangs swarming in all directions, is reminiscent of the Babylonian scenes of D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance;" his calling the head of the Riffs Cyrus (which is not the name Yurick used in the book but goes back to Xenophon) may also be an homage to Griffith's Cyrus the Great, who conquered Babylon. Hill's choreographed fights are certainly indebted to Peckinpah, for whom he wrote "The Getaway;" some of the tumbling, crashing bodies suggest variations on the fast cuts of fighting aboard the phantom fleet in Peckinpah's "The Killer Elite."

Walter Hill is one of the rare American directors who function better in abstract, patterned scenes than they do in conversational ones; in "The Warriors," there's almost a formal break between the two. The camera doesn't move around in the action scenes to include what the characters say; instead, there's a cut to someone speaking—the dialogue has the effect of inserts. Most



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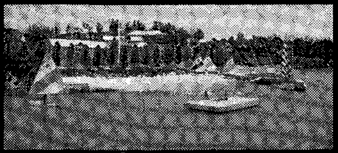

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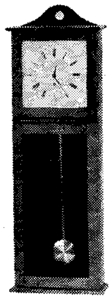

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of the film was shot on New York locations at night, but the performances seem to be taking place in the void of a studio (which may in fact be the case). We never feel that we're just overhearing the Warriors; they're not talking to each other—they're talking to us, and, at the opening, one at a time. There's another, bigger problem: While Hill's martial-arts Expressionism suggests something that has never been seen before—a blending of Fritz Lang and kung fu—the characters take us back to the Dead End Kids and all their brothers in the socially conscious movies of the thirties, and to "The Wild One" and the other delinquency movies of the fifties. Hill doesn't allow the actors to overdramatize themselves in fifties style—to clown or be too ingratiating. On the contrary, he cools them out—keeps them at a respectful distance. They're handled like dancers; their faces are slightly impassive, and when they talk it's a little impersonal, like dance recitation. But they seem almost redundant—it's as if Hill's vision were complete without them, and he put them in just so we'd have some people on the screen to identify with. Since the characters don't seem integral to the conception, we aren't particularly drawn to them. As Swan, the blond war chief for the Warriors who takes command when the group's leader is killed, Michael Beck leaves us unsure whether Swan is meant to be as stoic and tight-mouthed as he's played. Swan lacks spirituality, and it takes a while to respond to him. With his broad, muscular neck, he's like a Joe Dallesandro who keeps in lean, fighting shape—a mixture of turn-off and turn-on. The other Warriors—white, black, Hispanic—are less forbidding, and we come to accept them all. Marcelino Sanchez, who plays the youngest, Rembrandt—named for his dexterity with a spray can—has an easy, natural manner; at the other extreme, David Harris, who wears a headband and a turquoise necklace, is such a fine-boned camera subject that he functions almost purely in graphic terms.

Even in the scripts Walter Hill wrote before he turned director, he didn't think in terms of character, and in his two earlier movies as a writer-director ("Hard Times" and "The Driver") the motivation was primarily visual. As a director, he's like an addict hooked on visual effects—not a bad addiction for a movie director, but it can alter a novelist's conception in surprising ways. Hill shows only a half-hearted interest in the psychology of

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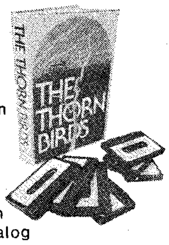

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youth-gang members and in the psychology of violence itself, which are Yurick's primary concerns. The novel is like a description of a movie, but not necessarily this movie. Yurick's gang members are just kids, full of fear. They strike out with their fists and weapons before they can be struck. In the book, it's not a single psychotic who shoots the Cyrus-gangster-messiah figure; psychotics abound, and the discipline of staying quiet for Cyrus's speech is too much for almost everyone. A boy slaps at a mosquito; a fight breaks out; it turns into a general brawl. And when the prowl cars come toward the field and the boys hear the sirens, they don't know the way out, and they blame the orating messiah for trapping them. "From all around the field they aimed their guns at the circle of light. They fired." And in the panic of the police-car headlights and spotlights pouring down on them, they "pounded at one another, not only at enemies, but at friends, as if only terrific motion could make them feel less frightened." What the movie does is to shape gang warfare into a fantasy fulfillment: the Warriors become true warriors. (The title of the book is ironic and full of pity: the novel is a study in volatility—a man on the street who happens to look at one of the gang members in a way the boy doesn't like is stabbed and slashed by all of them.) The book is about real violence; the movie is about dissociated, comic-book violence. That may be why the characters' emotions, which are integral to Yurick's vision, seem an excrescence here—as if they were stuck in for redeeming social value.

There *are* attempts at characterization: As the psychotic assassin, David Patrick Kelly, who has the pointed nose and jutting square chin of a Mephisto, suggests a degenerate, comic version of Vic Morrow's villain back in "Blackboard Jungle;" when he beats out a rhythm with three bottles on his fingers, like castanets, he's a real manic cuckoo. And as a girl who joins the gang, Deborah Van Valkenburgh seems at first no more than an affected actress with twisted, pouty-smudgy lips, but her performance grows in quality; she even survives a sentimentalized confrontation of the haves and the have-nots in the subway when she looks at some dressed-up kids returning from a prom, and is conscious of her own deprivation and trampiness. Walter Hill, who had been in New York only a couple of times for brief visits before coming to start work on "The Warriors," has a goof in this scene: prom kids wouldn't make eye contact with

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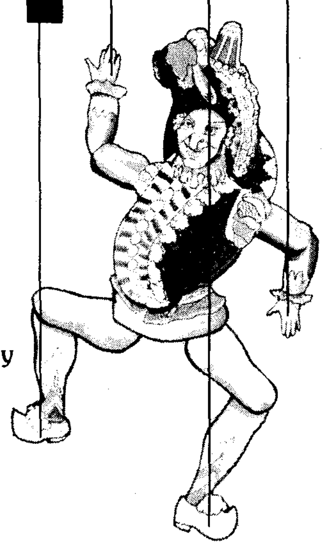

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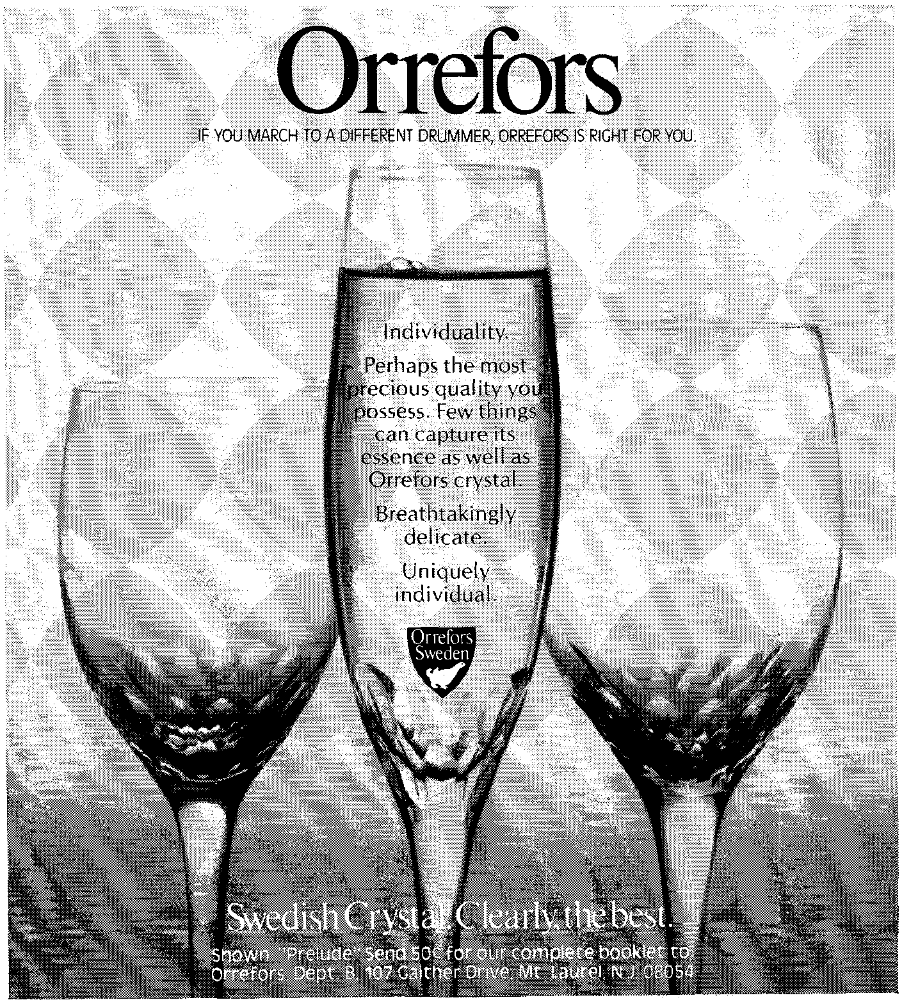
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street punks. But maybe it's partly because Hill isn't a New Yorker that he is able to sustain the jumping excitement of this vision: he's seeing the city in his head. And his editor (David Holden) and art directors (Don Swanagan and Bob Wightman) seem to know exactly what he's after. Many objections could be raised to the script (by David Shaber and Hill)—to devices such as that of the witness who arrives to tell the Riffs who really killed Cyrus, to the way the role of a policewoman is written (she gives the false impression that she will turn out to be a man in disguise), and to many overexplicit lines of dialogue. But the acid-rock score, by Barry De Vorzon, with its electric, third-rail sound, seems perfectly rhythmed to the images. I have just one small complaint about the music: when the d.j. (we only see her great red-lipped mouth) puts on "Nowhere to Run," couldn't it have been the original, by Martha and the Vandellas?

If there's one immutable law about movies, it may be that middle-class people get hot and bothered whenever there's a movie that the underclass really responds to. And there's also a reason for them to get upset: as Yurick indicates, when the underclass gathers, there's so much restlessness and psychosis that a mosquito can cause a murder. There have been violent incidents in theatres showing "The Warriors," as there were in the fifties at "Blackboard Jungle," and as there frequently are at theatres that run action movies. I saw "The Warriors" at an 11:15 P.M. show in a Broadway theatre, and the audience was so attentive to the movie it was hushed; it may have been the quietest late-night Broadway audience of my experience in recent years. I'm told that at theatres where the audience is all teenagers they participate happily and noisily. But there's bound to be trouble in some places when a movie comes along that's bursting with energy and is set in the imaginary kids-and-cops city of youth. —PAULINE KAEL

EDITORS' NOTE: Pauline Kael and Penelope Gilliatt have been alternating as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Kael concludes her current six-month period. Miss Gilliatt will appear in the March 19th issue. Miss Kael would normally be returning in September; however, in the hope of gaining some new perspectives, she has asked for an indefinite leave of absence, to work in film production.

MUSICAL EVENTS

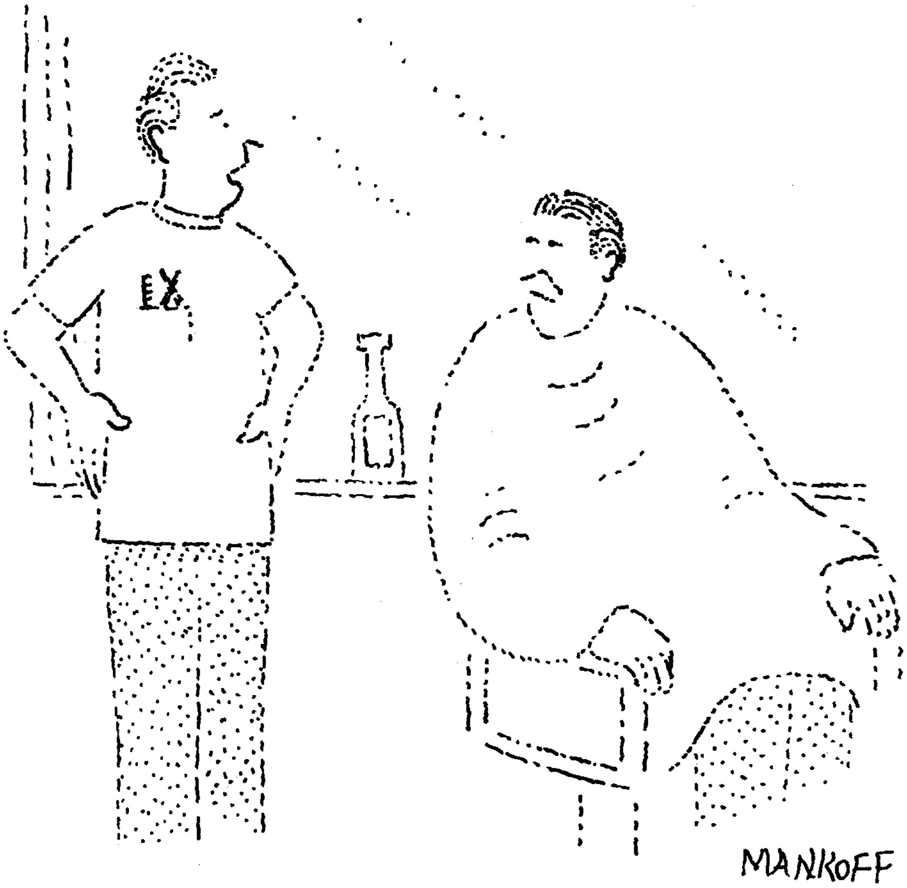
Island Emperor

IN Gatti-Casazza's day, the Metropolitan Opera was an important company that performed contemporary operas both European and native. In the 1933-34 season, there were three American operas: Howard Hanson's "Merry Mount" was new; Louis Gruenberg's "The Emperor Jones" was a revival from the previous season; and Deems Taylor's "Peter Ibbetson" was in its third season. All three were conducted by Tullio Serafin and starred Lawrence Tibbett. At its première, "The Emperor Jones"—according to Olin Downes, in the *Times*—had drawn "one of the largest audiences the Metropolitan has ever known" and had won an "instant and sweeping success." (It was first given at a Saturday matinée, on a double bill with "Pagliacci;" in the evening Maria Müller, Göta Ljungberg, and Friedrich Schorr sang in "Die Walküre.") Gruenberg, born in Brest Litovsk in 1884, brought to this country at the age of two, was a Busoni pupil. He came to international prominence with his "Daniel Jazz" at the 1925 ISCM Festival. Like Korngold, he ended up in Hollywood and wrote a violin concerto for Heifetz. Kleiber had planned to do "The Emperor Jones" in Berlin in 1932, but that place and time were unpropitious for an opera by a Jew about a black. Serafin revived it in Rome in 1951. The Michigan Opera Theatre, in Detroit, gave five performances of it last month—the first full production in this country, it seems, since the Chicago Opera Company's in 1946.

"The Emperor Jones" has a place in operatic history. It was hard to judge from the score what sort of effect it might make in the theatre. Tibbett's record of the spiritual in it, "It's a-me, Oh Lawd, standin' in de need of prayer," contains little except a powerful climax built on a three-note motif: F, E-flat, D-flat above the staff, then repeated an octave lower. I went to Detroit, heard and saw an accomplished production of the work, and thought the music neither as admirable and potent as Downes thought it nor as meretricious as Paul Rosenfeld, in "Discoveries of a Music Critic," declared it to be.

The libretto is Eugene O'Neill's play slightly abridged, provided with some offstage choruses between scenes, and altered at the end. Gruenberg made the adaptation himself. After the first scene—an expository conversation between Jones and Smithers, a Cockney trader—the opera is a monodrama for the protagonist. Schoenberg's monodrama "Erwartung," produced at the 1924 ISCM Festival—the year before "Daniel Jazz"—may have been in Gruenberg's mind. In one, an obsessed soprano wanders through a dark wood; in the other, an obsessed baritone wanders through a dark forest. Brutus Jones, ex-Pullman porter, murderer, escaped convict, and now ex-emperor of a Caribbean island, is on the run. The "bush niggers" (the word is all over the libretto), whom Jones despises, brutalizes, and has grown rich from, have now rebelled against him. In a series of jungle hallucination scenes, or "ha'nts," he relives first his crimes and then "hereditary" experiences—the slave market, the slave ship bringing his ancestors to America, and, finally, a Congo rite at which he is to be sacrificed. Calling on Jesus, he spends his ammunition firing at the ghosts, and thus leads the pursuing rebels to him. In O'Neill's play, his last shot is fired at a crocodile god, and the finale is a veristic, chilling, deliberate anticlimax—after the night of vivid horrors, a dawn scene in which Jones is shot, almost casually, offstage. But in the opera the Congo rite and the Caribbean pursuit are merged; Jones commits suicide, and the opera ends with a savage triumph dance over his corpse.

In 1950, a proposed NBC television performance of "The Emperor Jones" was cancelled lest it offend blacks. In language, both play and opera seem to me pretty offensive still. The last words of the play, spoken by Smithers, are "Stupid as 'ogs, the lot of 'em! Blarsted niggers!" Smithers is not presented as an admirable character, but some of his attitudes are reflected in O'Neill's own stage directions. The rebel leader is "a heavy-set, ape-faced old savage of the extreme African type." Jones's "features are typically negroid, yet there is something decidedly distinctive about his face . . . His eyes are alive with a keen, cunning intelligence." Gruenberg carried that "yet" into his directions. In Detroit, the text was not bowdlerized; the performers were evidently willing to accept the language as authentic to the period. It is harder to accept the play as the Sophoclean tragedy Downes deemed it to be. Brutus Jones is no Macbeth. His ambition has been to get rich at his fellow-blacks' expense, bank his money abroad, and escape when his subjects will suffer his despotism no



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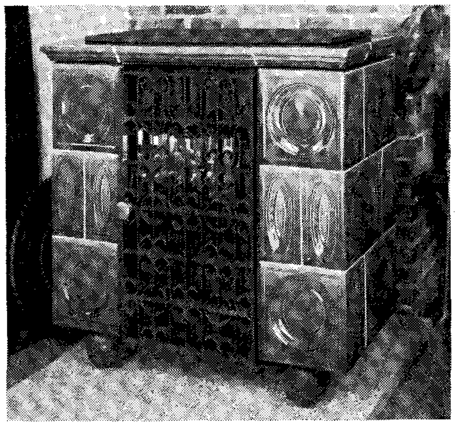

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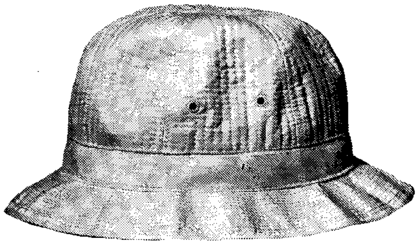

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longer. In America, he has picked up enough white-man smartness to know how to exploit the credulous West Indians. Suffering and retribution following on commercial sharp practice can provide a moral spectacle, but it is not quite the stuff of high tragedy. There is no suggestion that Jones is a potentially great or good man corrupted or led astray. Moreover, there seems to be no particular reason why the memory of his crimes should recur in the jungle and destroy him. One could say: O'Neill demonstrates that back in the jungle a sophisticated black reverts to savagery as swiftly as Jones's Western clothes fall from him and leave him almost naked—and that, I fear, is the plain surface reading of both the play and the libretto. One could add: And by this the playwright intends a parable of what can happen to any man, whatever his color, who has founded his career upon crime—but that reading must be forced on the text. Alternatively, one might say: This is simply a striking and effective piece of theatre without any special significance—and leave it at that. On any reading, the tone of the play seems pretentious for its matter.

TOWARD the end of O'Neill's first scene, a drumbeat starts up offstage, and it continues throughout the play, increasing its pace and volume until in the Congo rite it "grows to a fierce, exultant boom whose throbs seem to fill the air with vibrating rhythm." Gruenberg takes over this device, but it loses some of its force when it is but one element of a musical score. This score puzzles me. It is bare—much of the time just two opposed lines, each of them thickened with block harmonies. It is almost athematic. The only tune is the three-note spiritual, and that lasts only eleven measures. The rest is declamation, cries, plain speech, rhythms, and sounds. And yet the first impression, that there is "no music" (as Strauss said of "Pelléas"), is soon modified by the discovery that *something* is holding one's attention—propelling, shaping, and articulating the drama, and making it vivid in a way that a plain spoken performance would not be. Probably, it is Gruenberg's control of timbres, density, and rhythmic tensions.

In successive Detroit performances, I heard two singers in the title role. David Arnold's words were clear and his projection was vivid. He looked a little young and slender to be the "powerfully built, full-blooded Negro of middle age" O'Neill and Gruen-

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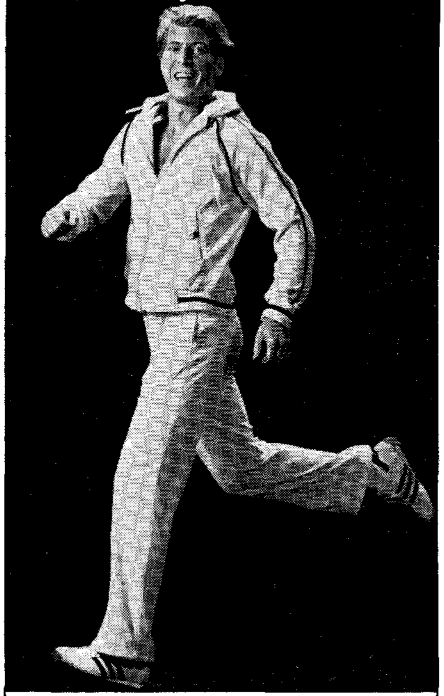

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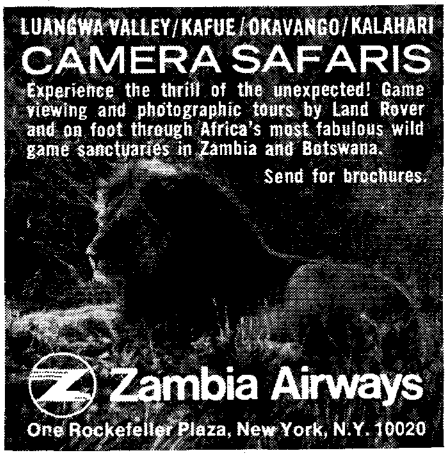

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berg called for. Andrew Smith was much, much heavier—almost too bulky. His presence was imposing. His words were less clear. Both men gave arresting performances in different ways. The chorus was offstage, and its brief interjections were piped into the auditorium by way of loudspeakers; such canned sound is never effective. Onstage, there was a corps of sixteen accomplished and beautiful black dancers, miming all the roles, black and white, of the hallucination scenes, and representing décor, forest fears, soldiers, savages as required. It was a skillful and imaginative production, designed by Neil Peter Jampolis, directed by Rhoda Levine, and choreographed by Clifford Fears. But Mr. Fears' final dance was not a success; it looked too neat and too calisthenic. Robert Willoughby Jones, who had edited the score (including a new version of the finale, which Gruenberg made shortly before his death, in 1964), conducted a sensitive and well-prepared performance.

The Michigan company performs in a large theatre, the Music Hall, seating nearly eighteen hundred people—more than the Hamburg, Frankfurt, or Stuttgart opera houses, almost as many as Bayreuth. Each year, it does an American opera. "The Emperor Jones," which lasts about seventy minutes, was given, as in 1933, on a bill with "Pagliacci." This was sung in English, and therefore came across with unusual emotional force and directness. Marianna Christos, as Nedda, was outstanding. Her pitch was perfect. Her tone poured out pure and unforced at every level. Her words were eloquently uttered. She looks dramatic, and she can act. Her future should be bright. —ANDREW PORTER

•

Gov.-elect Lamar Alexander said yesterday he has decided to abolish the "tin plates of vanity," the special license tags governors have given friends for more than 20 years.

"I walked by so many Lincolns driving 80 mph and wearing those fancy tags during my campaign that I got sick of them," Alexander said.—*Nashville (Tenn.) Tennessean.*

That's Lamar (Speedy) Alexander.

•

The second day's schedule includes a meeting to introduce the school's postgraduate course at classroom 520 at 10.30 am, Symposium No 2 at classroom 522 at 1.10 pm on the theme "Illusion and Disillusion in Middlemarch" chaired by G. Eliot.—*Tokyo Daily Yomiuri.*

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BOOKS

Notes from Underground

AT the current rate of output, there threaten to be, at the turn of the century, more books about Adolf Hitler than about any other historical person or presence on this earth with the exception of Napoleon and of Christ. As Goebbels said to his associates in one of his last staff briefings, "Act now so that you will look good on color TV in the year 1999."

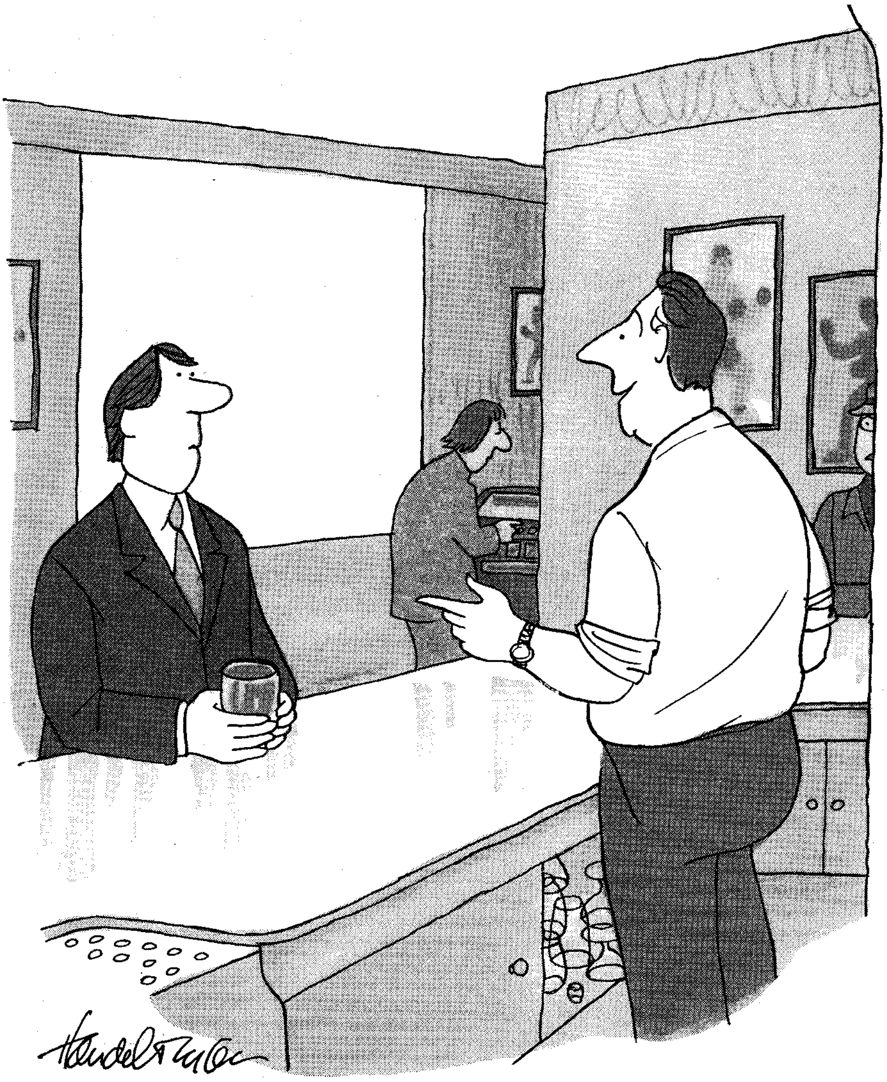
Just now there is an avalanche of Hitleriana: biographies, documentary and fantasized films on a six-hour scale, monographs on this or that aspect of the Hitler era, memorabilia which command increasingly high prices (one of Herr Hitler's early paintings or architectural sketches, a sports coupé in which he briefly rode, the foul trivia of ornamental daggers, S.S. badges, commemorative-stamp issues).

Obviously, there are spurts of ideological venom at work at the extremist edges of a middle class frightened by urban disorder and trade-union blackmail, amid the new proletariat of unemployed intelligentsia, in the various ant heaps of racism. At diverse nodes in Western politics, anti-Semitism is again a winning card. But the obsession of the mass media and of the historical imagination with Hitler is not, by a long shot, ideological. It is almost divorced from the atavisms of neo-Nazism. It streams from the man himself, from the image of the man, like cold dead air out of a blighted mine shaft.

It was underground, of course, that Adolf Hitler ended: a numb troglodyte, a sewer rat, an albino creature burrowing in fetid darkness. One hundred and four days below ground—from January 16 to April 30, 1945. Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper, of Oxford, then a young officer in British Intelligence, gave a cool, astutely deductive account of "The Last Days of Hitler" (1947). Not many substantive additions or corrections have had to be made since. James P. O'Donnell fully acknowledges the essential rightness of Trevor-Roper's reconstruction, which had to be inferential at many points because the Soviet authorities would not allow independent Western investigation. In "The Bunker" (Houghton Mifflin; $13.95), O'Donnell amends this or that point of macabre detail; he fleshes out one or another of the phantom charades that marked the epilogue of the Reich; he vents rumors. He can add little that is new or that is essential. It is in his style that he differs totally from Trevor-Roper's elegant professionalism.

"The ghost of Adolf Hitler comes knocking at my door," confides Mr. O'Donnell. Flying above the ruins of Berlin, he "was vibrating on the same frequency" as his editor in New York. Goebbels is, inevitably, "the little doctor." "The female of the Goebbels kind proved deadlier than the male." Fastidiousness is not among Mr. O'Donnell's weaknesses: Speer's relation to Hitler is "one of the strangest in history since the day that another handsome young man, Joseph, caught the eye of the pharaoh." Seeking to escape westward, the bevy of secretaries who had served Hitler to the end run into a Russian patrol: "all were robustly raped." In his final hours, the Führer was, undoubtedly, "filled with the thought that he would soon be barbecuing in his own garden." Often, the coarseness of Mr. O'Donnell's manner, his self-dramatizations at incongruous moments, are such as to make one want to lay the book aside. But one reads on. Mr. O'Donnell is right: even retold and somewhat padded, the tale is enormous—both in respect of dimension and moral monstrosity. And the fiery destruction of Berlin is, in O'Donnell's own simile, as haunting to remembrance as that of Troy.

Historians argue as to just when it was that Hitler first admitted to himself the probability of defeat. There are indications, in the spate of his table talk, that Hitler saw an irreparable downward turn in the failure of the German armies to capture either Leningrad or Moscow. After Stalingrad, the omens were unequivocal. The real significance of the Ardennes offensive, which Hitler launched in the desperate winter of 1944-45, may have been political. Hitler strove to arrest the advance of the



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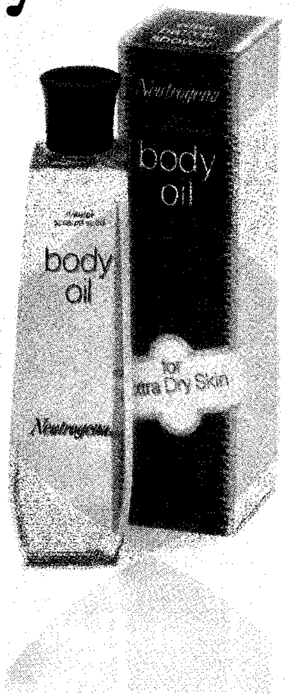

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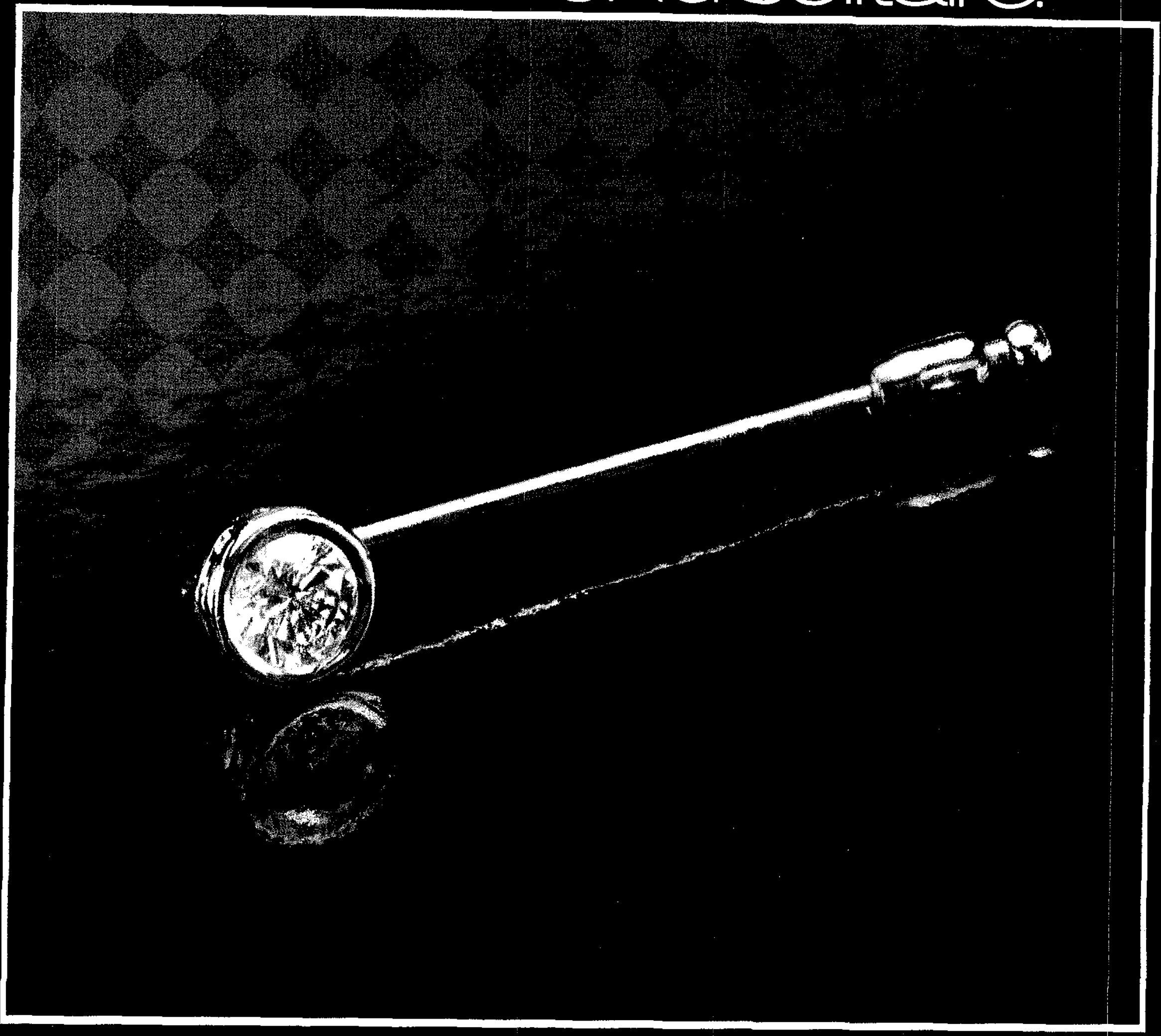

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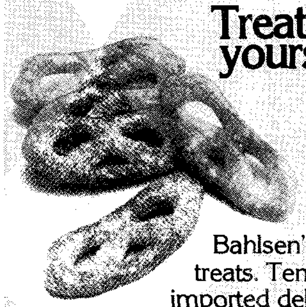

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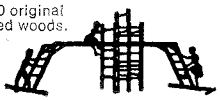

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Allies across France and Belgium. If this advance could be made too costly, there might be a breathing space for geopolitical realignment. The United States and Britain might come to realize that their genuine enemy was Stalinist Russia, that an all-out ruin of Germany would mean the irruption of Soviet-Asiatic hordes into the European heartland. With feverish clairvoyance, Hitler sensed, to his suicidal end, that East and West would soon confront one another in bitter hostility.

There might be other incalculables or "miracles." The hope of secret weapons mesmerized the Nazi imagination: Indeed, what if the V-2s had come earlier, what if they had carried nuclear warheads? The sudden death of President Roosevelt set off an explosion of joy in Hitler's burrow. Was not this the providential signal, so long awaited, of a glorious upsurge in the Führer's destiny? Like previous historians of Hitler's mentality, Mr. O'Donnell rightly emphasizes the talismanic role of Frederick the Great in the Führer's psyche and in that of his entourage. In December, 1762, the Prussian King had been cornered by his adversaries; on every flank the situation was seemingly hopeless. Yet, only one month later, a reversal of alliances set Frederick on the road to victory. Surely, the same might happen again. It is, therefore, plausible to suppose that the Reich's Chancellor knew instants and flashes of confidence almost to the last hour. A portrait of Frederick the Great hung on the wall of his lair.

However, by the time Hitler descended into his concrete warren, the scenario for self-immolation must have been clearly established in his mind. Plans for a breakout to Berchtesgaden and the (largely imaginary) "alpine redoubt" continued to be hatched. Hitler's ace pilot, Hans Baur, was ready to fly the Chief to any remote corner of the earth in a specially equipped long-range machine. But Mr. O'Donnell is certainly right when he contends that Hitler and Goebbels foresaw, designed the macabre finale of their existence. The key elements were not only those of a conscious mythological style: the suicide, the consumption by fire of the warlord amid the surrounding *Götterdämmerung* of his liege men. Hitler also intuited that death in Berlin would be vital to the politics of legend, to the potential resurrection of his doctrines. And there was the dead weight of physical and nervous exhaustion. Mr. O'Donnell makes heavy weather of the old chestnuts concerning Hitler's medical condition and pos-

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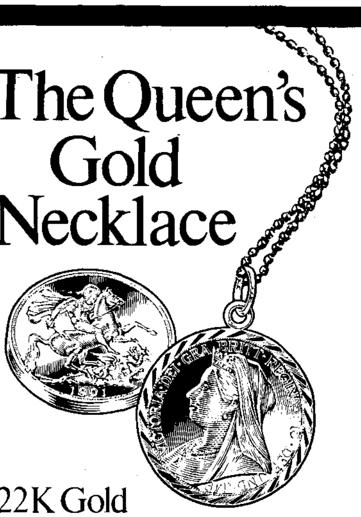

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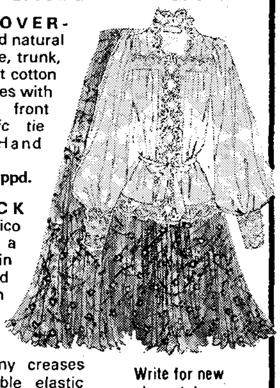

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sible "insanity" toward the close. The general facts are clear and have been established for a long time. The near miss of the assassination attempt in July, 1944, had left the Führer physically handicapped and mentally shaken. He took drugs in more or less massive doses, and the spasmodic sleep habits that had marked his life after 1914 became even more eccentric. But, above all, Hitler was charred to his very nerve ends. In 1919, he had stood on Munich street corners, bawling seemingly lunatic slogans at indifferent or derisive passersby (pure will knows no embarrassment). By 1933, this same titanic mountebank was master of Germany. Nine years later, his rule extended from the Atlantic to the Pyrenees, from the Norwegian Arctic to the outskirts of Cairo, from Sicily to the suburbs of Moscow. Three years after that, the promise of a thousand-year Reich had withered to catastrophe. But there is a sense, widely noted by participants and survivors, in which Hitler had crammed into twelve short years of autocracy and military adventure centuries of human stress. He was now deathly tired.

Aboveground—and it is the fate of the city rather than that of the buried Führer that lights Mr. O'Donnell's imagination—Berlin was undergoing a literal apocalypse. Armadas of U.S.A.F. and R.A.F. bombers smashed the city on a round-the-clock pattern. Fires burned incessantly and daylight dribbled through folds of acid smoke. An urban complex that had spanned two hundred and forty square miles was being pounded into a grotesque relief of lunar craters and rubble. Millions of half-starved refugees from the East streamed through and around Berlin in an unending ghostly procession. Of the three million inhabitants left in the capital of the Reich, only a few had shelters. Yet, incredibly, industrial output rarely fell below seventy per cent of normal and structures of bureaucracy, ideological control, and civil and military defense held more or less firmly till the hour of capitulation.

Hitler himself chose to see next to nothing of the futile horrors enacted by his subjects (his physical bravery in the First World War is beyond cavil). After January 16, 1945, he surfaced only a very few times and briefly. He never glimpsed another sunrise or sunset. His only empire was a two-tiered bunker with a concrete roof more than sixteen feet thick and walls measuring at least six feet. Servants' quarters, kitchen, commissary in the upper bunker; then a dozen steep, spiralling steps to a bulkhead and steel door always

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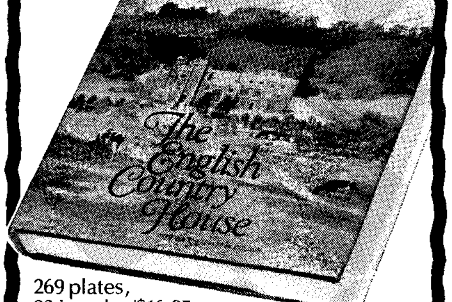

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guarded by two armed sentries. Beyond it, the *Führerbunker* itself, with its Spartan suite, conference room, emergency telephone exchange, and cloakroom.

In its bleak antiseptic light and imperfect ventilation, under the muffled but unmistakable hammering of bombs and approaching Russian artillery, Hitler and what remained of his court contrived a weird facsimile of public life. Staff meetings argued the movements of armies and divisions, most of which had, in fact, already been annihilated. When a German city fell, its name entered oblivion. Emissaries, satraps, counsellors came and went. Decrees were promulgated and typed by devoted secretaries. A suspected traitor, S.S. General Hermann Fegelein, was lured from his hideout, summarily tried, and done to death. The Führer's fifty-sixth birthday was duly celebrated on April 20th. World news, even when it was picked up from BBC senders, was received and discussed. Blondi, Hitler's beloved Alsatian, whelped in March. Mr. O'Donnell has an acute eye for the lunacies of routine which developed in the twilit world of the bunker, for the punctilios of rank and official precedent which continued to make the lives of Hitler's coterie both reassuring and vexatious. He has interviewed the survivors in minute detail. He is, therefore, far more copious than was Trevor-Roper concerning the "Upstairs, Downstairs" of bunker days: the boozing, the sexual dishevelment, the giggly hysterias on the upper tier, in contrast with the servilities, terror, and external discipline below. Even in hell, diet and protocol matter.

Like so many before him, Mr. O'Donnell has fallen under the spell of Albert Speer. Now there can be no doubt that Speer does differ from the rest of the murderous buffoons who executed Hitler's purpose. He kept his head and a vestigial humaneness during the debacle. To this day, moreover, Speer retains his formidable resilience and gift for insinuation. Mr. O'Donnell clearly found him a spellbinding, helpful witness. But this is no reason to accept uncritically Speer's claim that he was on the point of poisoning Hitler by introducing toxic gas into the bunker's air ducts. Had he been fully committed to the enterprise, even at the risk of his own skin, there was no lack of occasion. And there are considerable exaggerations in Speer's account of his heroic countermanding of the Führer's scorched-earth policy. Whatever his dissent from the plan to leave Ger-

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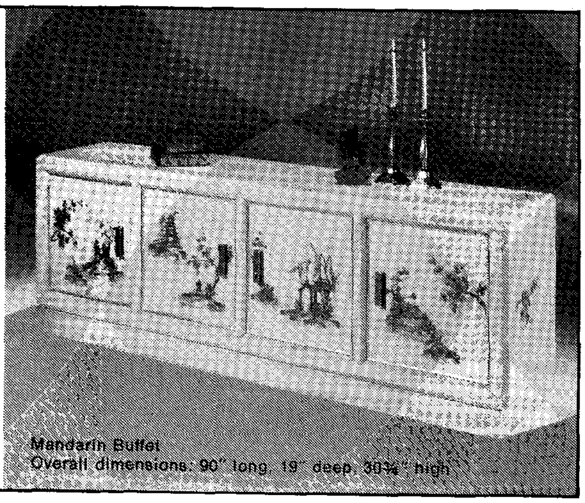

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many a desert, Speer did nothing to end the torments of the slave laborers in his crumbling industrial domain. Equally unconvincing are Mr. O'Donnell's speculations (these, too, have been noised before) on the presence of a glamorous lady spy—Irish-Hungarian, of course—on the perimeter of the Führer's most intimate circle. Toward the latter stages of the war, the machinery of government in the Reich had been penetrated through as many apertures as a sieve. The real problem was that the Western Allies and the Soviet Union were putting intelligence and counter-intelligence information to very different and, already, mutually antagonistic uses. There was a sense, graphic in Churchill's mind, in which Hitler's belief that American and Russian artillery might soon be firing at one another across the ruins seemed plausible.

Mr. O'Donnell's account of the three-pronged breakout of the bunker crew after Hitler's suicide and the appalling self-destruction of the Goebbels family is the most detailed and dramatic yet. He has, by tireless ferreting and cross-checking, been able to fix the movements and fate of almost every man and woman who crawled out of the maze and sought escape. The analysis of Martin Bormann's final movements and suicide is convincing. So is the wry chronicle of what befell Hitler's *military household* when it was transferred from the urbane welcome of Russian field officers to the hospitality of the K.G.B.

Two larger points emerge from this excited reconstruction. With very few exceptions, the authority vested in and exercised by Hitler held to the mad coda. His minions jockeyed for succession, no doubt; Himmler, perhaps Goering, flirted obscurely with the thought of separate peace or foreign sanctuary. The terror apparatus of the Gestapo continued in force, stringing up suspected deserters only hours before surrender. And the policy of unconditional surrender proclaimed by the Allied powers left no way out. Nevertheless, the astounding truth remains: faced with certain destruction, fighting against insuperable odds, more or less fully aware of the utter desperation of their own situation and of that of their families, German military formations continued to fight with stubborn skill and even brilliance. Virtuoso pilots risked their lives on a dozen crazy flights in and out of the fire-sea of Berlin. Telephone switchboards continued to function. Flowers were changed in the Führer's quarters. It was as if discipline itself, the profes-

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**From Bill Fine "Travel & Leisure" July '77*

sional reflex, had become the only possible refuge of sanity and self-respect. Questioned by Mr. O'Donnell, so many years later, Hitler's secretary answers simply, "It is just that I was brought up to believe that the first and last duty of a private secretary is to remain private." The spectacle of panic and corruption on the helicopter pads and rooftops of Saigon at the time of American evacuation provides an unsettling contrast.

And as Mr. O'Donnell makes clear, the question of Hitler's own reckoning while the collapse drew nearer continues to this day. With pathological lucidity, Hitler saw that Stalinist Russia and the Soviet empire would soon confront the Western democracies at daggers drawn. He foresaw that Germany would be indispensable to either or to both parties during the probable run-up to a third world war. He stated calmly that even the worst-bombed and gutted of modern cities could be rebuilt, and rebuilt on a grander scale, within thirty years. Raw as it is, the urban landscape of today's Germanies has proved him right. Hitler had pursued two principal aims: the elimination of the Jews from Europe and the enforcement of German hegemony over European economic, industrial, and political life. Even in the mesmeric unreality and exhaustion of his final days, he knew that the first target had, to all intents and purposes, been achieved. With very few exceptions, today's European Jews merely huddle on the edges of the great ash pits. Hitler's second goal is not very far from fulfillment: Germany is now, despite its divided state, the heavyweight on the Continent. France, the hereditary foe, is a close auxiliary; Britain, which often obsessed Hitler with a bizarre love-hate, seems enfeebled beyond repair. Was Adolf Hitler, at some level of consciousness which ordinary minds cannot—and would not—grasp, at peace with himself and content with his hellish labors? It is this question of the ambiguity of ruin that affords the events in the bunker some lasting interest. The rest is the gossip of nightmare.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PORTRAIT OF A SCOUNDREL, by Nathaniel Benchley (Doubleday; $8.95). Mr. Benchley leaves no doubt that the American penchant for exploiting political connections to promote harebrained financial schemes is as long-standing as our distaste for royalty. As soon as James

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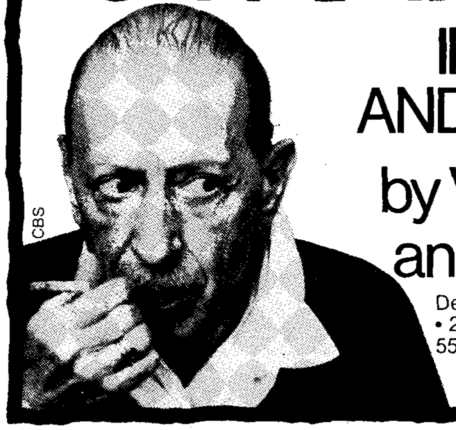

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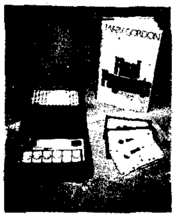

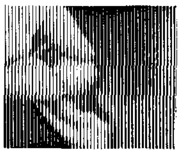

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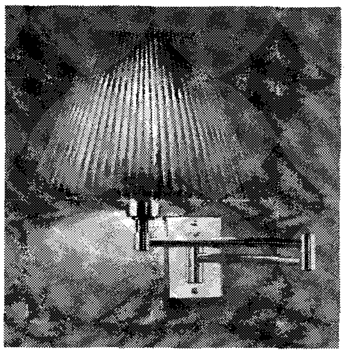

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NOTE: "A Perfect Vacuum: Perfect Reviews of Nonexistent Books," by Stanislaw Lem, has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich ($8.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

AMOSKEAG: LIFE AND WORK IN AN AMERICAN FACTORY CITY, by Tamara K. Hareven and Randolph Langenbach (Pantheon; $15). Oral history. Until 1936, when what had once been the world's largest textile-mill complex shut down, the city of Manchester, New Hampshire, was dominated by the huge plant, not only architecturally and financially but in many respects spiritually. Mr. Langenbach, an architectural historian, was first attracted to the town by its coherent urban design; Miss Hareven, a demographer, was interested in the way that immigrants adjusted to the city and to factory work. Both authors, however, became so immersed in their subject that they have gone far beyond their specialties. They interviewed generations of workers at every level—from owners and executives down to the least skilled. They have caught the recollections of workers who went on strike and workers who did not. Mr. Langenbach's (and others') photographs make the place very real to the reader, and the speakers help trace all sorts of social change—most

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notably, the steady decrease in docility over the past century. The reasons for the mill's ultimate failure are canvassed from all sides; perhaps the passage of time accounts for the relative lack of bitterness on the part of those who were left jobless in the Depression.

MY LIFE, by Max Born (Scribners; $17.50). Max Born, who died in 1970, at the age of eighty-seven, was one of the most distinguished of contemporary theoretical physicists. Over the years, he jotted down recollections of his life and career for his family. Fortunately for all of us, they have now been published. He grew up in a wealthy middle-class German family, which lost everything—they were Jewish—under Hitler. Despite great personal doubts, Born became a physicist and an important teacher of physics. One of his assistants was Werner Heisenberg, who, while working with Born, wrote the first important paper on the quantum theory. The great original breakthrough was Heisenberg's, but Born saw more deeply into its implications than almost anyone else; it was he who invented the probability interpretation of the quantum theory. When the first Nobel Prizes were given for this work, Heisenberg was included and Born was not. Heisenberg was so embarrassed by this that he wrote Born a letter of apology, which is reproduced in this book. Finally, in 1954, Born was given the Nobel Prize himself. Among the most fascinating parts of his book are his re-creation of a European life now all but vanished and his sketches of his fellow-scientists, such as Einstein, when they all were young.

ZOLA, by Joanna Richardson (St. Martin's; $14.95). A conscientious biography by a gifted biographer who is invariably conscientious but in this instance not inspired. Except, possibly, by ambivalence. Miss Richardson is less than happy about Zola's literary achievement, yet she cannot help finding that this novel or that—"L'Assommoir," for one—is stunning and irreplaceable. The difficulty may be that Zola's "modernity" has dated, and that criticism has not found another frame for his work. Then, too, Zola poses the problem of qualitative extremes: when he is good, he is very, very good, and when he is bad he is hopeless. His personality troubles Miss Richardson: she worries about his assertiveness, never considering that writing for publication is, in its way, as assertive as running for office. The

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book is well documented, and Zola emerges as more appealing than the author perhaps intended.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HUNT, by A. Alvarez (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). Mr. Alvarez is an English critic of marked contemporaneity, and this (his second) novel is a fiercely contemporary thriller. That is to say, much of the action is arbitrary or irrelevant, the motivations are muted, the characters are assemblages of mannerisms, and there is an aura of calculated squalor: ". . . someone human and boring, with a job and bad breath, like all the rest of us." The hero is one "Conrad Jessup, foxy mustache, sly melancholy eyes"—a man of apathy and impulse, devoted to his devoted dog, with an indifferent wife and two indifferent children. Walking his dog on Hampstead Heath in the early morning hours, he comes across an unconscious girl and anonymously alerts the police. Then, suddenly, he is harassed by the police, mysteriously followed by a ginger-haired man, threatened by cryptic telephone calls, thrown out by his wife, and befriended by a nonesuch American ("My kid sister stayed and now she's in the bin. A nice kosher place on Lon-Gisland"). Eventually, enigmatically, it ends.

THE TROJAN GOLD, by Sheila Cudahy (Harper & Row; $8.95). Miss Cudahy has assembled for our entertainment a dissident Russian artist now precariously settled in New York, an influential woman journalist whose efforts plucked him out of Russia, a young Russian U.N. staffer assigned to somehow snatch the artist back to Russia, a mysterious art-world figure convinced that the artist knows the whereabouts of an ancient Trojan treasure stolen from Germany in the last days of the Second World War, and various other spies and agents. The use the author makes of these people and their different intentions is more easily enjoyed than explained, and her voice, though effective, remains agreeably modulated throughout.

•

The combination of history, nostalgia, Broadway music, slick costumes, and nonstop energy seems to exert a hypnotic effect on audiences—there is literally something for everybody. On the night I attended the audience included a group of Boeing wind tunnel workers and some Tibetan llamas, and all seemed to be enjoying themselves.—*Seattle Weekly.*

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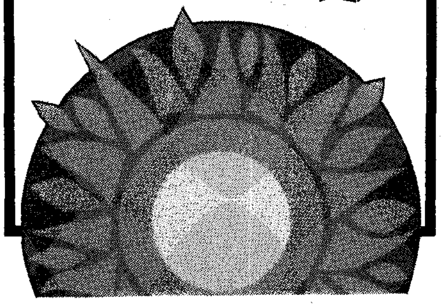

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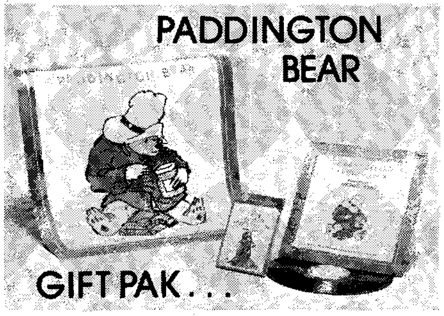

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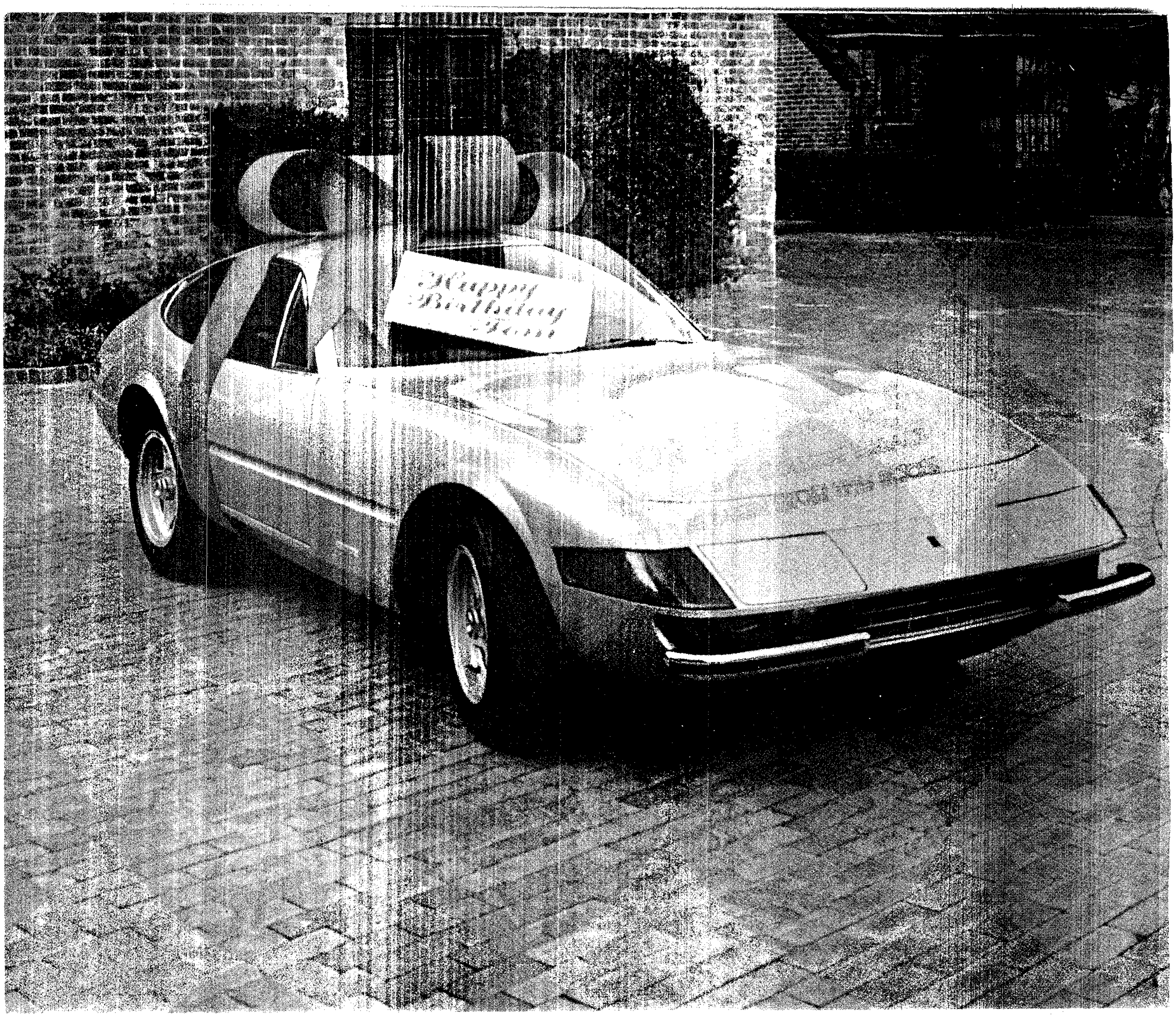

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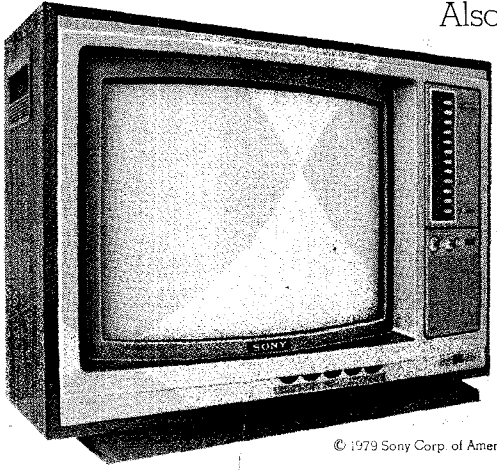

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